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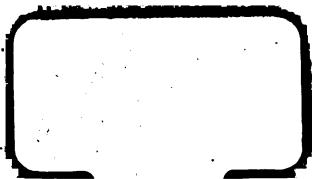


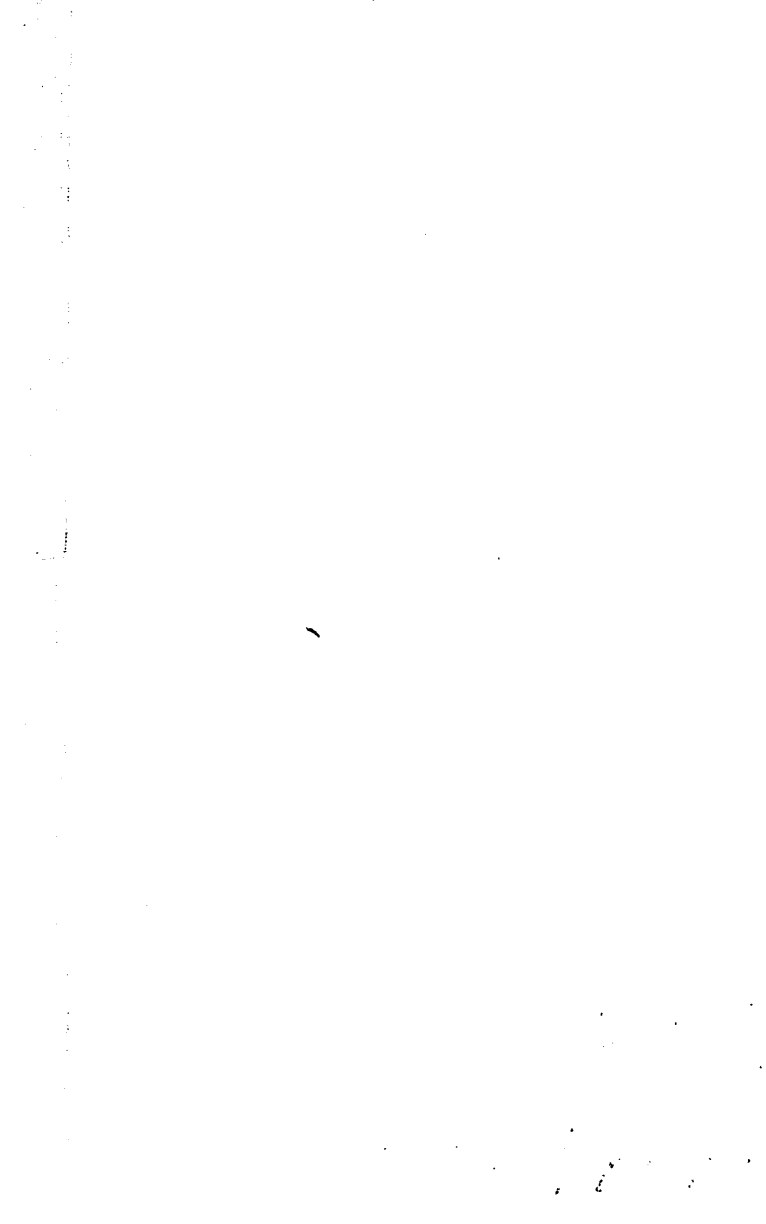
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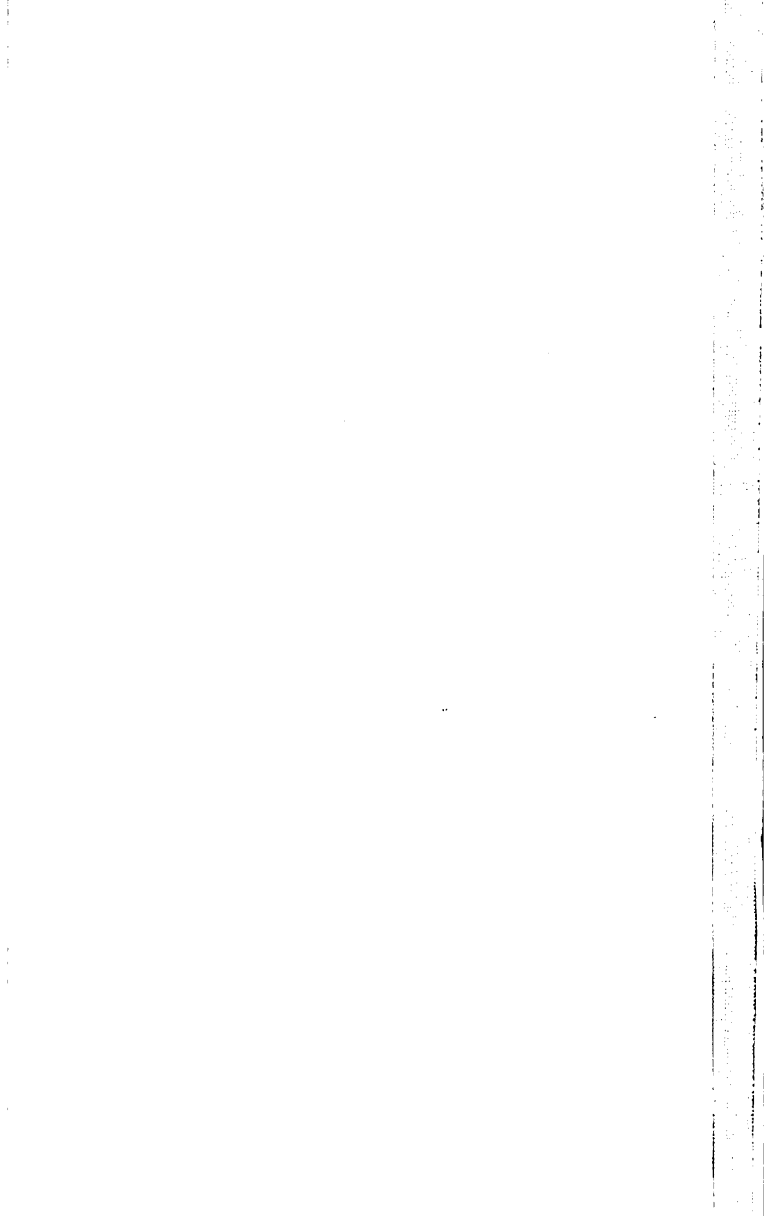
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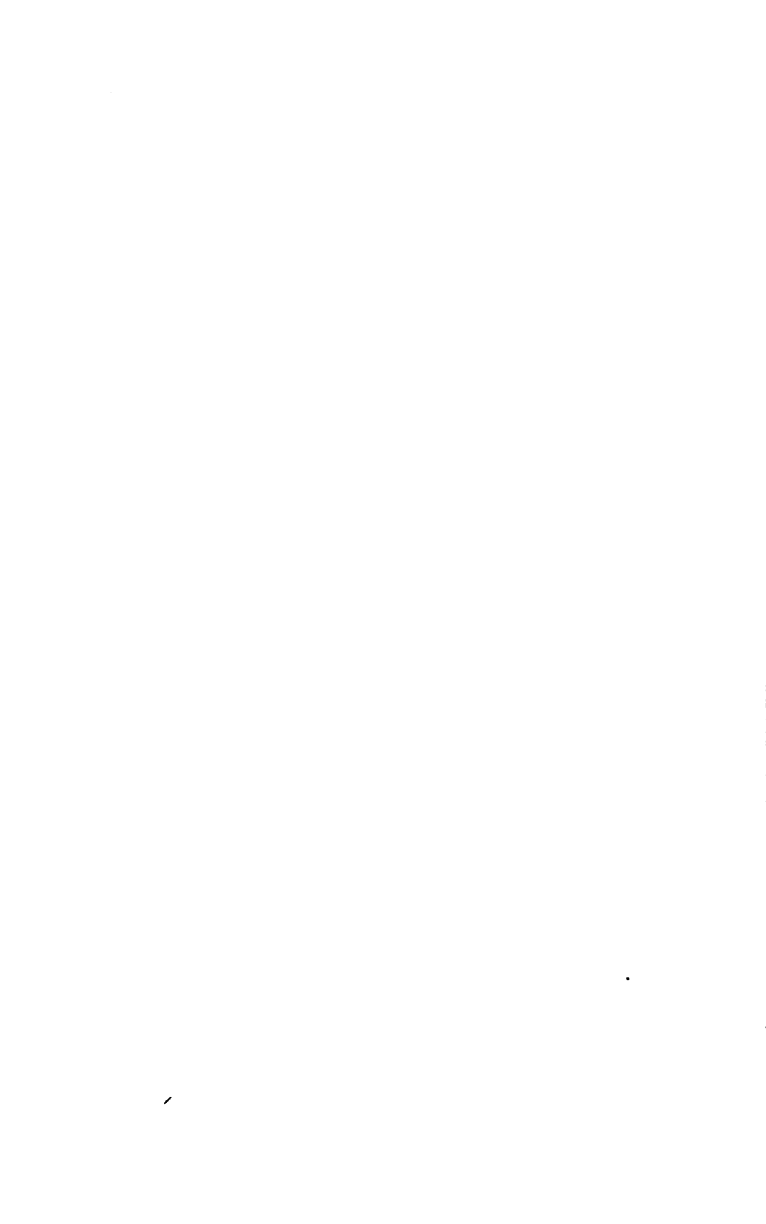


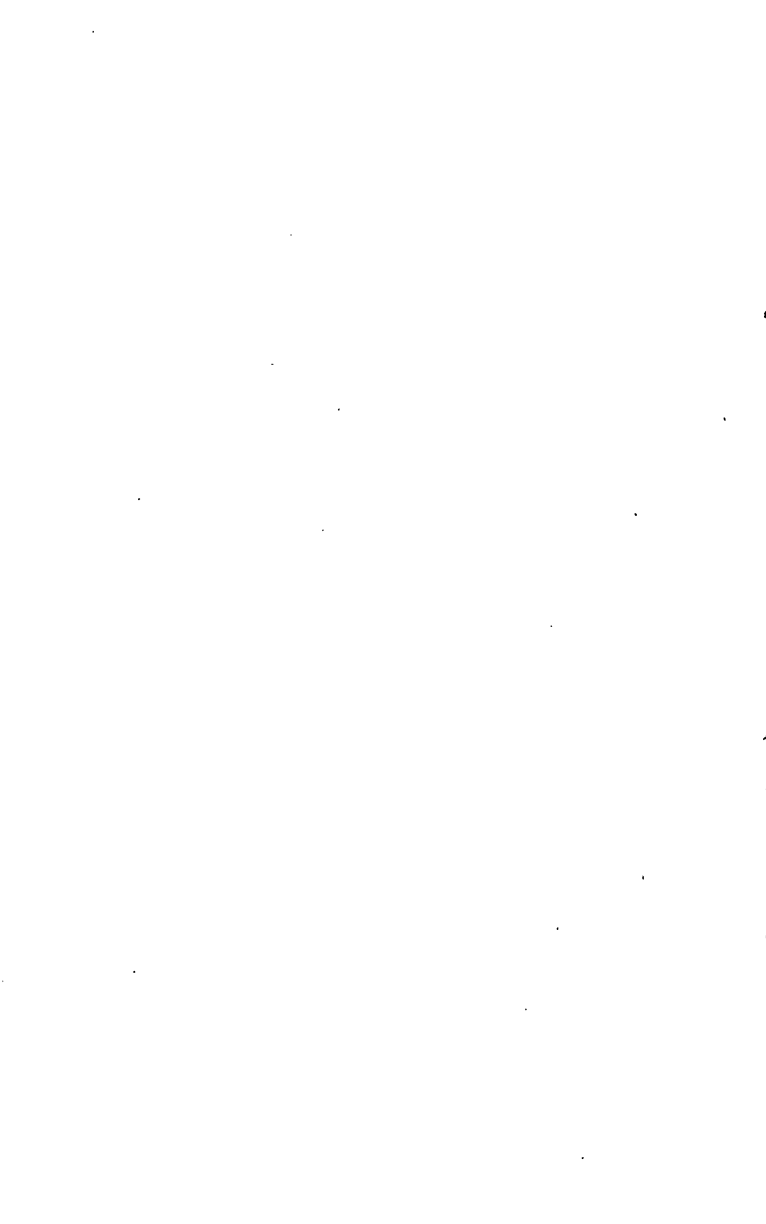
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HINTS

FOR

5/8

SIX MONTHS IN EUROPE

BEING

THE PROGRAMME OF A TOUR THROUGH PARTS OF FRANCE,
ITALY, AUSTRIA, SAXONY, PRUSSIA, THE TYROL, SWIT-
ZERLAND, HOLLAND, BELGIUM, ENGLAND AND
SCOTLAND, IN THE SUMMER OF 1868.

W. H. Murst
W. H. Murst
JOHN H. B. LATROBE.



PHILADELPHIA
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1869.

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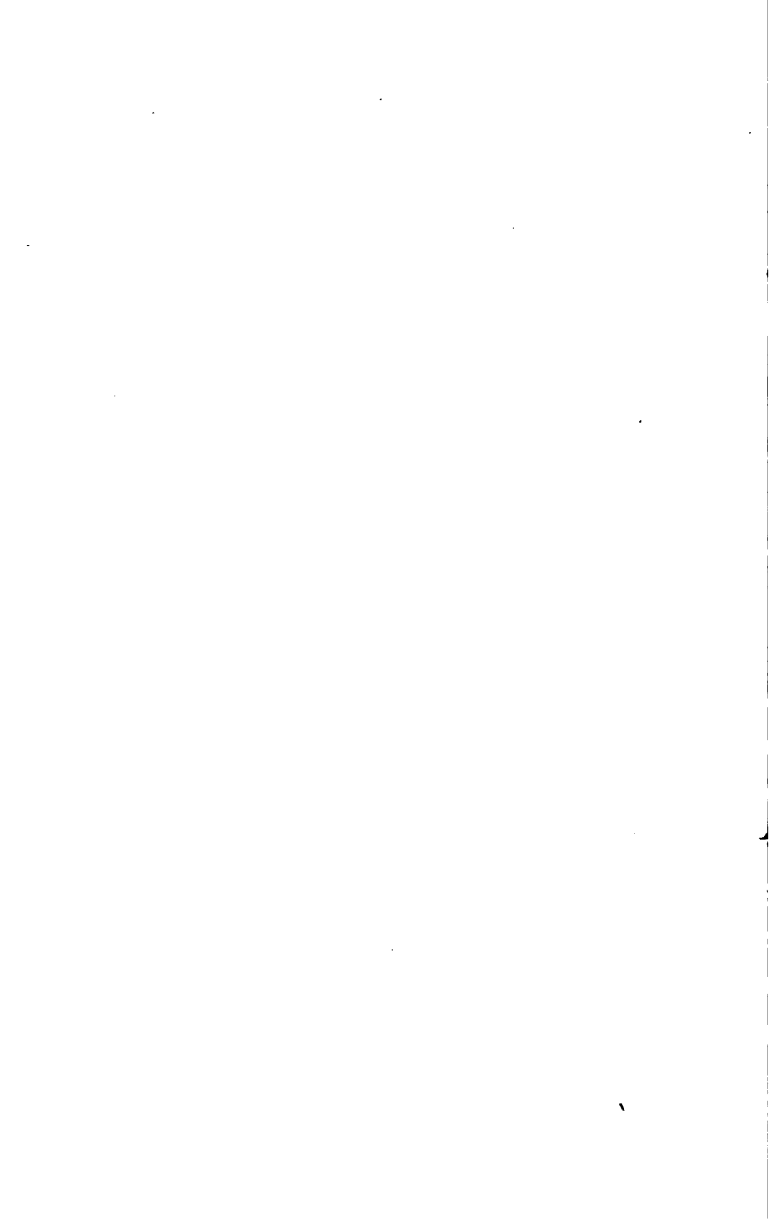
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PREFACE.

THE following pages make no pretensions to the dignity of a book of travels. During a voyage to Europe in 1868, accompanied by his wife and two daughters, the writer found amusement in preparing a programme for a summer's tour. Twice before—in 1847 and in 1857—he had visited the Old World, when his experience had extended from Naples to St. Petersburg; and the knowledge then obtained was now made available. Some friends on board on the present voyage copied his memoranda, and were kind enough to say, afterward, they had found them useful as they followed in his track. Strangers, but fellow-countrymen, whom he met with on the journey, drifting about with no settled plan, more than once adopted his suggestions, and thanked him for them when they met again; and so it has come to pass that on his return to America he has renewed, in some degree, the pleasure of a most pleasant travel by amplifying the programme above referred to into the present volume; not with any pride of authorship, but in the hope that it may prove of service to some one who may find himself (as was the writer in 1847) in Europe for the first time without chart or compass.

BALTIMORE, June, 1869.





SIX MONTHS IN EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE TO EUROPE—BREST—LE MANS—TOURS—BORDEAUX.

ON the 4th April, 1868, the writer, accompanied by his wife and two daughters, embarked on board the *Europe*, a side-wheel steamer of the French line, and, after a pleasant voyage from New York, landed at Brest on the morning of the 16th.

There were several reasons for making Brest the point of departure for the summer's journeying. It was desirable to reach Naples before the hot weather set in; and that Paris, if made the starting-place, would detain a party, the majority of which were ladies, was not to be doubted. Again, the south of France was well worth seeing—Le Mans and Tours were interesting cities; and it would be something to have a glimpse of the high Pyrenees, if nothing more, from the neighborhood of Narbonne. There was Bordeaux, too, besides other places of interest, on the route southward from Le Mans to Marseilles, where the party would fall into the great thoroughfare of travel from Paris to Nice and Genoa. Again—and this was the reason, that had perhaps, after all, the greatest weight—a week in Paris, or even a shorter stay, would have furnished standards of compar-

ison to the prejudice of a hundred things, which otherwise would be regarded with wondering admiration. The recollections of the Louvre would have dimmed many a picture-gallery that, as it was, gave unalloyed pleasure. It was determined, therefore, to deal with Paris on this occasion as children deal with the best-buttered portion of their slice of bread, and reserve the centre of modern civilization as a *bonne bouche*.

The voyage was longer than had been anticipated. The Europe was a slow ship, even with the assistance of a heavy north-wester from the edge of the Gulf Stream to within twenty-four hours of the French coast. But she was staunch and comfortable, having much less motion in a sea-way than the faster-going propellers of the same line: the discipline and service were admirable, and the table was all that could be desired. The eleven and a half days of the voyage soon slipped by, therefore; and during the latter part, the writer, with the aid of "Bradshaw's Continental Guide" and the recollections of two previous tours, completed in minute detail the Itinerary, which was subsequently followed with scarcely a deviation.

Nor was the preparation of this Itinerary altogether free from difficulty. In the first place, whatever was to be done had to be done within six months, or, indeed, rather less time—that is to say, between the 16th of April, when the party landed from the Europe, and the 8th of October, when the *Pereire*, in which the return voyage was to be made, was to leave Havre for New York. In the next place, night-traveling was not to be thought of; and it so happened that very early rising was especially eschewed by more than one member of the party; nor did very long days' journeys find much greater favor. In other words, as the tour was to be, essentially, one of pleasure, it was not to be made

one of toil. In adjusting all these considerations, it need not be said that compromises became indispensable, and that Bradshaw's tables of arrivals and departures were invaluable.

Again, as something more was intended than such a trip to Europe as would merely enable the members of the party to say they had made it—as curiosity was to be gratified, information obtained and instruction given in a way that would be valuable in after years—it became necessary to allow leisure for these purposes, and, with that view, to make a selection in the outset of the places and objects to be seen, and to fix the time that would be required to do this comfortably and thoroughly. Nor was this selection altogether an easy task. To see everything in Europe worth seeing would occupy more years than there were months to be given on the present tour. Many of the so-called sights, however, were, after all, only repetitions of each other. It was possible to divide them into classes—to take from each class its most characteristic representative, and to make that the object of special examination. This, too, had to be done with reference to the tastes and idiosyncrasies of the different members of the party. Had it been composed of architects, for example, every cathedral in France or England would have been interesting in one way or another. As it was, however, some half dozen of these vast edifices would suffice to fill the mind with memories for years and years to come.

To consult the comfort, therefore, gratify the curiosity and provide for the instruction of the party in a journey whose extreme limit was six months, and which, it had been agreed beforehand, was to include Naples on the one hand and Berlin and Amsterdam on the other, with “three weeks, *at least*, in Paris,” as a *sine qua non*, was the problem which, it is hoped, these pages will

show was satisfactorily solved, with the assistance of Bradshaw, on the voyage from New York.

It was just daylight when the *Europe* cast anchor in the magnificent harbor of Brest; and very soon after the company's steamer *Satellite* came alongside for the passengers that were here to leave the ship. It brought, to the writer's great satisfaction, the courier who had traveled with him over Europe eleven years before, whom he had hunted up for the present tour, and to whom were at once consigned four large leather trunks, three affairs bearing the modest name of "hat boxes," but which were, themselves, reasonably-sized trunks, a couple of traveling-bags, sundry well-strapped bundles of waterproof wrappings and a collection of umbrellas, the care of which, from Baltimore to New York and on board the *Europe*, had been an annoyance which the writer was heartily glad to be rid of for the future.

This matter of baggage had been a subject of grave discussion from the time the European tour was first spoken of in the family; and the writer takes it for granted that the above enumeration does not show an unreasonable amount, especially as he was again and again assured that it was simply impossible to do with less, and that other parties had a great deal more! But, inasmuch as baggage is a most important matter in connection with foreign travel, the writer advises, as all authorities on the subject have advised before him, that the less baggage the better. It is not only troublesome, but it is expensive. In America the fare of the passenger in a railroad car or steamboat pays for his baggage, except in rare instances. In Europe it is not so. The baggage is weighed, universally; and all over a certain weight, and that a small weight, must be paid for, and, not unfrequently, dearly paid for.

And here a word may be said—suggested by the fact

that the writer's baggage was placed at once in charge of the courier—about the employment of such a person on a European tour. His wages vary from fifty to sixty dollars a month, with the additional expense of his fare in a second-class car on a railroad or as a second-class passenger in a steamer. Where the journey is on horseback, in Switzerland, the employer pays the hire of the courier's horse, in addition to his wages. He boards himself, which costs him little, the hotel-keepers on the Continent giving the couriers free quarters in consideration of the custom they are supposed to bring. If it is an object to avoid the expense of a courier, why, as a matter of course, a European tour—just such a tour as is about to be described—can be made without one; but if expense is not an object, the experience of the writer leads him to advise the employment. Freedom from all care about baggage, when you have no time to spare from sight-seeing, and prefer a drive through a city to worrying with the employés of a railroad station in a language you do not understand or speak imperfectly—freedom from all annoyance in settling tavern bills, in feeding servants, providing railroad and steamboat tickets, hiring horses and attendants when necessary—from all trouble in regard to the currency, where you deal one day in francs, another in scudi, another in thalers and another in florins—freedom from all these, besides the service that the courier has it in his power to render in a thousand ways in a long journey, especially where ladies are of the party, is, the writer thinks, cheaply paid for by the compensation which he receives in wages and fares.*

* The courier employed on two occasions by the writer was an Italian—Giovanni Nadali, who, in 1868, could boast of twenty-four years' experience in his vocation. He is a treasure in his way—not

It is said, to be sure, that the courier, if he prevents others from robbing you—which he certainly does—robs you himself. This may be so in some cases, but is not so as a general rule. The charge is oftener made, probably, by those who have not employed a courier than by those whose experience entitles them to speak.

The hour at which the Europe would reach Brest being uncertain, it had been determined to remain there during the day of arrival, or the following day if the arrival took place at night, under the impression there was enough to be seen to occupy the time thus given to one of the great naval stations of France. And so there was. All was novel and strange to those of the party visiting Europe for the first time. The very clattering of the wooden shoes of the quaint-looking, white-capped women who thronged the narrow streets afforded amusement. The market-place was a curiosity ; the donkeys, with paniers larger than the animals, were objects of commiseration when seen for the first time staggering under their loads. Then there were the churches, so different from those in America ; the grand fortifications, old and new ; the inner harbor and its shipping ; the noble bridge that spans the entrance, opening and shutting its gigantic arms, that vessels might pass between them, as quietly and easily as the valves of a door between two apartments in a modern mansion ; the red-legged French infantry marching through the city or drilling in their capacious barrack-yards ; the esplanade, overlooking the harbor, with its rows of noble trees and lines of well-built mansions ; the new constructions bearing the name of the present emperor, and those in progress, to bear his name thereafter,—all these were matters not to be comprehended

only as a courier, but as a *valet de place* in all the principal cities of Europe ; and he is as honest as he is intelligent.

at a glance, and the day was well spent in taking note of them.

But it required more even than the outdoor sights of Brest to compensate for the indoor discomforts of that most wretched of all French inns, the Hotel des Voyageurs ; where, as a sample of the rest of the establishment, the waiter in his shirt-sleeves began to prepare the pine-topped table to receive the dinner ordered in the "salon," by spreading upon it, as a sort of under garment for the untidy cloth, a breadth of dirty stair-carpeting, which had not the merit even of reaching to the edges, so that the plates on either side were a-tilt and see-sawed when in use during the repast. There is another inn at Brest, which was reported better than the Hotel des Voyageurs. It could not have been worse ; and it was with great satisfaction that the party found themselves in the 7 A. M. train, on their way to Le Mans, on the morning after their arrival. The train that left Brest at 7 A. M. arrived at Le Mans at 6.35, where excellent quarters were obtained at the Hotel de France on the principal square.

There was still enough of daylight for a visit, while dinner was preparing, to the grand old cathedral, which is the principal attraction of Le Mans—an edifice consuming a good many years in its erection, and on which many an architect had set his mark. Commenced with a masonry that is little more than concrete, the poverty of its founders is manifested wherever the weather has worn into the earlier constructions. Then again, large masses of carefully-chiseled stone tell of improved resources, and greater skill, and more rapid progress ; until the incongruous pile became a noble building, complete in nave and transept, choir and aisle. This was the first cathedral visited in Europe by the majority of the party, and was full of interest to all.

Twilight found the writer still lingering within its walls.

Scarcely less interesting than the Cathedral of St. Julien were the quaint, old edifices in its immediate neighborhood, which looked down on narrow and crooked streets, suggestive of the Middle Ages and all their associations. How the taste and refinement manifested in the cathedral, the grand architectural ideas of which were illustrated in the mere size of the building, could have consented to such surroundings is a wonder. The genius which was displayed in the ornamentation of the choir—a choice specimen of the best style of the Pointed Gothic—was to be found in choice bits of architecture that caught the eye in the doorways, in the mullioned windows, in streets so narrow that a whispered conversation almost could be carried on from the balconies of houses opposite to each other.

From the cathedral to the boulevards was but a step, passing by the theatre on the way; and then a quiet walk through wider streets, and in front of the old church of Notre Dame de Couture, and past the house of Scarron, the husband of Madame de Maintenon, ended at the hotel, where an excellent dinner closed the first day's journeying in France.

And here—as this is but a book of hints—a word may be said about sight-seeing. The fundamental rule should be, "Begin at once"—health, strength and the weather permitting. And, by the way, there is little weather that does not permit something of interest to be seen. Galleries, the interiors of churches or palaces, and museums are independent of the weather. Paintings, to be sure, are indebted always to the sunshine, but it is better to see them without this adjunct than to miss them altogether. Do not wait for dinner when pressed for time, if you have daylight for sight-

seeing. Even when not so pressed, and with the amplest leisure, it is well to begin at once, that the enjoyment of idleness may have no thought of unperformed duty to impair it.

An early breakfast on the 18th April left between two and three hours to devote to Le Mans before leaving for Tours. It was the time of the "tirage" or drawing for the conscription; and the streets through which the party passed on their way to the church of Notre Dame de Couture resounded with the noise of drums and the shouts of sturdy young fellows, who with their drawn numbers in their caps, were singing patriotic songs, as arm in arm they followed a flag borne by one of their number. They were generally what, in America, would be called undersized. A six-foot man here and there among them looked like a giant. What was wanting in height seemed, however, to be made up in enthusiasm. The drummer of one of the squads was a grizzly-bearded, old moustache, with the medals of Inkermann, Turkey and Mexico on his breast; and when he saw that his conscripts attracted attention by their noise, if by nothing else, he shrugged his shoulders, thrust his tongue into his cheek and winked one eye, as much as to say, "Poor devils! they have yet to see the elephant."

The morning's walk through Le Mans terminated at the railroad station, and in the 11.52 A.M. train the party left for Tours.

It would have been better had the midday train been taken at Brest, which would have afforded time to drive through the city, see the fortifications, the esplanade and the markets, and reach Rennes for a late dinner, in comfortable quarters and in a place well worth seeing. This would have given the morning of the 18th to Rennes; and then, taking the 2.55 train for Le Mans,

the party would have reached Le Mans without having lost time on the way.

After leaving Le Mans, the railroad passes through a charming country highly cultivated. So much has been said of the beauty of the Valley of the Loire that it is unnecessary to dwell upon it here. Tours sits, like a rich gem, in the midst of its broad expanse. So near to Le Mans, and yet so different from it! Gravity the characteristic of the one—gayety of the other.

In place of overhanging houses from whose upper windows the dames of past ages may have dropped garlands on the points of the lances of their knights, as they made their horses spring to the spur in the narrow passage below—in place of these, there were broad streets lined with well-built houses and shaded with trees, public buildings elegant in design and cheerful in color, and fountains that sparkled in the sunlight.

And the cathedral, too, so different, so very, very different—not so grand as that at Le Mans, but so graceful in its architecture, and yet so imposing—grandly beautiful!

Whether it was owing to the effect produced by a change in the weather, which gave sunshine at Tours in place of the dull atmosphere, darkened by heavy clouds, from which the railroad train emerged as it left Le Mans, or to the intrinsic merit of the building, of all the cathedrals visited in the summer's journeying, not one left such an impression of the cheerfulness of worship as did that of this old city of the Merovingian kings. Indeed, on this spring evening, cheerfulness pervaded Nature, and one ceased to wonder at the crowds of English and numbers of Americans who made their homes in Tours.

The journey from Le Mans to Bordeaux can be made readily in a day. But then, Tours must be

skipped ; and this should not be thought of. Go first to the cathedral, passing by the Prefecture, and make your way to the stone bridge of fifteen arches over the Loire, glancing at the museum, the Church of St. Julien, the Mairie and the statue of Descartes, all close together near the southern end of the bridge ; then crossing the latter, turn to the left down the Loire to the suspension bridge, which cross, and drive by the *Champ de Mars* and the cavalry barracks to the *Boulevard Beranger*, along which you may return to the *Hôtel de l'Univers*—one of the best in France ; or, prolonging your drive, you may go as far as the *Canal du Cher*, thence to the river bank, and down it to the upper suspension bridge, and then back to the hotel through some of the older parts of Tours. This circuit will take you by the two towers which are all that remain of that magnificent basilica of St. Martin which history and romance unite to describe and to extol.

There are, or there were, two daily trains from Tours to Bordeaux—one leaving at 5.25 A.M., and stopping at the way stations ; the other, an express train, leaving at 2.52 P.M., and going through in eight hours, instead of thirteen, the time of the first. Taking the latter on the 19th of April, the morning was passed in Tours ; and there was time to attend the English church. Here the President was prayed for, along with the Emperor, the Empress, the Prince Imperial and the Queen of England. As the impeachment trial was in progress when the Europe left the United States, it was a matter of some doubt, on this particular Sunday, who was to be benefited by the intercession—Mr. Johnson or Mr. Wade. Still, it was a pleasant thing to hear the well-known words, “The President of the United States,” uttered in prayer from the lips of the English clergyman at Tours, and to hear the response of the congre-

gation, "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord," no matter who was the incumbent of the office. One felt, at the moment, that he was an American and not a partisan, proud of his country and careless of its parties. Indeed, generally speaking, this is one of the best effects of foreign travel. At home, one is like the passenger in a North River steamer, disturbed by the clank of the engines, the jar of the vessel and the clamor of the passengers, and who grumbles and complains accordingly. Abroad, he is like the same person gazing from the shore at the same steamer, out of sight and hearing of the annoyances on board, and whose only feeling is that of admiration of the might and majesty of the vast mass as it moves rapidly yet tranquilly along.

The country between Tours and Bordeaux is interesting, chiefly because of the beauty of its cultivation, the châteaux, old and new, which appear and vanish as the train rushes onward, and the excellence, in all respects, of the railroad constructions. Poitiers—interesting mainly to the antiquarian, and because under its walls Edward the Black Prince gained the victory which bears its name—rose on its hill, only to be glanced at and passed by; so with Angoulême, remarkable for the terraces of arcades, visible afar off, which support its tall cathedral; so, the town of Libourne, on the Dordogne. Then came the viaduct of Arveyres, where a hundred arches sustain the railroad above the flats; and then, by viaduct and tunnel in rapid succession along the banks of the Garonne, and across a magnificent bridge over the river, the train swept into Bordeaux, and by ten o'clock the party reached the Hôtel de Nantes, where rooms had been prepared for them.

Bordeaux fully deserved the day that had been allotted to it in the programme of the journey. The third sea-

port town in importance in France, it is, otherwise, a noble city, with its grand, wide quays, its public squares and buildings, its river crowded with the ships of all nations, its teeming activity, its broad streets of the newer period, and even the quaint old passages between the houses that darkened them, and which served as highways in the olden time. Here a bit of a Roman amphitheatre, there strange gateways, with queer, fantastic turrets—odd fancies of wizard architects—are to be seen in places where Napoleon III. has not yet commanded improvement. Those who love these remnants of the past must hurry, however, if they desire to find them in Bordeaux. Whole blocks are disappearing, that broad avenues may be opened, and sunlight permitted to dry walls and pavements damp with the moss of centuries.

Among other places visited in the morning's drive, was the Academy of Arts, containing some clever modern works, and two most striking portraits, so placed that, while they are not side by side, they can be seen and compared from the same spot. The one is a portrait of Charles X., a copy from Horace Vernet; the other, a portrait of the present emperor. The Bourbon, with his smile—*simper* rather—eminently a gentleman, amiable and refined, unquestionably, but without force in his face or bearing, is on horseback, his hat decked with plumes and his breast with embroidery; the type of an effete race and of a people that has passed away. The Bonaparte is of the present, and of nothing but the present—a short, soldierly-looking man, on foot, in the uniform of a general of infantry, with the red pantaloons and dark-blue coat, without other ornament than the cross of the Legion and an officer's sash. The attitude is unstudied and simple in the extreme. A soldier stands quietly before you,

whose face, stern and impenetrable, fixes your attention. Rarely has the idea of power been more thoroughly impersonated on canvas than by this portrait of Napoleon III. No wonder the Bourbon dynasty came to an end, when opposed by the spirit that produced the men of whom this portrait is the type.

The cathedral, the Church of St. Michael, the Place des Quinconces with its rostral columns, the Jews' quarter, the old portions of the city, the new constructions, the remnant of a Roman amphitheatre, were all visited in turn; and as the carriage drove through the different streets, an excellent idea was obtained of the principal features of the city.

By this time, the necessity of "reading up" Murray had become apparent; and a list had been made out before leaving the hotel of the objects of interest to be visited. Murray had become, for the third time, the writer's *vade mecum*. Baedeker is good—perhaps for Switzerland the best—and Bradshaw is most useful. But, take it all in all, Murray is *the* book for a "European tour." Apart from its excellence as a mere guide-book, it furnishes better historical reading than is to be found in many a more pretentious compilation, and can be resorted to for instruction and amusement, even when there is no purpose of visiting the places described.

The last sight seen before dinner were the wine-vaults of Barton and Guestier. How much space of cellarage these occupy it is hard to say; but the party threaded alley after alley, lined with bottles and casks, and festooned with unearthly-looking cobwebs and rank accumulations of mould, and through doors in whose rusty locks the keys turned slowly, and whose uncoiled hinges grated "harsh thunder"—stopped here, by an iron barrier, stooping there to avoid a blood-red excres-

cence from the roof, until, tired with walking, one wished one's self well out of the region of the gnomes, and once more in the upper air. Each of the party was supplied with a flat stick, at one end of which was a scrap of candle, and moved through the airless vaults in a procession that was more ghostlike than picturesque. But as there are compensations in all things, so it was here, as the guide stopped before a mouldy cask, fixed his light on the wall, bored a hole in the head, and then with a sharp blow, pressed the wood inward until a ruby stream flowed into a very fair-sized glass. In this way, Château Margaux, Lafitte and Latour were tasted in a perfection rarely known above ground; and when, as a *bonne bouche*, a topaz stream of Château Yquem filled the glass, one, at least, of the party was prepared to admit that if the cellar in which Dumas places Athos was filled with wine like *that* now tasted, the Mousquetaire had some excuse for the madness of which the novelist makes him guilty.

There is a large and handsome opera house in Bordeaux, and a very pleasant day was closed by a visit to it. The performance was Robinson Crusoe; and inasmuch as the earlier part of the history would have furnished the composer with material for nothing but solos, or at most duetts after the arrival of Friday, the latter portion had been taken and made the most of. In this way, the *dramatis personæ* were multiplied, and the choruses and ballet provided for; Friday, under the name of Vendredi, was a prominent character, with limbs of the most unexceptionable and undisguised Caucasian type, and with the air and manner of a sprightly Frenchwoman; and Robinson, umbrella and gun and skin-costume to the contrary notwithstanding, was a Frenchman to the backbone. If subsequent Parisian experiences dwarfed, by comparison, the *mise*

en scene, the music and the *spectacle*, it would be unfair to pretend that the party was not thoroughly amused with the performance.

And here a word may be said about a matter upon which the enjoyment of foreign travel is greatly dependent—a disposition to be pleased and amused. The Smelfunguses of the world are not only the unhappiest of travelers, but they render all around them uncomfortable with everlasting and depreciating comparisons. Instead of making the best of everything, they make the worst. They are very numerous in the highways frequented by tourists. Sometimes they are patriots finding nothing good out of their own country. Sometimes they are merely querulous constitutionally. One of the class, a really good fellow of the former type, after comparing the mountains, the trees, the rivers, the skies, the women and the drinks of America with those of Europe, and always to the disadvantage of the latter, insisted one day that an English grenadier in front of him was not so tall as the writer by an inch. To show how unjust he was, the writer passed the grenadier, that the height of the two might be compared, and returning to his friend, asked him to admit, for once, that his prejudices had misled him. "Well," was the reply, "he may be the tallest, but, by George! we can lick the whole of them."

Along with this disposition to be pleased, and to believe that there may be a reason for customs and costumes which are apparently absurd, the traveler, if possible, should have a *convenient appetite*; not that he is required to eat horse or donkey meat, or to swallow cat's flesh for rabbits, but that he may become reconciled to European modes of preparing and presenting the same viands that he is familiar with at home. These are very different on the Continent from what he

has been accustomed to in America ; but, as a general rule, it may be taken for granted that neither in France nor Germany, nor elsewhere abroad, would any custom be persisted in that was inconsistent with health and comfort according to the exigencies of the particular climate. It is a wearisome bore to nine out of ten Americans visiting Europe to sit at table for one hour and a quarter, the average time of a first-class French table-d'hôte ; but there can be no question whatever that, so far as health is concerned—health of both mind and body—it is better to take time to eat than to gulp down one's food as is done at the St. Nicholas or the Fifth Avenue, or on a Mississippi steamer. But to return to journeying.





CHAPTER II.

LEAVE BORDEAUX—GLIMPSE OF THE PYRENEES—CETTE—NÎMES
—PONT DU GARDE—AVIGNON—MARSEILLES—NICE.

THE train that left Bordeaux at 8.15 on the morning of the 21st April ascended the Valley of the Garonne, crossing and recrossing the river, again and again, on noble viaducts, and passing through a country every inch of which was under cultivation. Vineyards abounded; those near Bordeaux producing red wine; while farther on the road passed through the region whence come Sauterne, Barsac and the Vins de Grave. The vines were beginning to bud, and were anything but picturesque. Trimmed close to the ground, the black stalks, as they projected above the surface, looked like the claws of some gigantic birds carelessly buried on their backs. Under any circumstances, the vineyards at this season would have wanted the beauty with which the later year clothes them; but their present ugliness was increased by the burnt-up look of the soil, suffering, as the Mediterranean was approached, from a drought of several months' duration.

Nothing could have been more delightful than this day's journey through the plains of Languedoc. The cars were excellent, the speed uniform, the weather fine, and everything was novel. A priest and a Sister of Charity came into the compartment at Agen; the former, a pleasant, merry gentleman, full of information. When

they left at Montauban, a young French soldier of the Seventh Hussars, on his way to join his regiment at Narbonne, took the priest's place, after a discussion with the conductor that, at one time, threatened to become unpleasant. It seems that private soldiers are not permitted to travel in first-class cars; and after the young man had taken his seat he was threatened with summary ejection; nor was it until he produced an order from a general officer, giving him the privilege, that he was permitted to retain his place. After the soldier got out at Narbonne, a Baron de ———, an accomplished and most agreeable gentleman, came in, with whom, oddly enough, many of the writer's friends, as it turned out, had been intimate at Pau. He continued with the party as far as Montpellier, and was parted from with regret, and with hopes—never, of course, to be fulfilled—that this first interview would not be the last.

After leaving Toulouse, every one was on the lookout for the Pyrenees, and at Castelnau there was the first glimpse of them. There were a few clouds near the southern horizon, and at first a white mass, seamed with purple lines, which had been gradually becoming more and more distinct, was taken for a cloud. Presently, however, the sky became clear; the haze, which had rendered remote objects indistinct during the greater part of the day, disappeared; and there, in solemn majesty, sharply marked against the blue background, was one of the most elevated of the Hautes Pyrenees, white with snow and glittering in the sun. Lesser peaks and mountain ranges stretched away to the right and left until they were lost in the dim perspective. The railroad was on high ground at the time, and between it and the Pyrenees was an undulating country, whose elevations, some in light and some shaded by

passing clouds, looked as billowy as the surface of the sea after the subsidence of a storm. There were no forests, few trees even, in the wide expanse, but the warm coloring of cultivation everywhere compensated for their absence. One would have liked to linger to watch the effect of the westering sun upon the snowy mountains; but a few hurried outlines were all that could be put into a note-book before the three strokes on the bell, the conductor's horn and the whistle of the engine set the train in motion. The Pyrenees were visible, however, for some time afterward, and, indeed until Narbonne was left behind.

From the station at Carcassonne there was a good view of the old walled town, just as such towns are represented in mediæval paintings—a wall, with towers at intervals, on the gentle slope of a hill, with no surrounding suburbs, but with clear space for archers and crossbowmen to use their weapons—walls unlike those of modern times, which have outlying ravelins, half-moons, *flèches* and *glacis*, but walls up to which a herald might ride to have easy speech with those within when surrender was in question. Then came Narbonne, with its unfinished Cathedral of St. Just, well seen from the railway station; then a magnificent ride through a glorious valley, with the Black Mountains on the left bathed in the sunniest tints, with cultivation, pushed to its utmost extreme, in the intervening plains; then Beziers and its hill, with its cathedral towering above all, and, beneath, the aqueduct of the Canal du Midi, with a multitude of small arches supported on a larger range; then, leaving Beziers, came the first glimpse of the Mediterranean, a dark purple line against the sky; then, a long, broad-backed hill, on the summit of which a lighthouse looked out upon the sea beyond; then Agde, or La Ville Noire; and then, rushing forth

from the undulating country, the train found itself on the very shores of the Mediterranean, with the surf breaking on the flat sandy beach within a few yards of the track. Some minutes later, with the sea on the one side and the salt lagoons on the other, the train reached the station at Cette.

The programme prepared on the Europe had made Cette a stopping-place for the night, in consequence, partly, of not being able to quite understand Bradshaw in connection with the routes in this neighborhood; but finding it still daylight when Cette was reached, having made the journey, so far, without fatigue, and there being an excellent table-d'hôte in readiness, and time to enjoy it, it was determined to go on to Nîmes; accordingly, two hours later the party found themselves in comfortable quarters at the Hôtel de Luxembourg.

It does not require much time to become familiar with Nîmes. In the first place, the city is not large; and in the next the objects of the greatest interest are all in a cluster; and you pass from one to the other without fatigue. Of these, the amphitheatre and the Maison Carrée are the best known. But the temple of Diana, the Roman baths, Pradier's fountain, the old gateway, must not be overlooked. The amphitheatre was being restored; but even in its dilapidated condition it is among the most perfect of the Roman architectural remains to be seen anywhere. The interior of the amphitheatre of Verona is better preserved, but only a few feet of the outer walls remain. The Colosseum has been the quarry to which the nobles of Rome resorted for materials for their palaces; but, inside and out, the amphitheatre of Nîmes remains as the Romans left it; and all that is required from the hand of modern art is to replace the stones which time has crumbled.

It may be heresy to say so, but the Maison Carrée

disappointed the writer. It wants the imposing appearance which is derived from size : compared with Roman buildings generally, it is *petite*. It is very pretty rather than very beautiful. Mr. Jefferson attempted to enlarge it in the Capitol at Richmond, but it would not bear enlarging. Recent excavations have unearthed the remains of exterior colonnades, that may at one time, in combination with the Maison Carrée, have presented a more effective *tout ensemble*. As it is, the interest it has excited is perhaps owing to the fact of its preservation in so perfect a state for so long a time.

The interior of the Maison Carrée has been fitted up as a museum of antiquities and a picture-gallery ! A painting of Cromwell looking down on the face of Charles I. in his coffin is a striking and valuable work of Paul de la Roche ; but there is little else worthy of notice.

Far more interesting, however, to the writer than the Maison Carrée were the Roman baths, or what is left of them. There is nothing in Rome itself which gives so good an idea of this description of building. The baths of Carracalla, the baths of Diocletian, are vast piles of ruins, masses of brick and stone and mortar which inspire admiration. But the baths at Nîmes furnish the details that the others want. The first illustrate the power—the other the personal habits of the Roman people.

While seated in the amphitheatre, endeavoring to realize what the building must have been in its perfect state and filled with the twenty thousand people that it would easily have contained, and while watching the lizards playing hide-and-seek in the crevices between the stones, the writer's attention was attracted by the manner in which the mason made the perfect joint which to-day even characterizes the ruins of Rome. Where

two broad, flat surfaces were to be placed in contact, he made the surfaces slightly concave, leaving a width of edge broad enough to prevent the splitting off or spauling of the outer face. In this way, besides a saving of labor, the accuracy of the joint was more easily preserved than it could have been if the whole of the adjacent surfaces had been made to correspond. The repairs of the amphitheatre amount in some places to a complete restoration. They are made at the joint expense of the emperor and the municipality. The amphitheatre, in theatrical parlance, draws too well to be permitted to leave the stage.

There was great complaint of the drought at Nîmes : on the 22d of April no rain had fallen for months. Every economy had to be used to prevent a total failure of the water supply ; and discussions touching the renewal of the canal of the Pont de Garde, so as to give to Nîmes the supply of the Roman era, were frequent. This alone would have suggested a visit to the great aqueduct, had it not already been included in the plan of the journey. Sending the trunks and other impedimenta, therefore, to Avignon by rail, and taking a carriage and pair, *via* the Pont de Garde, for the same place, the party left Nîmes at twelve o'clock, and passing over an admirable road and through forests of olives and vast fields of vines, reached the hotel at La Foux, and obtained there the promise of a dinner on returning from the neighboring aqueduct.

A modern carriage road has been built on the lower side, from which you look up at the vast structure that spans the valley, and on the lower arches of which rests the series of upper and smaller arches carrying the water-way. Crossing the bridge and clambering up the precipice on the other side, the broad stones that cover the channel may be reached. The view from hence

is very lovely, and with the guide's assistance fragments of the great line of aqueduct may be traced far over the country toward St. Quentin and Uzes. A walk through the water-way, as perfect except at its extremities as when it was in daily use, completed the excursion, and prepared the party for the promised dinner at La Foux. The remnants of a chicken—from which a previous traveler had taken the breast—an omelet and some bread and cheese, and a profusion of apologies were all, however, that could be obtained to satisfy the sharpened appetites of four hungry people. The horses and voiturier seemed to have fared better, for the afternoon's drive was a rapid one, ending, amid a volley of whip-cracking, with a gallop down the hill into the valley of the Rhone, a snail's pace across the bridge that spanned the river, and then a rush, as if to make up for lost time, through the battlemented gateway on the other side, to bring up at the quaint old Hôtel de l'Europe, close by the city walls.

Following the rule already laid down with regard to sight-seeing, to begin at once, advantage was taken of the remaining daylight to repass the gateway and follow the city wall down the banks of the Rhone—a pleasant, shady stroll, the gray walls with their heavy towers on the one hand, and the swift river on the other. The old ditch had become the receptacle of the rubbish of the town, and was fast being filled up; while the walls, strong as they must have been for defence when the popes and antipopes relied on them, were now useless save for police purposes and picturesque effect. The lamps were being lighted in the streets when the party returned and found ample compensation, in the well-spread board of the hotel, for the deficiencies of the inn at La Foux.

There is a good deal to be seen at Avignon, but not

more than can be accomplished in a few hours. From the Hôtel de l'Europe to the palace of the popes and the cathedral, and the Rocher des Dons, is but a step, and in returning a slight detour will include the square in which is the statue of Crillon, the theatre and the Hôtel de Ville.

The palace of the popes, while it abounds in groined and vaulted ceilings, and is rich in historical associations, is without the slightest pretension to architectural beauty. It is a great pile of masonry, impressive only from its size and extraordinary solidity. Nor is more to be said of the adjacent cathedral, which is utterly without unity of design, combining Roman and Gothic, with nothing good of either. Still, both ought to be seen; and, if it is an antiquarian who visits them, studied into the bargain. For eighty eventful years popes and antipopes resided where now a regiment of French soldiers finds its quarters, and multitudes assembled to receive blessings from the balcony overlooking the square, in which, on the 23d April, 1868, some thirty squads of infantry were being drilled in the use of the Chassepot rifle amid a din of voices, in which the hard swearing of sergeants and corporals was far more frequent, unquestionably, than benedictions. It was something, however, to have been in the room in the Trouillais Tower in which Rienzi was confined, and in the halls where Petrarch was a guest.

Close by the cathedral is the Rocher des Dons, a mass of rock made fantastic by the oddest imitations in cement and rubble. Steps and balustrades are thus formed, ascending to a platform, from whence a panorama of the valley of the Rhone is obtained not surpassed in all the elements of beauty by any other in Europe. It is the one thing about Avignon never to be forgotten; all other objects of interest pale before it. The palace

of the popes, the castle and cathedral, the town of Villeneuve beyond the river, the surrounding mountains, fields in every stage of cultivation, through whose midst the Rhone rushes in silver—and all this seen under the clear sky of an April morning in the south of France—might easily lead one older even than the writer to indulge in the language of description to an extent that would, in all probability, be regarded as strained or exaggerated by those who had not witnessed the surpassing beauty of the scene.

At 2.54 P.M. the train left Avignon for Marseilles. Tarascon, with its great square castle prominent on the horizon, was passed. Then came Arles, where there was a stoppage just long enough to enable the party to say they had caught a glimpse of what remained of the old Roman amphitheatre. There were a good many women on the platform at the station, with abominations, supposed to be caps, upon their heads, and but for which the faces below would have sustained the reputation of this part of France for female beauty.

From Arles to Marseilles the country is not without interest. Broad sheets of water, inlets from the Gulf of Lyons, spread themselves on the right; rocky promontories and islets; marshy flats; salt-works with their tall chimneys; a grand viaduct of some fifty arches, upward of eighty feet high; tunnels and embankments alternating in quick succession; a tunnel of near three miles in length under a rocky mountain; and then the Mediterranean—kept the attention of the party alive until the train reached St. Charles, the station for Marseilles, at 7.5 P.M., the exact minute promised by the time-table—a punctuality for which the French railroads are especially remarkable.

This was the second visit the writer had paid to Mar-

seilles. The first was in 1857, when the impression made was far from agreeable. Indeed, the recollection of it had been sufficient to limit the time to be given to this city to 12.50 P.M. on the 24th. The drive from the station to the Hôtel du Louvre et de la Paix was quite sufficient, however, to show that more than this brief allowance would be necessary. Nowhere in Europe, except perhaps in Paris, did improvement seem to have made more rapid strides than in Marseilles; and the 24th of April was passed in visiting all places of interest in the city and its environs. The zoological garden, with its collection of rare animals; the old port; the new one; the church of Notre Dame de la Garde, perched on the summit of the mountain that overlooks the harbor; the quays; the cathedral; the broad avenues lined with trees; the public fountains; the market-places; the ranges of stately buildings; the Bourse; the Promenade du Prado; the *chemin de ceinture*—occupied the morning, and until four o'clock in the afternoon, most agreeably. Then, after dinner, there was a pleasant walk through some of the crowded streets; and the day closed with the opera, where Charles VI. was represented with far more of the probabilities than the dramatist and composer had been able to give to Robinson Crusoe at Bordeaux.

On the morning of the 25th, the 7.50 train left for Nice, with the expectation of reaching there at 3.4 P.M. The country through which the road passed was eminently picturesque. The outlines of the mountains were rugged and peculiar, changing, as the train moved rapidly forward, like the forms in a kaleidoscope, and not only in outline, but in color. Here and there glimpses of the Mediterranean were had, framed in rocky settings on either hand, like the flat and side scenes of a theatre. Then there were long, narrow valleys of the

richest verdure ; then barren precipices bounded the track ; and so it was until the train stopped at the station of Toulon, and the fort, whose capture made the fortunes of Napoleon, was seen away to the right, and on mountains to the left signal-stations and forts again, so far off as to require a glass to distinguish their outlines. From Toulon the road left the Mediterranean and passed through one of the best portions of Provence, a valley between two ranges of mountains, that on the right separating and sheltering it from the sea. At La Garde there was a ruined castle of the olden times, in strong contrast with the fortifications so recently left ; then came the station of the much-frequented watering-place of Hyères, and here, for the first time, the bark of the cork tree was seen in piles prepared for exportation ; then the road looked out again upon the Mediterranean at St. Raphael, and then the train stopped at Agay, and afterward, while skirting the sea between Agay and Cannes, came to a sudden halt in a cut on the mountain-side. Here the conductor directed the passengers to leave the cars and descend on foot into the valley, ascending again some distance ahead, so as to avoid a slip which had in part filled a cut in front, and which it was not deemed safe to pass, although the track on which the train ran was not disturbed by the accident. It was a warm day, and the walk was a toilsome one ; nor would the conductor allow the passengers to go through the cut to avoid the fatigue. In America, the train would have been stopped, probably ; the conductor would have looked ahead, have hesitated hardly a moment, have given the signal, and the engine-man would have put on steam and dashed past the danger. But this was not the way things were done here. It was within the range of possibility, though beyond all probability, that the movement and jar of the engine

might bring down still more of the cut, so as to cover both tracks with the *débris*. That was enough. So down the passengers went, swearing in the languages of some half dozen nationalities; and up the passengers came, beyond the point of supposed danger, to see their baggage placed on a truck and drawn with a long rope past the slide, so that not a workman even ran the risk of harm. All this was very careful, but excessively annoying, and occupied from two to three hours before the train from Nice came along, when those who had by this time got cool and quiet had the satisfaction of seeing a new set of sufferers, at a hotter period of the day, go down into the valley and ascend beyond the cut.

Cannes, which has of late years become popular as a watering-place and celebrated as the residence of Lord Brougham, was soon reached, when the passengers for Nice had re-embarked, so to speak, after their detention. Quaint modern cottages, amid orange trees, on which the ripe fruit hung, lined the road, and were all that the rapid transit of the cars permitted to be seen of Cannes; but nothing could have been more delightful than the ride from thence to Nice past Antibes, and the bastioned quadrangle that Vauban built long since to guard the harbor, and across the Var and along the shore of the sea. It is no wonder that crowds seek Cannes and Nice for health and recreation. The spirit of beauty pervades the land, and floats upon the waves which break so sleepily on the beach at seasons when, elsewhere, they remind one in their thundering voices of shipwreck and its horrors.

It was six o'clock, three hours behind time, when the party reached the Hôtel de Grande Bretagne. In front of the hotel, a handsome public garden surrounded a pavilion, from which a military band discoursed most

excellent music to a crowd of well-dressed people, who occupied the benches or strolled along walks winding through shrubbery, even thus early in the fullest leaf. Beyond the garden, the wide Promenade des Anglais, separated from the pebbly beach by an ornamental wall, was thronged with equipages and equestrians; and beyond this again, the Mediterranean, whose waves on this quiet evening scarcely murmured as they reached the shore, extended to the horizon. A number of lateen-rigged boats becalmed in the offing—their sails shining in the sunlight—sent long reflections landward on the glassy water. Tall palms, their fanlike foliage motionless in the breathless air, broke, as an artist might describe it, the broad expanse of the glowing sky, and gave an almost Oriental character to the picture presented on this April evening to the travelers, whose mountain experience of the morning served but to enhance the zest with which they gazed upon it. Nice, on this occasion, was most unquestionably in its best array.

The next day was Sunday, April 27, and again the English clergyman prayed for the President along with the Queen, the Emperor and Empress, and the Prince Imperial. Not even in a London church could a congregation be seen more absolutely and unmistakably English than that which was collected on this occasion, in the very handsome Gothic edifice which the liberality of the English visitors afforded the means of erecting in Nice. Not a character that Thackeray has described but what was to be seen there—a good many of Dickens', too, had their representatives. Some fifteen or twenty Americans were easily distinguishable—if for no other reason than that scarcely any of the gentlemen had prayer-books, while there was not an Englishman in view of the writer who was without one. This

was not the best standard of comparison, however: the difference between the two was in the carriage, the complexion, the costume, a something better understood than easy to describe. In speech, no American was ever mistaken for an Englishman. But the observations of to-day were made from externals only; and, be it understood, not so much in the church as when the congregation were passing through the graveyard into the street.

It seemed as though every man, woman and child in Nice had availed themselves of the fine weather of this Sunday afternoon for a stroll along the Promenade des Anglais, and all seemed, too, to be in holiday attire. The benches were filled, the sidewalks were filled, the carriage-way itself was filled, and not the least animated part of the exhibition were the groups of French soldiers everywhere to be seen. The impressions of the second evening in Nice were not less favorable than those produced by the first.

Sight-seeing does not require much labor at Nice. A visit to the Castle Hill should be made by all means, as well on account of the ingenuity displayed in converting it into a public pleasure-ground accessible throughout to carriages, as on account of the admirable view from the summit of Nice itself, with the mountains that surround it, the outstretching spurs of the Maritime Alps, the port, the Mediterranean and the exquisitely beautiful coast-line in the direction of Toulon. If, led by the notion that churches are necessarily to be visited, the cathedral is entered, nothing will be found there to repay the trouble. But a drive around the environs will amply compensate the time and cost; and if Garibaldi happens to be a favorite, the voiturier will point to the house in which, it is said, he was born.

A person spending some time in Nice would doubtless find much to interest him in following the hints of Murray throughout, but to one who visits the city as a part of the plan of an extensive tour, a single day will exhaust it.





CHAPTER III.

DEPARTURE FROM NICE BY THE CORNICHE ROAD—MENTONE—
SAN REMO—FINALE—GENOA—VOYAGE TO NAPLES—LEGHORN
—PISA.

THERE is a railroad in course of construction between Nice and Genoa; but, even had it been completed, the writer would have preferred making the journey *en voiture* to hurrying over the distance in the cars. There is, perhaps, no road in Europe more celebrated, and deservedly so, than that along the Riviera, known as the Corniche road, because of its often hanging suspended over the sea like the cornice of a building. The general features of a country may be skimmed from the windows of a railway car—as, for example, the prairies of Illinois or the flat lands around Vienna; and it would be tedious in the extreme to dawdle over these at the rate of six miles an hour. But this is not so when the beauty to be seen is the beauty of detail in form and in color. Here the flight of a railway train gives but little better idea of forest and precipice and cavern and cliff than can be derived from the ribbon made by the rapid motion of a child's burnt stick touching the shape of the coal that produces the impression on the eye. So, careless whether there was a railway to Genoa or not, Giovanni was directed to engage a *voiture* for the journey, to set out on Monday morning.

Accordingly, at the hour appointed, there appeared

at the door of the hotel a good strong carriage, with four horses, whose grooming and harness were certainly not equal to their capability for work. And now came the first trouble about baggage. In vain the courier and the coachman essayed to load it in any practicable way. There was a capacious receptacle behind and a large space in front; there was room, too, under the seats, and straps and ropes in abundance; but when, somehow or other, the four trunks, three boxes, etc., were piled on the vehicle, before, behind and within, it was evident that more ropes might become necessary to repair broken springs than had already been required. The result was that, after various experiments, the heavy freight was left behind, to be sent to Genoa by sea, and only so much taken as was absolutely necessary to the comfort of the party on the way.

Everything being at last arranged, the top of the carriage was put down, the ladies took possession of the interior and the writer and Giovanni ensconced themselves in a reasonably comfortable banquette behind the driver. The horn was blown, the whip cracked as though a dozen revolvers were being discharged at once, and away the carriage went, the horses all galloping, through the streets of Nice, and until they reached the foot of the mountain up which lay the road for the next ten miles. Here an extra horse was waiting, which the driver took good care to make earn his hire, not altogether to the satisfaction of the lad who was to take him back from the summit.

The morning, though cloudy, had been pleasant when the carriage left Nice, but in ascending the mountain the road entered clouds which were occasionally condensed into a fine, penetrating rain. Much of the view that had been promised was thus lost, but every now and then a gust of wind from some unseen

gorge would scatter the mist and disclose the rugged scenery landward, and far below, seaward, the purple waters of the Mediterranean. Narrow bays, with rocky shores, would, from time to time, be seen, to which the driver had scarce breath to give a name before the scud would whirl them out of sight. The road, both up and down the mountain, was in perfect order, protected by side-walls when necessary, and the carriage, with the brake on, rolled rapidly along, with the usual volleys from the whip, and every now and then very emphatic objurgations, in Italian, to a horse, said to be "a Roman brute," that made one of the team.

During a glimpse through the mist, while descending the hill from Turbia, there came a gleam of sunshine, that fell upon a promontory upholding the white walls of a town, which the driver said was the capital of the Prince of Monaco, a poor sample of a sovereign, who is permitted to maintain a petty sway over a few acres of the Riviera, and whose revenues are derived from gaming-tables, which, driven from respectable places in Southern France, find encouragement in his domain.

Passing through groves of olives and carouba trees, the drive along the Mediterranean to Mentone, where it was proposed to lunch while the horses had their stipulated two hours of rest, was eminently picturesque, one of its most striking characteristics being the palm, first noticed at Nice. The delay at Mentone was taken advantage of to walk through the town, now becoming popular as a winter resort for consumptive patients. A narrow promontory, at the extremity of which is an old Genoese fort, divides it into two parts; and from the terrace supporting the highway there is an imposing view of the precipitous mountain-side, along which the Corniche road ascends by a uniform grade, until it disappears around bare masses of rock near the summit.

A noble arch, near the bottom of the ascent, spans the deep ravine, which here forms the boundary between France and Italy. Beyond is the Italian custom-house, with its green-coated gens-d'armes.

Between Mentone and San Remo, the stopping-place for the night, is the fortress of Ventimiglia, through whose walls the road is carried; and, in the sandy plain beyond, the palm, which had been met with singly or in groups before, is made the subject of especial cultivation. Notwithstanding level places here and there, the road loses nothing of its attraction. The sea is always on the right, and on the left rest the Maritime Alps, with towns and villages on the spurs projecting toward the coast: upon one of these, two massive towers of Roman origin are conspicuous in the landscape.

San Remo was reached by six o'clock, when the carriage stopped before the Hôtel de Londres, on the outskirts of the town. The first day's travel *en voiture* had been a success, and it was seen there would be no difficulty in making the journey in three days from Nice to Genoa, in place of four, which it was thought might be required. Indeed, four days are commonly consumed on the road, the stopping-places at night being Mentone, Oneglia, Savona and Genoa. This, however, is to lose a day unnecessarily.

A walk through the town before breakfast satisfied the writer, as he threaded the narrow, steep and tortuous streets, that there was good reason for what he had often wondered at—the position of the Italian cities and villages on the summits of hills, wherever practicable, with the houses clustered so near together as to give them, when seen from a distance, the appearance of solid masses of masonry. In the days when they were built, and with the arms then in use, they were impreg-

nable. Each was a fortress in itself, and its dwellings were so many casemates. It was worth a climb about San Remo to understand this.

The 28th of April was occupied in going from San Remo to Finale, lunching and resting at Alessio, in what had once been the palace of a wealthy noble. The walls were wainscoted; the panels of the doors, curiously carved, still retained traces of ancient gilding. Portraits, blackened by time, too poor, as works of art, to be removed, still retained the places they occupied when they might have been compared with their originals; and marble stairways still led to dim and lofty bed-chambers, despoiled of their rich hangings and containing the sorry furniture of what was now, after all, but a wayside inn.

The sun was yet high when the carriage entered the tunnel through the mountain overhanging the sea, on the farther side of which is Finale. The bare rock, almost perpendicular, went sheer down into the waves, and had forbidden any attempt to build the road around it; and so, in former days, a succession of dangerous zigzags had been constructed over the summit. It is lately, only, that the tunnel has been made, and as the party emerged from it, Finale was seen, already in the shade, although out at sea vessels were still sailing in the sunlight. More than an hour of day still remained for a stroll along the shore after the carriage stopped at the hotel.

The cleverest thing in Finale is a handsome church by Bernini, florid in the extreme, and outraging all classic models, but eminently effective. It is well worth a visit, not that it may be compared with the Erechtheum exactly, but as a specimen of the art of a great architect, whose imagination was as exuberant in stone and mortar as was ever poet's with pen and paper

Leaving the hotel on the 29th April, after breakfast, the scenery and noticeable matters generally became more interesting than they had yet been; and looking now at the brief notes made during the day, they are found to be little more than catchwords, exhausting the vocabulary of admiration. The place where Genoa was situated had been pointed out before reaching Finale; but the existence of the city at the spot was taken upon trust, the haze on the water preventing its being seen; but after leaving Finale, and passing through the tunnel of Capo di Noli, the tall lighthouse became visible in the north, but with many an intervening headland. The road ran through groves of olives and oranges; now rounding the head of a broad bay; now climbing mountains coming close down to the sea, to make the circuit of another bay beyond; now passing through a town; now skirting heights crowned with mediæval ruins. Sometimes the road was bordered with ropewalks, limekilns, brickkilns and shipyards; then again it led beneath the projecting bowsprits of ships ready for launching, of which more were seen on this day's journey than, it is believed, had been built in the United States since the termination of the war. Here was a long procession of women and children loaded with what in America would be called brushwood, but which on the Riviera was the fuel for limekilns; there a similar procession was carrying from vessels moored close to the beach bags of materials for concrete to be used in the construction of the railroad; and then there came along a train of donkeys, concealed almost by their paniers, and yet each with a man or boy seated *en croupe* besides. Men were at work everywhere; women were at work everywhere; children, even, at work everywhere. All was life and activity; far, very

far from the Italian life that the writer had read of, and in former years had seen on the mole at Naples or under the porticoes of Rome. At Vorazzi alone twenty large, well-modeled barks were counted upon the stocks. But Vorazzi was only one out of many places where this activity was observed. By the time the carriage reached Voltri, to which the railroad from Genoa was in operation, the way seemed to lie through the suburbs of a city, so numerous were the houses and so crowded was the throng of vehicles, horsemen and pedestrians. And thus it continued until the lighthouse towered up close on the right hand, while on the left rose vast walls of fortifications and barracks; rounding which, there, immediately in front, was the harbor of Genoa, black with the masts of the shipping; and rising from the water's edge in a glorious amphitheatre was the City of Palaces itself. The excitement of the three days' travel on the Riviera then culminated; and, after pausing for a while in the shadow of a fortress, that two regiments of Italian infantry might pass, and just where the view of the *tout ensemble* was perfect, the carriage drove by the Doria Gardens, the arsenal, the railroad station and the monument to Columbus, to draw up at last at the Hôtel d'Italia, overlooking the inner port, and once the palace of the Raggi. The journey had been most delightful. It had been performed without a single *contretemps*. There had been no rain, for the mist on the mountain next to Nice did not deserve the name. There had been no heat against which the white parasols, lined with green and purchased at Nîmes, had not been a protection; and on the third day the party were safe in Genoa without fatigue, and the sun yet several hours high; a good dinner, too, was on the table, more than enough to compensate for occasional shortcomings on

the Riviera ; and when dinner was over the remaining daylight was passed in watching the shades of evening settle quietly down on the shipping that filled the harbor so closely that little more was seen there than one vast forest of masts, through which, later, the lights of the Molo Nuovo and Molo Vecchio streamed, and far above which the lantern of the world-renowned pharos sent its rays over sea and land. Still later in the evening a stroll along the well-lighted streets and illuminated shops proved that the ladies of the party were not the worse for their three days' journeying *en voiture*.

Were this, as already said, not a mere book of hints, showing what can be done by showing what was done, many chapters instead of a few pages might well be devoted to the Riviera. But, with Murray at hand, all detailed description is unnecessary. Is not all that it is possible to see, and all of history that it is useful to know, recorded in the Hand-book of Northern Italy?

Genoa was a place to be seen and enjoyed. Its palaces, public institutions, galleries ; its villas, its fortifications, even its opera,—none of these could be well overlooked, and so it was resolved to spend the rest of the week there, and to do what had to be done in the way of sight-seeing leisurely. This gave three days to Genoa, the steamer for Naples not leaving the port until 10 P. M. on Saturday.

If the traveler has no courier competent to the task, he should employ a *valet de place*, taking the one attached to the hotel at which he stays to show him the sights of Genoa. The trouble in connection with these men is, that unless the traveler is somewhat informed in regard to objects of interest—and he can easily become so by reading up in Murray—he will be trotted round to places which do not compensate for the trouble of the visit ; the guide, naturally enough,

being desirous to show the extent and accuracy of his knowledge and to enhance his compensation. One or two or three churches may generally be taken as the type of all; and so with the palaces. But quite as important as the seeing of churches or palaces is the general impression of a great city, which is never forgotten, and which is always best obtained by driving or walking through its streets, observing the character of its architecture and the dress and appearance and manners of its people; by visiting its market-places, and if there are public gatherings, hanging upon the skirts of them. It is a mistake to suppose that because one has passed hours in St. Peter's or the Vatican, one knows anything about Rome. Of course, where ladies are of the party, these suggestions require some modification; but, after all, they are essentially correct.

In Murray there is an *embarras des richesses*, so that the traveler limited as to time is obliged to use the work with some discretion. In the present case, the churches visited were the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, the noblest of these edifices in Genoa, and the churches of San Ambrozio, L'Annunziata and San Siro. There is a variety of opinion as to the use of materials of different colors in architecture; and especially has it been doubted whether, when the contrast is as great as between black and white, it is consistent with the canons of good taste. Of late years these contrasts have become fashionable; and the unlearned public have sometimes given undignified nicknames to the buildings in which they are employed. But then this question of taste is one that each person must settle for himself; and those curious to come to conclusions in regard to it will probably do so while standing in front of San Lorenzo or walking up its nave. Time generally takes the matter in hand on the outside of the building, and makes the

dark less dark and the light less light, producing in this way an average which, to many eyes, is less offensive than the original contrast. Of the other three churches nothing can be more gorgeous than the Church of San Siro. It is the type of a class, and perhaps it goes as far toward the extreme of one style of architectural ornamentation as the cathedral does to the other. It is the worship of the Almighty "in gold." The Church of San Ambrozio, with its wealth of costly marbles and profuse embellishment, is the work of a single family, who furnish to Genoa, to rank among its sights, not only one of the most remarkable churches, but one of the most splendid of its palaces and beautiful of its villas. The Annunziata is a hardly less remarkable specimen of the same school of architecture.

Having seen the churches, the next visit was to the palaces; and those selected were the Serra, the Balbi, the Brignoli Sale, the Doria Tursi, the Pallavicini and the Palazzo Reale. In some of these the attractions were the galleries of art; in some, the gorgeous furniture; in some, the refined and elegant decoration. There was not one that did not repay the trouble of a visit. To the majority of the party the palatial splendor of Genoa was wholly new. A larger experience afterward made the multiplication of such sights pall on the appetite, but at the time everything was enjoyable and enjoyed. Perhaps it was on this account that the recollections of Genoa are still so pleasant to the party whose wanderings are being described.

In addition to the buildings which, besides being palaces, were actual residences, the Palazzo Ducale was visited, and a jolly old gentleman did the honors of the building with much apparent enthusiasm. The principal hall was that of the senate, around which stood what seemed to be marble statues of distinguished men,

until the guide, seizing a long fishing-rod, lifted up the draperies in the most disrespectful manner, and showed they were of muslin hung on wooden frames, the heads and hands and exposed parts of the body alone being of plaster. "Muslin, signor; muslin, signora; muslin, signorina; nothing in the world but muslin. Cheats now, as most of them were cheats in their lifetimes." Such, at least, was understood to be the translation of his Italian comments.

Having seen the Pallavicini Church and the palace of the Pallavicinis, it remained to see their villa. For this a special permission was required; obtaining which, and taking a carriage, the party retraced for several miles the road to Voltri on their way to the villa. The gardens command a view of the Mediterranean, with Genoa and its fortifications on the left, with the sea itself on the right, and Sestri and its shipyards, far below, in the middle ground; while beyond the pharos, which rises like a tall spectre in the centre of the landscape, promontory after promontory is seen projecting into the sea, until the last fades away into the coloring of the sky. The foreground is one of shrubs and flowers and statues, and the trees on either side form an oval framework to a picture which possesses, in a most remarkable degree, all those elements of the beautiful which artists love to perpetuate on canvas.

The Pallavicini Villa is one of the most remarkable prettinesses, perhaps, to be found anywhere. It is essentially a villa. To call it a "park," or a "place," or a "house"—to rank it with Chatsworth, or Blenheim, or Eaton Hall—would be doing it great injustice. It is a villa, and nothing more; but it is perfect of its kind. Within a limited space—a very limited space—there are a thousand clever things admirably gotten up. There is a mountain whose summit is reached by

winding paths bordered with rare trees and shrubs. There is a lake whose waters penetrate an artificial grotto, through which visitors are rowed in boats of the most graceful forms, and near waterfalls that cool the air and make music for what might be a dwelling of the gnomes. Beyond the grotto there are islands, on which are marble temples of exquisite design ; and statues of marble abound wherever statues could be placed consistently with good taste and with a view to pictorial effect. There are bridges of elegant and bridges of quaint construction. There are summer-houses to which the unwary are invited, that jets of water, fine as spray, may be concentrated on them from unseen sources. There are the same pleasant traps in other places. There is a temple which you admire as you approach it for its classic design ; and when, after passing it, you look back, you find that the temple, seen from the rear, is but a woodman's cottage, with no pretence to classic elegance. In a word, ingenuity has been exhausted to make the Pallavicini Villa the villa of Italy. The mansion-house is not remarkable, except for the terrace, and the exquisite view of Genoa that this commands.

Returning from the villa, the circuit of the interior ramparts was made, passing by the public promenade and the Church of Santa Maria di Carignano. From the roof of the church there is a panorama of the city, its surrounding mountains crested with forts, its harbor crowded with shipping, and the sea beyond.

After leaving the church there was still time for the Campó Santo. This is well worth a visit. It is comparatively modern, and is still unfinished, though even now (1868) of great extent. In unity of design and general arrangement it is not surpassed by the celebrated Campo Santo at Bologna. In America, except

at New Orleans, where the graves cannot be dug without finding water, interments are below the surface of the ground. In Italy they are under porticoes above it.

The visit to the Campo Santo at Genoa was impressed upon the writer's memory by a melancholy and startling circumstance. Making the circuit of its cool arcades, but one person had been met with, a sallow Italian apparently ill at ease, whose hurried step and gestures attracted the attention of the party for a moment, and were as soon forgotten. It was too early in the day for visitors generally. Not even a custodian was to be seen. Having completed the usual round, the party were descending the long flights of steps leading from the central building to the principal entrance, when they were startled by the report of a pistol, seemingly close at hand. The sound was an unusual one in such a place. Reaching the gates a few minutes later, they were told by the keeper that the man they had passed in the arcades had just shot himself! He was a Genoese, who, returning home after a long absence and finding his wife dead, and learning that she had been buried in the Campo Santo, had sought her tomb and destroyed himself before it.

In the evening the party went to the Carlo Felice Theatre, said to be the third in size in Italy, and where it was necessary to take a box, an uncomfortable pen, to see the performance. But there was excellent music, and the Carlo Felice should not be omitted in the notice of the three days passed in Genova la Superba.

There were two lines of steamers between Genoa and Naples—the regular line between the two cities, with large and comfortable side-wheel boats, and a line of coasters stopping at the principal intervening ports between Genoa and Palermo. To have taken the first, however, would have lost Saturday in Genoa, and N^o

ples would have been reached in the night at an hour when there would be trouble about the baggage and the hotel arrangements; whereas, by taking the coasting line, which left on Saturday at midnight, Naples would be reached in the morning after breakfast, when the approach to the city would be seen under the most favorable circumstances. The difference, practically, was between a night on board the steamer and a night in Naples; and, weighing all things, the former was preferred. This is mentioned that the pros and cons may be understood by any one who may consult these pages in connection with a voyage between Genoa and Naples.

Accordingly, the writer, at ten o'clock on a bright starlight night, found himself and family in a shore-boat, followed by another with the impedimenta—to wit, the baggage—the two threading their way through the crowd of vessels that lay between the quay and the steamer Messina, anchored near the middle of the port. When on deck at last, it was seen that a regiment of infantry on its way to Sicily were to be fellow-passengers, besides a full complement of tourists in the cabin. The captain had not come on board, and there was on all sides a confusion altogether indescribable. The main trouble, as usual, was with the baggage, which an officer in charge insisted should go into the hold, and to the hold it would have been consigned without exception, had not those interested seized and sat down upon such portions as were indispensable in the cabin during the voyage. There were English, French, Germans, Americans and Italians, all actively engaged in the contest, and all vociferating at the top of their voices in their respective tongues. Sailors, officers, soldiers, passengers, friends from shore—whose only business on board was to be in the way, apparently—were clamber-

ing about among trunks, boxes and barrels, while the steam yelled from the safety valve, and the bell rang again and again, as a signal that the hour of departure was at hand. Bedlam let loose could not have been more obstreperous and vociferous. Finally, the captain came off from the shore ; there was a chief authority to appeal to, and order was in some measure established. The steward and stewardess made their appearance ; the baggage to go into the cabin was taken there, and the owners climbed up the narrow stairway to the upper deck to take a last look at Genoa, as the Messina at the hour appointed steamed slowly between the Molo Vecchio and Molo Nuovo into the open sea. In a little while, nothing could be seen to mark the place of the city on the dim horizon save the light on the lofty pharos, which for more than three hundred years has guided the mariner to the port.

The first night on board the Messina was uncomfortable enough ; but the sea was as calm as it was possible to desire, without even the swell common to all great bodies of water ; and when the sun rose clear the next morning, the disagreeables of the last few hours were forgotten. Very soon an excellent breakfast put all hands in a good humor ; then the awning was spread ; and with the coast in sight to the left, and with just enough air, caused by the motion of the vessel, to be agreeable, one realized, as one looked up to the bright blue sky and then to the almost glassy surface reflecting it, that the land thereaway was Italy, and that this summer sea was indeed the Mediterranean. By this time Leghorn was in sight, and soon after the Messina dropped anchor in the inner harbor, when those who intended visiting Pisa during the steamer's detention were at once landed in shore-boats at the quay.

There was scant time to reach the railway station before the train left; and into this brief period the writer had to crowd not only the transit through the city, but a most provoking altercation with the Italian douane. One of the party, as ill-luck would have it, had an unopened box of conserves bought on leaving Genoa at the cost of a few francs, and intended for consumption on the road to Pisa. This was at once taken possession of by a very polite and well-dressed official; and the writer and the owner of the box were hurried off to the douane, while the rest of the party disappeared in another direction. The walk was long, the sun was scorching and time was flying. The box was worth neither the walk nor the anxiety about the train; but it was impossible to explain this either in English or in French to a person whose only language was Italian. When the office was reached, however, there was no delay in the despatch of business there. Seventy-five centimes were demanded and paid; and without waiting to have the box marked or to obtain a receipt, the writer hurried back to where he had left the rest of the party, and had barely time to drive at a gallop almost to the station in season for the train.

This being, as already said more than once, but a book of hints, the above incident is related for the benefit of those who may be willing to profit by the experience of others. Had the unfortunate box been opened and a part of its contents eaten, there would have been no difficulty.

Leaving Leghorn in the 9 A. M. train, Pisa was reached in half an hour, the road passing over a flat, uninteresting country lying between the Arno and the sea. There was thus ample time not only to see the cathedral, the baptistery, the leaning tower and the Campo Santo, one of the most remarkable groups in

Europe, and to visit several of the principal churches, but to obtain a good general idea of the city by a drive through its picturesque streets. The day was the warmest that had yet been experienced in Italy, but the hottest part of it was spent in the Hôtel de la Grande Bretagne, where the party dined after their tour of sight-seeing.

Shawls and overcoats were necessary both in the cathedral and the baptistery, so great was the difference in the temperature within and without the buildings on this the second day of May. It was a relief to escape into the open air from the chilly dampness of both. And yet it would not have done to omit either. A glance round the baptistery suffices, but the cathedral is full of interest, and many glances there will find full compensation. Less attention was paid to it, perhaps, on this occasion than it deserved, in consequence of meeting some fellow-passengers in the Europe, who were on their way from Naples and Rome, and who, though in admirable health themselves, could not help expressing their apprehensions in behalf of those who might be going south while they were hurrying north! But, to change plans on rumors is rarely advisable; and the party sought to forget in their contemplation of dome and nave and transept and aisles all disparaging remarks about the climate of Southern Italy in the month of May. Subsequent experience showed they were right in doing so. The Campo Santo is, of course, a notability of Pisa; and on this occasion a walk through its cloistered arches was not omitted; but is not its architecture rather than its contents, artistically considered, what most entitles it to the admiration it has received? As to the leaning tower, the younger members of the party ascended it, and, the day being clear, they fancied themselves compensated by the view for the toil of

mounting its two hundred steps. But is not the incline of the tower its chief merit, so to speak? It is wonderful to look at, rather than beautiful. Standing erect, its tiers upon tiers of arches would be condemned, perhaps, for sameness. Leaning, as it does, without falling, criticism is absorbed in astonishment. Take, however, the *tout ensemble*—the collection in such close proximity of the magnificent cathedral, the noble baptistery, the beautiful arcades of the Campo Santo, and the wonder of the leaning tower, and few cities in Europe surpass Pisa in this respect.

At Pisa, camels were seen, with their grave, meek faces and their long, slow stride, employed in carrying wood—heavy loads, too—along the streets. It was evidently a common sight, for people stood aside to let them pass, with no more notice than would have been given to as many donkeys.

Leaving Pisa at 6.16 P. M., Leghorn was reached in season to take a carriage at the station and drive through the city, stopping at a café for sherbets, which the heat of the day made most refreshing. Here, so well dressed and elegant a flower-girl—quite a handsome young woman—gave little nosegays to the party with such a grace that to tender copper in return was out of the question—with Americans, at all events, who travel through Europe ordinarily as though they were under an obligation to maintain a national reputation for useless extravagance.

Before returning to the Messina, there was time for a drive along the gardens, which extend far upon the shore of the bay, and were now thronged with crowds of well-dressed people enjoying the breeze which came over the sea.

While Leghorn is, unquestionably, a place of considerable interest, containing much that is worthy of atten-

tion, and while there are churches in Pisa—several of which the writer visited—that have histories interesting to architect and antiquarian alike, yet, in a general tour of Europe, with but six months to give to it, the day during which the steamers remain at Leghorn, on their way from Genoa to Naples, affords as much time as it would be desirable to spend in the two cities.

6





CHAPTER IV.

VOYAGE FROM LEGHORN TO NAPLES—NAPLES—POMPEII—SOR-
RENTO—JOURNEY TO ROME.

AT ten o'clock, the Messina resumed her voyage, and again a night on the Mediterranean was as tranquil as if it had been passed on shore. There was another magnificent sunrise on the 4th May, followed by a cloudless and breathless day. Elba was passed on the right, and away off in the dim distance the island of Monte Christo was pointed out. On the left, Mount Argentaro long continued a noticeable landmark. Then came the tusk-shaped peak above Santa Marinella, beyond Civita Vecchia; and when off the mouth of the Tiber there were those on board who were able to see, as they reported, the dome of St. Peter's. The sight was not general, however, by any means.

Twenty-four hours on shipboard bring people together wonderfully. The Americans found each other out to their mutual advantage; an acquaintance was made with some intelligent officers of the Italian navy, on their way to Naples; and again promises and hopes of future meetings were expressed, only to be disappointed in this as in a thousand like cases in the voyage of life.

The third night on board the Messina was as tranquil as the others had been; and when, soon after daybreak, the writer went on deck, Ischia was on the right, and

immediately in front was Vesuvius, many miles away, crowned with its wreath of smoke. Distances are wonderfully deceptive in the clear Italian atmosphere; and the sun had fully risen before the vessel entered the canal of Procida—the channel or strait between the island of that name, which now shut out Ischia, and the coast, between the Punto di Fumo and Cape Misenum. As the vessel passed the cape, a cluster of white buildings at the bottom of the bay beyond was pointed out as Pozzuoli. Then, still on the left, was Nisita, with its snowy walls; and then the high promontory of La Gajola, with the tunnel and villa of Lucullus. The steamer now inclined to the left, and steered for the Castel del Ovo, rounding which the mole with its lighthouse came in view, and behind the mole, and in the port of Naples, the Messina completed, so far, her voyage.

Nor, in the approach to this point, had the scene to the right of the vessel been forgotten. Leaving the canal of Procida, there, square off to the right, was Capri, with its sharp mountain outline; then the strait between the island and the Capo di Minerva; then, following the shore line toward Naples, came the promontory of Sorrento, and behind this, perched on its cliffs, doubled in apparent height by their reflection in the tranquil sea, was Sorrento itself; then Vico, among its olive trees; then Castel-a-Mare, with its shipping at the very bottom of the bay in that direction; then, a white dot on the water's edge was said to be Torre del Greco, and then a line of dots was claimed as Portici. From Portici to Naples seemed one, long, narrow suburb of the city. Dominating, however, both the right and left of the view, dwarfing all surroundings, was Vesuvius.

It is not the writer's purpose to add to the almost

countless descriptions of the Bay of Naples any attempt of his own to describe the indescribable. One may give the names of cities, and capes, and islands—and the very names excite the imagination, so familiar has history made them—but one must be upon the spot, see the azure of the sky and the deeper azure of the water, darkening into purple under the soft wind that comes freighted with the fragrance of the orange grove, breathe the atmosphere, and, with all this operating on the senses, have the mind filled with the mighty past which existed in the midst of what the visitor sees still unchanged around him on sea and shore, to understand and appreciate all that is beautiful and grand in the Bay of Naples.

Long before his first visit to Italy, the writer had heard friends, who had in those days been more fortunate than himself, compare the Bay of New York and the entrance between the Narrows with the Bay of Naples. Years ago he looked in vain for the first features of similitude. He found neither Ischia nor Procida in the low shores of Long Island on the right, nor in the fortresses of the American harbor anything to remind him of the castle of Procida or the promontory of Misenum; while in place of the long perspective of the Hudson and the forest of masts in the East River, Vesuvius shut in the view in Italy. That there is a water and a sky in both, is about all that can be said in vindication of the comparison; and yet neither looks as though it were the same sort of water or the same sort of sky. Both bays are magnificent, but there is nothing in the one to recall the memory of the other.

The steamer anchoring in the inner port, small shore-boats land the passengers at the custom-house wharf, a place which on this occasion was about as filthy as could well be conceived, and redolent with odors suggestive

of every form of disease that malaria can produce. Leaving Giovanni to look after the baggage and settle with the *dogana*, the party took a carriage drawn by a horse with enough brass on his harness to be almost a load in itself, and drove at once to the Hôtel Victoria, and were soon established in comfortable rooms, commanding the bay on one side and the Villa Reale on the other.

When at Nice, Giovanni had been told by a servant in the hotel that typhus fever was carrying off hundreds of the Neapolitans daily—that, to use his words, they were “dying like flies;” and consequently, and of his own notion, the courier had telegraphed to Castel-a-Mare for quarters there on the arrival of the steamer, intending to bring his employers up to Naples daily, returning them to sleep in safety half-way to Sorrento; nor was this course objected to at first. On the report of the Italian officers on board the Messina, however, some of whom had been in Naples after the date of the news received at Nice, it was determined, before taking the train for Castel-a-Mare, to make more particular inquiries. Consequently, the first visit paid in Naples was to the American consul, Mr. Rogers, whom it was impossible to see and hear without being in every way most agreeably impressed. From him it was ascertained that the Nice story was a gross exaggeration, and that, with no more precautions than would be necessary in hot weather everywhere, a stay of a week or ten days in Naples was altogether free from danger. So, instead of going to Castel-a-Mare, the windows of the Hôtel Victoria looking out on the bay were opened to admit the balmy wind that came rushing in from between Ischia and Capri; and with the aid of a capital lunch, moistened with some excellent Capri wine that may have obtained its flavor from the vineyards in sight,

the party prepared for a drive to the palace and gardens of Capo di Monte, putting in execution the rule already suggested, to begin sight-seeing at once.

What is here said about the fever report is for the purpose of adding to the hints of this volume, one with regard to the caution with which travelers in Europe should receive the thousand reports that beset strangers. Sometimes the climate is abused, sometimes the roads, sometimes the hotels, sometimes the conveyances, sometimes the pictures, statues, etc., etc. There is, in nine cases out of ten, some object to be gained on the part of those who thus volunteer information; and even when this is not the case, and the reports come from travelers like one's self, there is, not unfrequently, a strength of expression and a dogmatism which is to be traced to a disposition to make the most of one's peculiar knowledge when expatiating to the uninformed. Inquire always for yourself.

By the time lunch was over, Giovanni, having survived the ordeal of the dogana, made his appearance with the baggage, and had become reconciled to the understanding, then established, that he was traveling with the writer, and not the writer with him—a novel experience, he alleged, inasmuch as most of his employers relied upon him to take them wherever it was most proper to go in making the tour of Europe; so much so, indeed, that one of the latest, a very wealthy gentleman, on being asked whether he had seen the Vatican, turned to his courier, and, after repeating the word several times, inquired whether the Vatican was in Rome or in Naples!

The drive to the Capo di Monte was for much of the way along shaded streets, vastly cleaner than when the writer had passed through them eleven years before. There was scarcely a priest or monk visible where

formerly they were as numerous almost as the soldiers. Beggars there were none. Leaving the Strada di Toledo the ascent commenced, and with nothing was the party more struck than with the quantity of flowers that lined the road on the terraces built to support it. Bright red flowers amid dark green leaves covered every slope as with a carpet, and above these were oleanders in full bloom. At every turn these rich masses gave a character to the scene that was altogether new, and at this early season told of Southern Italy.

The palace of Capo di Monte is an immense edifice built around a quadrangle. It was the summer residence of royalty while the Bourbons reigned in Naples. It is now one of the shows of the environs. The view which it commands of the bay is very beautiful, and would alone repay the trouble of a visit. The grounds are laid out in the Italian style; and nowhere else, perhaps, in Europe, not even at Schönbrunn, has forest foliage been so carefully shaped into long-drawn aisles, through which one drives mile after mile under over-arching boughs, completely sheltered from the sun. But to enjoy such a drive, care must be taken to visit the palace in a two-horse vehicle—a one-horse article is not admitted within the precincts.

Returning from the Capo di Monte, advantage was taken of the time still remaining before dinner to drive through a portion of the city, passing by the museum, the cathedral and university, the churches of Santa Chiara and Gesu Nuovo, and the post-office, returning again to the Strada di Toledo to be beset by the venders of flowers with a pertinacity that would admit of no refusal. Leghorn had the advantage of Naples in this respect. The flower-girl there was a handsome, graceful woman, who, depositing her bouquet in your lap, retired in silence, leaving it entirely to your discretion

to compensate her or not. Here the flower-merchants were rough men and boys, who assailed all comers at the top of their voices and with all the vehemence of Italian gesticulation. It must be admitted, however, that the bouquets were magnificent and the prices ridiculously small.

Immediately in front of the Hôtel Victoria, looking toward the hill of Posilippo, is a handsome square ornamented with plats of grass and beds of flowers; and beyond this is the entrance of the Villa Reale, the name given to the public gardens which extend for nearly a mile along the bay, separating it from the Chiaja, the fashionable afternoon drive of every one in Naples who owns or can procure a vehicle. Temples, and fountains, and statuary, and shrubs, and trees of southern growth adorn the Villa Reale. There are kiosks for bands of musicians and stands for ices and sherbets. Benches abound; and on the wall that separates the gardens from the sea, loungers of all classes lean to watch the surf as it breaks upon the sands below. Like the bay over which it looks, the Villa Reale must be seen to be understood. It is one of the rare places on earth when the evening sun throws the broad shadow of the hill of Posilippo across it. It was in the Villa Reale that the evening of the first day in Naples was enjoyed.

The next day, May 5, was given to the Palazzo Reale in the city and its appendages, the Church of San Francesco da Paolo, and the Museo Borbonico, until dinner-time. To describe palaces is impossible. Suites of gorgeous apartments, conservatories and terraces filled with flowers, magnificent staircases, floors of costly marbles or inlaid woods, pictures of more or less merit on the walls, and furniture of many fashions, presents of sovereigns in the shape of costly tables and vases,

characterize the winter home of the expelled Bourbons. The coaches of the family, which have to be seen, are of all ages—from the state affair, all gold and plate glass, with harness to correspond, to the modern buggy or common gig. None but an upholsterer or a coach-maker, after having done the palaces of Europe, can recollect any distinguishing feature of their contents, except, perhaps, where a rare painting has made an impression not to be forgotten.

The Church of San Francesco da Paolo, hard by the palace, was so excessively cold when its temperature was contrasted with the outer air that, although the party had taken the precaution to cloak and shawl themselves before entering, little more than a glance could be given to the interior; and it was a relief to escape from its icy atmosphere to watch from the portico the drill of the Bersaglieri, the Italian Zouaves, the picked men of Italy, on the square in front.

From the church to the Museo Borbonico there was an opportunity to see yet another part of Naples; and, after all, it is this driving through a city in an open carriage which gives one the best and most lasting impressions in regard to it. The palaces and show-places which it contains never epitomize it. On the contrary, they are exceptional in nine cases out of ten. So, let the traveler who has no time to do more, drive through the highways and byways of a town that he wants to remember.

It is a morning's work to go through the Museo Borbonico if you desire to do more than say that you have visited the building; and a pleasanter morning can hardly be spent anywhere, especially if there is a visit to Pompeii in view, for the Museo should be seen before the buried city.

It would far exceed the scope of the present volume

to attempt a general description even of the Museo Borbonico. The traveler, Murray *adjuvante*, can pass from room to room, and be referred to the objects of greatest interest. Even with this assistance, however, a careful examination of each object will occupy far more time than visitors, without any special purpose of investigation, will ordinarily care to give.

There was one room that interested the writer extremely. It was the one in which the carbonized papyri of Herculaneum were being unrolled. Patient labor finds in the world no better illustration than this room affords. Five or six persons were engaged in the work. Each had a little table carrying an upright frame, a sort of gallows, the beam of which was a small roller, from which threads hung down to where, on a bed of raw cotton, lay what seemed a piece of charcoal, some eight or ten inches in length by an inch or perhaps more in diameter. This stick of charcoal was all that remained of a manuscript that Cicero may have unrolled and read.

A sheet of paper carefully ruled, a vessel of gum-water, a camel's hair paint-brush, a pair of scissors, a black-lead pencil, a pair of dividers, a box containing gold-beaters' skin and a magnifying-glass, were the implements by whose aid the thoughts of past ages were to be communicated to the world of to-day.

The first process was to moisten the charcoal with the solution of the gum, at the place where an inequality in the mass revealed the edge of the roll. On this small pieces of gold-beaters' skin were laid, until a connected line was formed from one end of the manuscript to the other, to which were then attached the pendant strings, and another line of the skin was added piecemeal to the first, and perhaps another, before any attempt to unroll. This was the most delicate part of the

operation, and was effected by turning the roller carrying the strings. These, if all went well, gradually raised the lip of the manuscript, separating it from the mass. Then the charcoal stick, so to speak, was turned gently on its bed of cotton; more lines of skin were gummed on; fresh turns of the roller raised more of the manuscript—until, at last, if there was no mishap, the carbonized papyrus would be seen fastened to a sheet of gold-beater's skin, made up of the small pieces that have been mentioned.

But the operator was reading the manuscript while he was unrolling it. As the process went on, he transferred, by the aid of his magnifying-glass and dividers, every word and part of a word, every letter and part of a letter that he could detect, by careful measurements, to the ruled paper. The writer watched one of the operators for near an hour, during the whole of which he was engaged in making out what, after all, was but a part of a Greek word. In the room where the process which has been described was going on, were to be seen the unrolled papyri, preserved under glass, in frames upon the wall, and the printed volumes which gave to modern curiosity what had been preserved for near two thousand years for its inspection.

Leaving the Museo among the latest of its crowd of visitors, and only when the rules of admission forbade a longer stay, another drive, by a different route, to the hotel, afforded still further impressions of Naples outside the walls of its churches, palaces and public buildings; and among other objects of interest was the immense structure in process of erection to replace the ruins of the great slide that caused such a destruction of life and property during the previous year. Private palaces were passed, which, but for somewhat of a superabundance of the article at Genoa, would, per-

haps, have tempted an examination; but the Museo had exhausted all powers of admiration, for one day at least, and it was with a feeling of relief the party found itself back again at the hotel. The afternoon was spent in visiting Pozzuoli, taking the Grotto of Posilippo and Virgil's Tomb on the way. From Pozzuoli to the Serapeon was but a short distance, though the drive had nearly proved an eventful one, in consequence of the vetturino overturning an old woman, the flax on whose distaff caught in his traces as he sped full tilt through the town, whose streets were not more than wide enough to permit a person to stand flattened against the wall as the horses galloped by. In anticipation of a scene on the way back, the writer had all the loose silver in his pocket in readiness as a peace-offering, but the vetturino lashed his horses and cracked his whip even more fiercely than he had done before; and the only reference to the accident was the clenched fist which the victim, now ensconced in a doorway, shook at the party as it rushed past.

The writer had been once before to the Tomb of Virgil, a cell some twelve feet square, among vineyards above the Grotto of Posilippo; and on this occasion, wearied with the steep ascent, varied only by a descent here and there, with yet another climb, he took breath on the outside, while his companions made their examination of this, in itself one of the most uninteresting of the show-places of Naples and its environs. But, apart from all questions of authenticity, one should climb the hill, at the loss of half a franc to the blacksmith who gives admission to the vineyard, if only to enjoy the exquisite view of the bay with its surroundings. As is well known, the Grotto of Posilippo is a tunnel through the range of hills that extends from La Gajola parallel with the coast-line north and north-eastwardly, to where

the Castle of St. Elmo frowns from the farthest spur down upon Naples. It is about half a mile long and some sixty or seventy feet high at the extremities, and less than half that height in the middle. Its origin goes back to the remote past. It is strange rather than picturesque, and is far less interesting than the road over the ridge which the party pursued on its return. This was indeed worth taking. The road itself is an admirable piece of engineering, and the view from the summit is lovely in the extreme. To the west lies the bay between Cape Misenum and La Gajola, at the bottom of which, now in purple shadow, is Baiæ and its castle; nearer is Pozzuoli with the Serapeon just behind it; and under one's feet almost is Nisita, turned to gold as the slanting sunbeams glance upon tower and battlement. This is the limit of the afternoon drive for Neapolitan fashion, and yours is not the only carriage whose occupants shade their faces with their hands as they look beyond Cape Misenum to the open sea.

The descent toward Naples from the hill of Posilippo is made at breakneck speed—rushing past ascending carriages—getting glimpses here and there of villas on either side—now having a peep at the bay in the direction of Sorrento—now another at the Villa Reale—now a look at the smoke of Vesuvius reddening in the sunset; and at last, reaching the Chiaja to join the throng of equipages which, evening after evening throughout the year, is to be seen there.

May the 6th was devoted to Pompeii. The railroad from Naples to Salerno has a station close by the entrance into the excavated portion of the city. A government guide soon takes you in charge; and with him the prescribed route is followed at such pace as is agreeable to the visitor. Ample time is allowed to see everything of interest.

To attempt a description of Pompeii would far exceed the limits that the writer has prescribed. Volumes have been devoted to the task. The unearthed city is unique. There is nothing like it in the world. There is but one Pompeii. Nowhere else can one tread so closely in the footprints of the Roman people. They are no longer the shadows of history. They are the acquaintances of yesterday. In the Museo Borbonico is their household furniture. You find there the ornaments that decked their persons. Here, in Pompeii, are the houses themselves, with evidences of actual occupation so apparent that there is no difficulty in striding over twenty centuries to stand beside their inmates. Before the doors are the ruts made by the chariot-wheels in the pavements, deepest where the throng of travel was the greatest. You become as familiar with the principal highways as if you had yourself seen the stately procession passing from the Forum and before the houses of Pansa or of Sallust to the gate of Herculaneum. Nor is this all that the visit presents to you, with the strength of a reality of the long ages past. The casts, made by pouring liquid plaster into the moulds formed by the ashes that settled around the dying on the day of the destruction, seem to be masks taken yesterday only, rather than mementoes of existences perishing two thousand years ago.

For the purposes of travelers generally, Murray's description of Pompeii leaves little to be desired. But the best description must to a great extent fall short of the reality. It was the writer's second experience; and although eleven years had elapsed since he had first wandered through the silent streets, there was scarcely a building that was not recognized, so deep had been the impression upon his memory.

As already said, the Museo Borbonico should be vis-

ited before Pompeii, and the pleasure of the visit to the latter will be enhanced by reading Bulwer's novel. With this preparation, and with Murray well read up beforehand and in your pocket for constant reference, with a serviceable umbrella, with patience for a long walk, and, if you do not speak French or Italian, with patience to bear up against the guide's attempt at English with Italian gesticulation, and, if there is a lady in question and there is any doubt touching her ability to walk, with a chair and bearers, it is next to impossible that Pompeii does not ever after dwell in your memory, when mountains, and valleys, and palaces, and galleries, and cathedrals have been forgotten. One must be comfortable to enjoy anything.

Close by the station at Pompeii is the Hôtel Diomed, where, if you are not over nice about dining next a carriage-house and stable, in a room separated from a den of a kitchen by a very brief passage, and are quite willing to share your meal with the flies, whom a dog or two, snapping at them perpetually, pigeons and a cat or so, have spared—where, if you are indifferent to these things, you can procure good fruit, good bread and very fair wine. As to anything beyond this, the less said the better. In sober truth, the Hôtel Diomed might be greatly improved, and could not be made much worse than it was on the 6th of May, 1868. Eleven years had wrought no change in it, one way or the other. It was a relief to the whole party when the carriage that was to take it to Sorrento drove to the door.

Pompeii being off the highway between Naples and Castel-a-Mare, the road from the Hôtel Diomed passed through level fields, kept green and productive by irrigation. Over these the Mediterranean had once flowed, for Pompeii was a city on the borders of the

sea, and the garden-gate of the Villa of Diomed opened upon a flight of steps still remaining, leading to the shore. Turning to the left after reaching the highway, it was not long before the carriage was rattling over the pavements of Castel-a-Mare; and soon after passing the harbor at the farther end of the city, now filled with coasting vessels, the ascent of one of the most beautiful roads in Italy commenced. The sun was still high, but it could be gazed at without difficulty, so thick had the atmosphere become within the last few hours. There was no wind, nor was it very warm, but the air seemed leaden in color and in weight. Vesuvius, whose cone was ordinarily so strongly relieved against the northern sky, was indistinct even in its outline, while from its base pale vapors were ascending. There were no clouds in any quarter of the heavens to suggest a coming storm. Nature seemed stagnant—that was all.

And yet, notwithstanding the gloom here described, the carriage sped along as though the horses inhaled the oxygen of a crisp spring morning. Up hill or down hill the pace was the same. Such lungs and sinews! Away they galloped along the seaward slope of Monte Cepparica, dashed through Frigole, whirled around the viaduct that heads the deep ravine of Vico, thundered between high walls that gave to the road the appearance of the bottom of a ditch, plunged into the darkening shadows of the olive groves—now on the edge of a precipice overlooking the sea and separated from the fearful verge by nothing but a narrow wall—now skirting a valley leading inland—the headlong speed continued until, with a volley from his whip, the vetturino drew up at the Hôtel de la Sirène, at Sorrento. Here quarters had been prepared, and the party were soon looking out from the balcony of their parlors, vainly

trying to fix the locality of Naples through the thick haze that rested upon the bay. A pebble dropped from the balcony fell into the sea, whose waves washed the base of the cliff on which the hotel was built.

A capital table-d'hôte in an open gallery overhanging the water ended a day of great enjoyment, for the oppressive character of the weather was soon forgotten in the excitement of the drive along the mountain road on the margin of the bay.

When the weather came to be talked of among the guests, one of them, a Neapolitan, remarked, "That had there not been so recent and violent an eruption, he would have been certain that an explosion was at hand—that Nature seemed all day long to be preparing for one." Too late to have seen the great eruption, it was something to have witnessed the usual prognostics.

It had been the writer's purpose to remain several days at Sorrento; but when on the morning after his arrival the sun rose in the same leaden haze in which it had set the evening before, when the position of Naples was undistinguishable across the bay, when Misenum was little more than a darker shade in a shadowy atmosphere, and when nothing more of Vesuvius itself could be seen than the upper outline of the cone, becoming faint and more faint as the eye attempted to follow it into the plain below,—when this was the condition of things from the terrace at Sorrento, it was determined to return to Naples by the midday train from Castel-a-Mare. So there was another gallop through Vico and Frigole—another flight along the shore of the sea under the shadow of Monte Caparica.

There was yet time after returning to Naples to drive to the Campo Santo, from which, when the weather permits, there is a striking view of Vesuvius across

valley that is one vast garden dotted over with villas. After dinner a drive on the Chiaja closed the last day spent in Naples. Here again was a change in the programme of the journey. Eight days had been allotted to Naples. A visit to Pæstum, the ascent of Vesuvius, were among the anticipated enjoyments of Southern Italy. But then Italian skies—the skies read of and dreamed of—had been counted upon; not the dull oppressive haze which thickened around the party as it wandered through Pompeii, and now hung so heavily upon the landscape. Nor was there any prospect of an immediate improvement in the weather. The landlord, when questioned, shrugged his shoulders, said the atmosphere at this season of the year was altogether exceptional, and could make no promises. The writer wanted to remain. The weather was not uncomfortably warm. The environs were still unvisited. There was the Castle of Ischia, there was the Grotto Azurra of Capri, there was Baiæ—even if Pæstum was given up. In a word, there was enough of occupation and amusement for every hour of the eight allotted days, to say nothing of the inexhaustible Museo. But one of the things one learns on traveling with a mixed party is the necessity of compromise; and when his companions began to yearn for Rome, and to point to other travelers leaving the hotel, and to see malaria in the atmosphere, why, nothing was left but to yield to the wishes of the majority, and, satisfied with a glimpse of Naples, hurry off to Rome.

In 1857 the writer had reached Naples in the early part of June, and had found the climate all that could have been desired, and the Hôtel Victoria filled with visitors. He had remained long enough to do all that was done on this occasion, and much that was left undone; and were he to make a fourth visit to Italy,

he would have no hesitation whatever in visiting Naples at any time during the month of May, so far as the question of health affected his plans. This is mentioned now, that those who may read these pages may not be deterred, by the example of the writer in 1868, from doing what he did eleven years before.

On the 8th May the party left Naples in the 10.30 A.M. train for Rome. They emerged from the haze by the time they reached Caserta, one of the royal palaces. It would have been easy, by taking an early train, to have visited this. At Ceprano there was the delay of an hour for the examination of the baggage and collecting the passports on entering the Papal territory. Elsewhere in Europe passports are not needed, except for the facility they afford in case the traveler wants to prove his identity at the post-office or to obtain admission to certain public buildings. In the dominions of the Pope, however, they are still demanded, as in the strictest days of the old régime.

The railroad after leaving Naples had passed through a country not remarkable for the picturesque. The Volturno had been crossed at Capua, and the Garigliano at Isoletta just before reaching Ceprano—streams unknown and insignificant until they were woven into the wars of Napoleon. Leaving Ceprano, however, the landscape became more interesting. The country was rolling, the cultivation excellent. Apart from political considerations, no wonder its present master is indisposed to part with it. At Valmontane the road turned to the south-west, and with a great sweep reached Villettri, where it intersected the post-road from Terracina. Another great sweep carried it along the foot of the Alban Hills, whence, winding due south under the shadow almost of Castel Gondolfo, it rushed forth upon the Campagna, and with the ruins of aqueduct

and tombs on either side, and with the Appian Way for its neighbor, gained its terminus in Rome.

If the party had been depressed by the heavy atmosphere of Naples, and made impatient by the detention at Ceprano, the approach to Rome, in one of the loveliest evenings of an Italian spring, would have compensated for more serious discomforts.





CHAPTER V.

ROME.

HÔTEL DE ROME—HILLARD'S ITALY—ST. PETER'S—THE TEMPLE OF VESTA—ST. PAUL'S BEYOND THE WALLS—THE COLISEUM—THE FORUM—THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVI—SUNDAY IN ROME—THE PINCIAN HILL—THE CHURCH OF ST. CLEMENT—ST. JOHN LATERAN—BATHS OF TITUS—SAN PIETRO IN VINCOLI—SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE—VILLA PAMPHILI—FONTANA PAOLINA—SAN PIETRO IN MONTORIO.

WITH the experience of a former visit, the writer had selected the Hôtel de Rome, in the Corso, in preference to one of the hotels in the Piazza di Spagna, or his old quarters at the corner of Via Borgognone and the Via Bocca di Leone. The life of modern Rome pulsates at all times more strongly in the Corso than elsewhere, and there is no advantage in connection with sight-seeing possessed by the other hotels that is not enjoyed at the Hôtel de Rome. The windows of the parlor on this occasion looked out upon the Corso, and across the street was the great church of San Carlo. The Piazza di San Carlo was always filled, it seemed, with people; priestly processions were not unfrequent there, and as for soldiers and gens-d'armes, it was never empty of them. So, when tired of sight-seeing out of doors, it was only necessary to seek the balcony to find amusement.

As the writer's purpose in visiting Rome was to exhaust as far as practicable its objects of interest for the benefit of the party, it was determined to begin the work at once, to pursue it systematically, and to remain at Rome till it was accomplished. Every day, therefore, had its appropriate duties assigned to it. Murray and Bradshaw describe how Rome may be seen in a given time, and their directions are useful. Without following them, however, the writer arranged the plan which will be found in the following pages. And first, that he might be able to see the work done on each day, he procured a map, and on this at night he traced in different colors each day's route, carefully adhering to the streets actually passed through, and marking the places at which he stopped. In this way he was able to see on inspection how thoroughly he had accomplished his purpose of exhausting the sights of Rome. If his readers, should he have any, will undertake thus to trace his steps, the writer can promise them not only occupation but amusement, and satisfaction afterward when at home.

As a rule, not deviated from once, the carriage hired for the visit was always at the door of the hotel at nine o'clock, and was in use till two. It was again in requisition at five, and was dismissed for the day at nightfall. This required breakfast to be at eight o'clock and dinner at four or half-past four; but the party were too anxious to see Rome, and too much interested with what they saw, to object to the activity which was thus imposed on them. Giovanni—than whom there was no better *valet de place* as well as courier—took his place with the driver, directed him where to go and what streets to pass through, so that each drive might have novelty, at least, to recommend it. To Giovanni fell the charge, too, of seeing the people to be fed at the places where

fees were necessary, and generally of facilitating the purpose of each day's excursion.

The writer has more than once referred to Bradshaw and Murray or Baedeker as indispensable in Continental travel. But the book of all others for Italy is "Hillard's Six Months." Imbued with the spirit and temper of the land, versed in its classic lore, alive to the beauties of the treasures of art with which it abounds, and competent to criticise them, the author has produced a work, the easy grace of whose style is only equaled by the value of the information that it contains. Leaving America without it, one of the first things the writer did in Rome was to procure a copy in the Piazza di Spagna. Of the small library of guide-books brought home, it is certainly the most worn volume.

The remainder of the 8th of May, after dinner at the hotel, was taken advantage of for a walk on the Corso, brilliantly lighted and thronged with people. From this it may be inferred either that the journey from Naples was not a very fatiguing one, or that the mere pleasure of being in Rome—in Rome!—made the party insensible to fatigue.

As a matter of course, the first sight to be seen was St. Peter's, and to this the party went on the morning after their arrival, passing to the Piazza del Popolo by the twin churches that guard the entrance to the Corso, opposite the Porta del Popolo, beyond which lies the old Flaminian Way. Then, turning into the Via di Ripetta, and following the streets adjacent to the Tiber, they crossed the Ponte S. Angelo, with its line of statues on either hand, and in front the Mausoleum of Hadrian, with its modern fortifications strengthened by recent additions. Turning now to the left under the walls of the fortress, and passing through the Borgo Nuovo, a narrow street with mean

buildings on either hand, the carriage emerges into an open space, on the farther side of which are seen the entrances to the colonnades whose giant arms embrace the Piazza di San Pietro. In the centre of this rises the obelisk; on either side are the fountains, with their rivers of water; beyond is the quadrangle, whose sides extend to the front of the great basilica. The men and women, the horses and carriages, passing to and fro, are as pigmies in the presence of this colossal architecture. If you wish to realize its grandeur, leave your carriage at the entrance of the piazza and walk from thence to the entrance of the church; stand for a moment beside one of the fountains; place yourself where the lines of the columns of the colonnades converge, and look up at the heavy entablature and the grim statues ranged along it; then continue your way; pause a while at the statue of St. Peter and note what a mite you are beside it; and, proceeding slowly up the steps and slopes of the quadrangle, turn when you reach the door of entrance into the church and look back at the journey you have made. On another occasion, you may drive across the piazza or under the porticoes, but, for once, at least, take the walk here suggested. It is impossible to do full justice to St. Peter's in a single visit. One must first look at it in the gross, if the expression may be allowed, and then take time to examine it in detail. It is not until you walk through it, turning to look at the distance you have passed as you proceed, coming back by one aisle to cross the nave and return to the farthest extremity again by another, pausing to admire the wonderful combinations of piers and arches and vaulted ceilings on the diagonal lines of view, looking upward to the dome from the arms of the transept,—it is not until you have done this—more than once, too—that the magnitude of the building properly impresses

you ; and each succeeding visit but deepens the impression of the first. Then comes the examination in detail, and, with Murray in hand, you make the tour of the church, to find, here and there, what is very beautiful, and here and there what you may be disposed to think might as well be somewhere else. Among the most remarkable of the decorations are the mosaic copies of the great paintings that are above many of the altars. It is necessary to stand, as you look at them, where a slanting light shows the separation between the stones, to believe they are not the originals themselves. There was one spot which often attracted the writer on his visits to the church, and from which were seen Raphael's Transfiguration, the Communion of St. Jerome of Domenichino, and the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian. At all events, while writing he recalls the pleasure which this spot afforded ; but where there is so much that is grand and beautiful it is difficult to particularize. The marks upon the writer's map show that four visits were made to St. Peter's during the stay of the party in Rome. One of these visits would have included an ascent to the dome, if not to the ball, but in May, 1868, there was great trepidation in the city touching the Garibaldians, and visitors were restricted to the body of the church, lest, as was said, in some way or other, not clearly explained, mischief might be done if they were allowed to get above its level. On this first visit, the party remained nearly the whole morning—sometimes walking ; sometimes seated before a statue or an altar, with its mosaic altarpiece, or a monument ; sometimes watching the devotees, whose kisses had worn the foot of the bronze statue of St. Peter to a knife edge almost, and at times absorbed in the spirit of reverence which steals over one unconsciously in this the noblest of the temples raised b

man in honor of the Deity. Conversation in St. Peter's is in whispers involuntarily. It is rare the sacristans have to remind visitors that the Lord is in his holy temple, and that all the earth should keep silence before him. It was long after midday that the party left the great basilica for the streets of Rome.

The afternoon of the 9th of May was set apart for a visit to the Church of St. Paul outside the walls, passing up the Corso by the Piazza Colonna, stopping long enough to see the Column of Antoninus, turning to the right at the Palazzo de Venezia, and proceeding through the tortuous streets in that direction by the Theatre of Marcellus and the house of Rienzi to the Temple of Vesta, pausing there to admire this most beautiful remnant of Roman taste; then, skirting the Tiber by the ruins of the Sublician Bridge, and following the Via della Marmorata outside of the built portions of the city, to reach, through plantations of shade trees for a part of the distance, the Porta San Paolo in the city walls. Just beyond the gate was the Pyramid of Caius Cestius on the right hand, and beyond this the road to Ostia led to the Basilica of St. Paul. All that costly marbles—in the pillars that separate the nave from the aisles and the aisles from each other, on the floors inlaid with different colors, on the walls paneled with contrasting hues, as smooth as polished mirrors; all that mosaics of the papal sovereigns, from St. Peter down, above the entablature of the nave; all that marble and mosaic could accomplish to produce beauty, is here seen in this yet unfinished church, and unquestionably it is very beautiful. The beauty, too, is a peculiar beauty, but it seemed to the writer that it was more dependent on the materials used in the architecture than upon the architecture itself for its effect. The visitor to St. Peter's never looks upon the floor; keeps the monu-

ments and the statues and the paintings for the last, and forgets them perhaps the day after he has examined them. But he never forgets St. Peter's. It would have been the same had its walls been of one uniform tone and a tiled pavement had been beneath his feet; but he cannot remember St. Paul's beyond the walls without thinking of its marbles and its mosaics. The one inspires a feeling of veneration—the other mere admiration. And yet St. Paul's is very beautiful nevertheless.

Returning to the Porta San Paolo, the carriage from thence proceeded along the Via di Porta San Paolo with Mons Aventinus on the left, through fields and vineyards, to the Coliseum, passing between the Palatine and the Cælian Hills. Close at hand was the Arch of Constantine, just beyond it the Meta Sudans, and then the mightiest of ruins. A walk around the "stations" established by the Church in the interior, a clamber to the summit of its loftiest remaining wall to see the sun set over Rome, a seat for rest and thought, a visit, when descending, to its long-drawn galleries, a glance into its prisons or dens for savage beasts, a walk along the road once trod by the Roman legions between the triumphal arches of Titus and Septimius Severus, with the Palatine Hill upon the left, and with temples and ruins all around, would have made a fit ending to the day whose morning had been spent under the dome of St. Peter's. But other things were yet to be seen on the way back to the hotel. There was the Forum of Trajan with its column on the right, then the Colonna Palace in the Piazza di Santi Apostoli, then the American College, then the fountain of Trevi, now surrounded by crowds in the cool evening; and then the party returned to the hotel, far more gratified than fatigued with the first day's sight-seeing in Rome

The 10th of May was Sunday, and the party went to the American Chapel just outside the Porta del Popolo, and next door to the English Chapel, likewise banished from the precincts of the city. The Church of San Agostino was visited on the way to see Sansovini's group in marble of the Virgin and infant Saviour. The rich ornaments however, with which the figures were covered completely concealed their beauties as works of art, nor had it been otherwise would the kneeling crowd of votaries have permitted a close approach. The examination of other objects of interest in the church was deferred to another day.

At Tours and Nice the party had heard the English clergyman pray for the President of the United States, and now at Rome the American clergyman prayed for the Pope. Whether His Holiness appreciated the act or not, may, perhaps, be questionable, especially as the qualification that he might be guided aright, or to that effect, was susceptible of a double meaning.

Before returning from the church to the hotel, the party drove through the gardens of the Villa Borghese; after dinner they attended vespers at the Church of San Carlos, where the music was admirable, and the day was closed by joining the throng of carriages which, winding up the steep ascent from the Piazza del Popolo, sought the gardens on the summit of the Pincian Hill. Limited in extent, but in perfect order, the drive on the Pincian is the resort of all that is refined and fashionable in Rome; and round and round and round in slow procession move the liveried equipages of the noble and the rich, and the hired carriages of strangers. A band of musicians near the head of the ascent from the piazza attracts a crowd of spectators on foot to criticise alike the fashions and the music. But, what is worth far more than all else to be seen on

the Pincian is the view, from the terrace overlooking the Piazza del Popolo, its obelisk and fountains immediately below, and the intervening Rome beyond, to where St. Peter's and the vast range of the Vatican form the horizon. At this hour little more is seen than the purple masses of the dome and cupolas and great square forms of architecture against the saffron sky. The Mausoleum of Hadrian, or Castle of St. Angelo, is in shadow on the left, concealed in part by the pearly mist already rising from the Tiber. If the traveler has but a single day to spend in Rome, let him seek the Pincian just after sunset, if he desires to obtain at least one ineradicable memory of St. Peter's.

On Monday, the 11th May, the first visit paid was to the Church of St. Clement on the way to the Basilica of St. John Lateran, passing again by the Forum of Trajan and its column, avoiding this time the Forum Romanum, and skirting the Coliseum on its northern side. The church is nearly midway of the Coliseum and the Basilica in the Via San Giovanni, between the Cælian and the Esquiline Hills.

The Church of St. Clement is interesting rather on account of its great antiquity, and the still greater antiquity of the church which has recently been discovered upward of twenty feet immediately below it. The date of this last is as far back as the time of Clement, third Bishop of Rome and a fellow-laborer of St. Paul. The excavations which are still going on are constantly bringing to light relics of the earliest ages of Christianity; and although little that can be regarded as beautiful in itself has yet been discovered, yet the history of both Christianity and art finds valuable illustrations. The descent into the lower church is easily made; and, furnished with candles, the visitor discovers that he is in an ancient edifice, whose propor-

tions and rude decorations may be readily seen and examined. Enough is found here, too, to warrant the belief that, although the present Church of St. Clement above ground rests for a foundation on the church now being excavated, yet this last in its turn rests on the substructure of an earlier building still, of Pagan Rome!

Nothing impresses one with more reverence for the handiwork of time than this piling of ruins upon ruins—this upward growth of the foundations of cities under its mighty influences. The excavation of mere swells in the surface of the ground develops palaces and cities, as witness Khorsabad and Koyunjik. "The pilgrim to the Forum" looks down from the wall of the well, in which stands now the arch of Septimius Severus, to see the pavement that it originally spanned. A deep scar in the slope of a thorough cut near the railroad station was unexplained, until the writer saw the seated statue which had but the day before been discovered and extracted from it. Nowhere is this upward growth—to use the same term again—of the foundations of cities more apparent than in Rome. It tells of change in man's habitations as in Nature's forests, where the fallen trees support new forests that spring from their decay. Visit St. Clement's Church by all means.

Leaving St. Clement's, the Via San Giovanni leads directly to the Basilica of St. John Lateran, the second in importance in Rome.

Among the multitude of churches that have to be visited in a European tour, it is well if any can be identified by characteristics not likely to be forgotten. Among the few always to be remembered is the Basilica of St. John Lateran. Its nave and double aisles, divided by four rows of columns, may fail to impress the memory. Its lofty arches have many prototypes with which they may be confounded. Not so, how-

ever, with its white marble statues of the twelve apostles—colossal in their dimensions—that line the nave on either side. It is the peculiarity of their treatment that makes them characteristic. Their robes, in place of being in repose—heavy garments draped around their forms—are represented as if the winds blew them hither and thither at their pleasure; and this has been the subject of criticism from the time of Sir Joshua Reynolds down. Whether the criticism be just or not, however, the effect of the two ranks of statues is most imposing, and not likely to be forgotten. Nor will the visitor soon forget the Corsini Chapel, with its store of statuary and richest marbles, belonging to the church.

Crossing the great square in front of the Basilica, the Santa Scala is reached—a stairway of some thirty steps of stone, protected by boards to prevent their being worn away by penitents ascending on their knees. There is a lateral staircase that may be ascended on foot by those wishing to visit the Gothic chapel on the summit. When the party approached the Santa Scala, a Papal Zouave was making the penitential ascent, stopping at each step for the purpose, apparently, of saying or reading a prayer from the book he held.

There are more relics of a peculiar kind here than are elsewhere to be found in Rome. The marble steps of the Santa Scala are supposed to be those which our Lord descended from the judgment-seat of Pilate. Then there is the cedar table on which, it is said, the Last Supper was celebrated. Then there are two columns of Pilate's house; the slab on which the soldiers cast lots for the Saviour's garment; another slab elevated from the ground, so that persons may pass under it, the distance being that exactly of our Lord's height; and a table, through which, on some especial occasion, the consecrated wafer fell, leaving a hole as it passed.

After visiting the church, the cloisters—which will well repay the trouble—the Santa Scala and the Baptistery, the next thing to be seen is the Museum, a spacious building, in which are arranged, with taste and effect, remnants of works of art of all periods of Rome, some of them of rare value, and all worthy of examination. The pagan antiquities are separated from those connected with Christianity; and the good taste of Pius IX. has had them all arranged in the best manner for the inspection of the public.

Returning from St. John Lateran, the next visit was to the vast ruin known as the Baths of Titus—turning off, for the purpose, from the Via de San Giovanni shortly before reaching the Coliseum. This is but one of the remnants that demonstrate not only the wealth and power, but the luxury, of the Roman people in their great day. Vast substructures, lofty arches, long corridors, spacious chambers still remain, sufficiently perfect to excite wonder and admiration. While waiting in the shade of a still perfect arch, high over head, until the concierge returned from conducting a previous party, a broken wall hard by suggested the mode in which these immense edifices were raised with such rapidity. Instead of building the wall solid in the first instance, a thin shell of brickwork in regular courses was run up, into which stones of all sorts, bits of marble, bats and pebbles, even, were thrown, along with the admirable cement still known as “Roman cement,” in sufficient quantity and sufficiently liquid to fill all the interstices. In this way, a concrete was formed, and a mass of wall was produced in one-tenth part of the time that would have been required if the same pains had been taken with the interior that were bestowed upon the shell. The arch over the writer’s head was formed by putting the cement on the centring first,

then making the concrete, and strengthening the whole by ribs of regular brickwork at equal intervals. The impression of the boards of the centring was still visible as plainly as though the centring had been struck but yesterday.

From the Baths of Titus and the neighboring sub-structures of Nero's Palace, the next place visited was the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, on the Esquiline Hill. The object of greatest interest here, without which the church, in all probability, would not be seen by one in a thousand travelers, is the statue of Moses by Michael Angelo. As a work of art it is worthy of all that has been uttered in its praise—that is to say, in attitude, expression, modeling and execution. But it is one of those statues which would meet more universal approval, perhaps, if no name had been given to it. It has always looked to the writer more like a heathen god than a mere man fresh from the actual presence of the Deity; expounding his own law, and not the law of his Creator; confident in his power, and not recognizing his feebleness; looking the mind, and not the mouth-piece of Omnipotence; Jupiter rather than Moses. A writer, often quoted, says of the statue, "The offended lawgiver frowns on unrepessed, and awes you with inherent authority." But, then, the authority was *not* inherent, and the claim which the statue sets up to the contrary is, it may perhaps be said, its fault, under the name that has been given to it.

From the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, the next place visited was the Piazza and Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore on the Viminal Hill. Like the Church of St. John Lateran, this church has an open space on all sides, from which it may be seen to advantage. Its exterior is mainly remarkable for the campanile, which distinguishes it from all other edifices of the

kind in Rome. No one who has ever been beneath its gilded roof will forget the immense nave, divided from the side aisles by two rows of Ionic columns of white marble, which is the peculiar characteristic of the interior. In the Sistine Chapel of this church is preserved the culla, consisting of five boards of the manger in which the infant Saviour was deposited at the nativity. In the chapel of the Borghese family, rich and gorgeous in the extreme, is a painting of the Virgin and Child, said to be by St. Luke, as appears by a copy of a papal bull attached to one of the walls. There is much, however, both in painting and sculpture, in the basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore to interest a visitor, besides the culla and the painting by St. Luke.

It would have been easy now to visit the Baths of Diocletian, adapted to Christian uses, in the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, turning off for the purpose at the new boulevard leading to the Piazzzi di Termini, but the day was wearing apace; so, crossing the Viminal Hill to the Via del Quirinale and skirting the Quirinal Gardens to the left, reserving the Quirinal Palace for another visit—pausing once more at the Fountain of Trevi to hear the dash of its waters and wonder at the quaintness of its beauty, and then turning to the right to the Piazza di Spagna, and then gaining the Via Condotti and the Corso—the morning's work of sight-seeing came to an end.

The Villa Doria Pamphili was the object of the after-dinner drive, but so much is to be seen, as already said in these pages, in passing through the streets of a city, that instead of taking the shortest way to the villa, the party drove along the Via Fontenella and by the Borghese Palace to the Bridge of St. Angelo, crossed it, and turning into the Borgo San Spirito, and afterward southwardly around the great hospital, with the

Villa Barberini on the right, entered the gate of San Spirito, passed by the lunatic asylum, the suspension bridge and the Botanic Gardens, to the Porta San Pancrazio, and thence to the villa beyond the walls.

This is one of the largest villas in the neighborhood of Rome, and is laid out in the Italian style. The casino is not remarkable in itself, though the view from it is fine; but the drives through the grounds are agreeable, and, apart from other considerations, are interesting from the fact that it was here the Italians under Garibaldi were able to withstand for weeks the attacks of the French troops under Marshal Oudinot in 1849.

On their way from the villa, the party turned off to linger at the Fontana Paolina, from the terrace of which, on the heights of the Janiculan Hill, is one of the best views of Rome. Here the water brought from Lake Bracciano is discharged, through three openings in a grand façade, into an immense basin, from whence it passes into the channels that convey it to the city below. Next to the terrace on the Pincian, the terrace in front of the Fontana Paolina may be the most commended. The time is when the sun is behind the façade of the fountain, and when the view over the city is gradually becoming fainter and fainter as the shadows of the Janiculan Hill creep slowly across it.

Still descending, the road passes by the Church of San Pietro in Montorio, which it is well to see, though it would not be worth an especial visit for anything architecturally beautiful that it has to boast, were the traveler not in its neighborhood. On a former occasion the writer left the carriage, rather than risk his neck down the steep and filthy street that led to the Ponte Sisto. Now, however, the present pope—whose means, unfortunately, are not as great as his disposition to promote works of utility and the arts in Rome is good—

has had constructed an admirable road, which it is not doubted will give to the Fontana Paolina and its terrace as great a popularity as the view deserves.

The lights were all ablaze in the Corso when the party returned to the Hôtel de Rome.





CHAPTER VI.

ROME (CONTINUED).

THE VATICAN—THE BARBERINI PALACE—BEATRICE CENCI—THE VILLA ALBANI—SANTA MARIA DEGLI ANGELI—THE CAPPUCINI—THE ROSPIGLIOSO PALACE—THE AURORA OF GUIDO—PALACE OF THE QUIRINAL—MONTE CAVALLO—ACADEMY OF ST. LUKE—MAMERTINE PRISONS—ARCH OF JANUS—CLOACA MAXIMA—CHURCH OF ST. ANASTASIA—IL GHETTO, OR JEWS' QUARTER.

THE 12th of May was appropriated to the Vatican as the principal object of interest, driving, on the way there, by the post-office and through parts of Rome not yet visited, crossing the Piazza di San Pietro and the Piazza di Sagrestia, and making the circuit of St. Peter's to reach the entrance.

When it is recollected that there are upward of four thousand rooms, eight grand staircases and two hundred smaller ones in the Vatican, it will be readily understood why, in a volume that is not intended to give more than hints to travelers in Europe, it is not attempted even to enumerate its collections.

From childhood and in school-books the name of the Vatican has been familiar, sometimes in connection with the Papal power, sometimes in connection with the library, sometimes in connection with the arts, whose choicest treasures have been preserved there. In one breath, the thunders of the Vatican are spoken of—in

another some manuscript of priceless value—in another the Apollo or the Antinoüs. It is no wonder, then, that one of the first things the traveler desires to see is that which for centuries has been so celebrated.

Ordinarily, a valet de place, if the courier is not competent, conducts the visitor through room after room, gallery after gallery, up long flights of stairs, and across spacious courts, in a prescribed route ; or, with Murray in hand, and without either valet de place or courier, by following the direction of the arrows on the map, the circuit may be made. It is best, however, to have an experienced guide. Time is saved.

The greatest interest centres generally in the Pinacothek, where the choicest of the paintings are collected ; the Cortile of the Belvidere, where the most celebrated statues are to be found ; the Stanze of Raphael, where are some of his best frescoes ; and the Sistine Chapel, a plain, unpretending room, one end of which is filled with the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo. In the first of these, along with other most admirable works, are the Transfiguration, the Communion of St. Jerome, and the Madonna del Foligno ; in the Cortile, are the Apollo, the Laocoön and the Antinoüs ; in the Stanze are the School of Athens and the Deliverance of St. Peter ; and the work of Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel, is among the most wonderful exhibitions of his talent, which as a sculptor finds its illustration in the Moses, and as an architect in St. Peter's. These are the places in which the visitor lingers the longest. Without time to study in detail the almost countless objects that he sees on every side as he wanders through the long galleries of the Vatican, he seeks, if his tastes incline to art, the places here mentioned, and seats himself before a painting, or a fresco, or a statue, to enjoy it at his leisure, rising with a broader know-

ledge and a severer judgment. He no longer wonders at the palm which is awarded to the antique after he has compared the Theseus of Canova with the Apollo or the Antinoüs, or has passed from the Deliverance of St. Peter or the School of Athens to the illustrations of the Immaculate Conception recently completed in a chamber adjacent to the Stanze.

After spending some five hours in the Vatican, there was still time before dinner to visit the Barberini Palace. There were other places of interest nearer to St. Peter's; but after the strain upon the attention and the bodily fatigue of the Vatican, the long drive across modern Rome to the palace on the slope of the Quirinal Hill was a positive relief. The Barberini Palace is one of the largest private palaces in Rome, and the collection of pictures is good and well worth seeing. The library, rich in manuscripts and rare works, is celebrated, but the Barberini Palace has an attraction which is peculiar, and which draws to it a crowd of visitors. It is a small painting, swung on hinges to a window-jamb, that it may be seen with the best light and to the greatest advantage. It represented a turbaned head and a figure robed in white. Nothing in the whole range of art is more simple than the elements of its beauty—a girlish head, draped as here described; and yet neither the gorgeous Sybils of Domenichino and Guercino, nor the Fornarina of Raphael, rich and glowing in accessories and color, so rivet the attention as the pale, woe-worn face of Beatrice Cenci. If ever human soul, not human feature, was impressed by art on canvas, it was when the brush of Guido—whether with the original before him in her prison, or painting from his memory as he saw her on her way to execution—produced the portrait which dims the lustre of all other works of art in the Barberini Palace.

Close by the Beatrice is a Fornarina by Raphael, also hinged to the wall as if to invite a comparison with the Guido ; and at first sight the former is at times preferred. But it soon tires to gaze on it. On the latter it is hard to cease to gaze.

The afternoon drive was to the Villa Albani, ascending the slope of the Pincian Hill by the Via Capo di Case, and then turning into the Via de Porta Salaria, and leaving Rome by the gate of that name.

The Prince Torlonia is the present owner of the Villa Albani, which is open to the public on Tuesdays and Fridays only. The collection of statues which it contains is reputed very good ; but the day had been a busy day among statues ; and perhaps an hour in the Cortile of the Belvidere was not the most favorable preparation for what was to be seen in the Casino. The truth is, that to remember a tenth or a hundredth part of the pictures and statues which the traveler sees is simply impossible. Even were the catalogues committed to memory, it would be out of the question to identify the objects enumerated. All that can be done is to obtain strong impressions of the best and most celebrated. And yet this traversing of galleries is not without its advantage. The eye becomes educated unconsciously ; the taste becomes refined ; and what is good becomes distinguishable from what is not good. The garden of flowers and fountains between the Casino and the statue-filled colonnade opposite was a charming specimen of a peculiar style ; and the view from the upper part of the Casino of the Sabine and Alban Hills is very beautiful. Few visits outside the walls of Rome gave greater pleasure. Wholly different from the Villa Doria Pamphili, both should be seen, that the taste of the old cardinals, who illustrated their refined appreciation of art and architecture in the creation of

the places which still bear their names, may be properly understood and acknowledged.

Turning off, on the way back, opposite the entrance of the Villa Ludovici, the carriage stopped at the Baths of Diocletian. Here, instead of such ruins as are to be found at the Baths of Titus and Caracalla, and which the party had anticipated, the vast pile, with small pretension externally to architectural elegance or dignity, had been adapted to the uses of Christianity, and was now the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli. The great hall of the baths still remained entire in the time of Michael Angelo, who, preserving its eight columns for the nave of the church, made a Greek cross, by extending arms, with corresponding columns, to the right and left. These were afterward lengthened, so that the nave became the transept, which is the present plan. The interior is imposing in its grand simplicity. The St. Sebastian of Domenichino, the copy of which in mosaic has been mentioned already when speaking of St. Peter's, is to be found here. It is a more agreeable picture than the Communion of St. Jerome, by the same hand, in the Pinacothek of the Vatican, where the emaciated figure of the saint is, perhaps, a better evidence of the skill than of the taste of the artist. There are few more interesting places in Rome, looking to its past and its present, than the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli; nor must it be left without visiting the spacious cloisters designed by Michael Angelo. The cypresses around the well were planted by the architect himself. The Carthusian monk who acts as cicerone, and smiles when he says that ladies are not admitted to the cloisters, is, it was said, the only one of the brotherhood permitted to speak; and if the others have the same kindly and pleasant nature, it may well be believed that the world has lost no little by their silence.

From the Baths of Diocletian the party went to the Church of the Cappucini, on their way back to the hotel. It was still light enough to see Guido's Archangel Michael, so well known in copies and engravings. It belongs to a school of art which, in some particulars, is beyond criticism. The judges of its merits should be poets, not less than painters. These portraiture of the ideal—and the class is immense—whose subjects are of heaven or of hell, appeal not merely to the artistic but to the religious sense of the spectator, in order to their fullest comprehension. Any one may be able to judge of the merits of the Marriage of Cana, by Paul Veronese, in the Louvre, and appreciate its minutest details. Not so with the two Madonnas of Murillo, on the opposite wall. Perhaps it is a higher nature that is required in the latter case ; at all events, it is a different one.

. Under the Church of the Cappucini is the vault in which the monks of the adjacent convent are buried in earth brought originally from Jerusalem. As a matter of course, the traveler pays the fee, and descends into chambers whose walls are ornamented with skulls and bones of dead men, arranged so as to form symmetrical figures ; and there are skeletons standing here and there against the walls in the Capuchin garb. But the spectacle, to say the very least, is a disagreeable one ; and there is certainly no temptation to repeat the visit. It was a pleasant change to emerge into the open air and return to the Hôtel de Rome.

One of the frescoes with which copies and engravings have familiarized the world is the Aurora of Guido in the Rospiglioso Palace, or rather in the casino attached to the palace, on the Quirinal Hill ; and Wednesday being a day when the public are admitted, thither the party wended on the 13th of May, not yet satiated

with the sights of Rome. The fresco is on the ceiling, and to look at it attentively for any length of time is paying somewhat of a penalty for the sake of art. But it is worth almost any fatigue that can be exacted by its position. Neither copy nor engraving gives an adequate idea of it. There is a movement in the figures, a freshness in the coloring, that have never yet been transferred to canvas or to copper. Protected by its situation from the ordinary damage of dust, and in a chamber not likely to be affected by dampness, the picture is wonderfully fresh. It is difficult to believe that it can be so old. It is the noblest fresco in Rome; it has few equals anywhere. There is a mirror on a table immediately below the Aurora, which reflects it for the convenience of stiff-necked people; but never mind the fatigue; nothing is equal to the direct view of the work itself. Of the pictures in the adjoining rooms, the writer was struck by a female figure, a dancer, in the *Triumph of David*, by Domenichino. Flesh and blood is there upon canvas. Domenichino grows upon one in Rome. From the Rospiglioso Palace it is but a step to the Quirinal Palace, on the Monte Cavallo. Here the visitors are shown the rooms occupied by the pope when he takes his residence in the building, as well as the state apartments; and from the windows an excellent view of the Quirinal Gardens is obtained—a view which, on this occasion, was held to be sufficient to gratify the curiosity of the party, already somewhat satiated with Italian gardening; besides which, the day was the hottest yet experienced in Italy. But in front of the palace are the colossal equestrian statues. They are worth everything that the palace contains, ten times over. It is to them, rather than to the palace, that the visit to the Quirinal Hill should be paid. Whether the Latin inscription, "*Opus Phidei*," which ascribes them

to the Greek sculptor be true or not, they are grand productions. Once seen, they are never forgotten.

Leaving the Piazza di Monte Cavallo and turning into the Via Bonelli, the next place visited was the Academy of St. Luke, the Roman Academy of Fine Arts. Here, as elsewhere, are numbers of good pictures, but the galleries are not the best in Rome. A portrait of Claude by Murillo, and three heads on the same canvas by Salvator Rosa, were pictures that made an impression on the writer, not so much perhaps as works of art as on account of the associations connected with them.

Next came the Mamertine Prisons near the Arch of Septimius Severus, at the foot of the Capitoline Hill—two gloomy chambers cut in the rock, one above the other, and dating as far back as Ancus Martius. There is much of history and much of fable connected with them. They were the dungeons in which the accomplices of Cataline were confined, and the impression of St. Peter's head upon the side of the lower one is shown, when the visitor is told that he was confined here during the reign of Nero! A chapel has been opened in the uppermost chamber, and was filled with a crowd of votaries on this occasion.

Crossing the Forum and passing close by the Tarpeian Rock, the next object of any interest was the Arch of Janus, a heavy mass of masonry, intersected by arches at right angles, forming a groined roof high up. The party now left the carriage and presently descending a narrow street amid a most dirty population and with odors corresponding, the mouth of the Cloaca Maxima was reached—a great sewer still serving the purposes for which it was constructed at a date hidden in the dim past, but constructed by a people, whoever they were, civilized, intelligent and adepts in the art of

building. No workmanship of to-day is superior to that which jointed the huge stones that form the walls and arches of the Cloaca Maxima. In the great cities of Europe and America it is but recently, comparatively, that sewerage has grown to be important. In the days prior to the kings of Rome its necessities were understood and appreciated, and provided for.

Close by the Cloaca Maxima is the Church of St. Anastasia, well worth a visit while the traveler is in the neighborhood, if only to see the Roman substructures that are beneath it. The outside of one of the walls, originally against a bank that has lately been removed, looked as fresh as if the masons had completed it within the week. The color of the thin broad bricks was as bright as when they were taken from the kiln, and the mark of the trowel on the mortar as distinct as though it had just been left there, instead of having been made more than twenty centuries ago. In our pride of to-day we are apt to disparage everything that is not as recent as our own lifetimes. These relics of the past ought to teach sometimes a lesson of humility. Close by the Church of St. Anastasia is the Temple of Vesta, which has been already mentioned.

Proceeding northward, and passing by the ruins of the Theatre of Marcellus, the appearance of the crowded population in the narrow and unclean streets would of itself have suggested Il Ghetto, the Jews' Quarter of Rome. Every house seemed to be a shop of some description, and the inmates of every house seemed to have forsaken it and taken up their residence in the open air, deserting their dwellings for the streets. Nor were they favorable specimens of the race that paused in their walk to gaze for a moment upon the *forestieri* as the carriage moved slowly on. Without the beauty, which in both male and female often characterizes the Jews under favorable

circumstances, the inhabitants of Il Ghetto, while their nationality was as unmistakable as it is miraculous, were just such a looking people as it might be supposed the treatment which for centuries they had received in Rome would produce. As already said, Il Ghetto is close and unclean, and yet it is reported to have suffered less from the cholera than any other portion of the city. That it owed any exemption to the efforts of its health department was certainly not to be inferred from the condition in which it was found upon this occasion.





CHAPTER VII.

ROME (CONTINUED).

THE SPADA PALACE—PALAZZO FARNESE—CORSINI PALACE—PIAZZA NAVONA—SANTA AGNESE—BATHS OF CARACALLA—TOMB OF SCIPIO—COLUMBARIUM—CATACOMBS—TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA—BORGHESE PALACE—PANTHEON—SANTA MARIA SOPRA MINERVA—IL GESU—THE CAPITOL—CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA IN ARA CÆLI—BAMBINO—SANTA AGNESE BEYOND THE WALLS—PALACE OF THE CÆSARS—DORIA PALACE—PIO NONO—THE WALLS OF ROME—THE STUDIOS—THE VILLA BORGHESE—THE PINCIAN—MODELS—LEAVE ROME.

IT was a change, indeed, from the Jews' Quarter to the Spada Palace and the hall in which stands the statue of Pompey, celebrated in prose and poetry as that at whose feet Cæsar fell. There is a collection of paintings here, but it is small, and contains nothing very remarkable. The statue is the attraction. Independent of its historical associations, it is valuable as a work of art.

Within a few yards of the Spada Palace is the Palazzo Farnese, noted for its architectural beauty. It is the property of the ex-king of Naples, and was now occupied by him, and, of course, not open to the public. Passing by it, therefore, and turning into the Via del Morte, and then into the Via del Fontanone to the Ponte Sisto, the party crossed the Tiber and went to the Corsini Palace. Here there is a collection of valuable

paintings, many of the first excellence. Among the rest were three *Ecce Homos*, placed so near each other as to be readily compared. All were single heads, and of the same size, and the painters respectively were Guido, Guercino and Carlo Dolce. All were admirable, and it was difficult to choose between them. If the writer remembers, however, that of Guercino was preferred. An admirable picture by Holbein—one of the best by that artist—is in the Corsini collection. From the Corsini Palace the Tiber was recrossed at the Suspension Bridge, near the Church of San Giovanni di Fiorentini; and from thence the party drove to the Piazza Navona, saw its fountain and the remnants of a market-day, that had left it in a most uninviting condition, looked into the Church of Santa Agnese, and returned to their hotel.

A part of the afternoon was passed at the Baths of Caracalla, so vast in their extent, so impressive even in their ruins. What must not that people have been for whose mere amusement the Coliseum and the Baths of Caracalla and Diocletian and Titus, and the theatres whose ruins lie thick in Rome, were builded! New excavations are in progress near by; and it was curious, indeed, to descend by temporary ladders more than twenty feet below the surface of the vineyard which was thus giving up its buried treasures, to find paintings still fresh on the walls of the apartments and rich mosaics upon the pavements.

From the Baths of Caracalla the party paused, on their way to the Porta Santo Sebastiano, to visit the tomb of Scipio and a columbarium, leaving which, the road ran close by the Via Appia to the Catacombs and the Tomb of Cecilia Metella. The evening was a pleasant one, and the drive most agreeable, but whether any of the objects visited repaid the trouble, ex-

cept so far as the columbarium showed how the Romans preserved the ashes of their dead in the pigeon-holes that line the sides of a vaulted chamber under ground, and the tomb proved how dull a ruin poetry can make immortal, may be doubted. The Catacombs, however, are among the sights of Rome.

The first visit paid on Thursday, the 14th May, was to the Borghese Palace, not far from the Hôtel de Rome. The collection here is the finest in the city, and worthy of the magnificent edifice in which it is arranged. Here is the celebrated Sybil of Domenichino, Raphael's Entombment of Christ, and Titian's Sacred and Profane Love.

After the Borghese Palace came the Pantheon, the most perfect ancient building in Rome. And again the writer stood before the tomb of Raphael, and again saw light clouds cross the opening in the dome through which the skies looked down, to-day on Christian altars, as of old they had done upon Pagan sacrifices. The paneled roof is yet as perfect as when it was erected. Worn by the seasons, the columns of the portico exhibit evidences of the work of time, but the mutually-sustaining marbles of the solid vault overhead seem to defy decay. There is no edifice in Rome—not even St. Peter's or the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli—which has always impressed the writer as much as the Pantheon. The Baths of Diocletian required Michael Angelo to adapt them to their novel uses, but Paganism itself had prepared for Christianity one of the noblest of its shrines.

Close by the Pantheon is the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva. It is the only Gothic edifice in Rome for religious purposes, and has been restored with a far greater expenditure of money than good taste. If architects confined themselves to restorations, and did no more,

it would, perhaps, be well enough ; but there is not a restorer who does not attempt improvement. The best thing here is a statue of our Saviour by Michael Angelo.

From Santa Maria sopra Minerva to the Capitol, the way led by the Church of Il Gesu. Here, all that could be done in the way of the richest ornamentation has been exhausted. There is a study in the costly and rare marbles alone. The church, however, is fine rather than imposing. It wants the grandeur that the basilicas possess, and which is to be found in the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli ; and the want is far from being compensated by the profuseness with which wealth has been lavished on the interior of the edifice.

The Capitol came next. The Capitol of Rome ! With what associations is the very name not connected ! and were this book aught else than a mere aid to the traveler, here, on the 'hill of the Capitol, if anywhere, might the writer be excused if he wandered from the task of mere description into imaginings of the past. Standing near the bronze statue of the Roman emperor in the midst of the Piazza, what might not be pardoned ?

As already said with regard to the Vatican, there is no purpose now to do more than mention those objects of art that all are familiar with in copies, and the originals of which are to be found in the collections of the Capitol. Here is the Bronze Wolf which Byron has apostrophized as "the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome ;" the Boy extracting a thorn from his foot ; the Dying Gladiator, "butchered to make a Roman holiday ;" the Faun ; the Doves of Pliny ; and the Antinous of the Capitol. Here, too, is Guercino's Sybil, and the Santa Petronilla, a grand painting, copied in mosaic over one of the altars of St. Peter's.

One of the best views of Rome—a panorama indeed—is to be had from the tower of the Capitol. Formerly, there was no difficulty in obtaining permission to make the ascent. Now, however, it was found that the same reason which hindered the travelers from climbing into the ball of St. Peter's operated to prohibit access to the tower. There seemed to be some undefined apprehension on the part of the authorities that while nine hundred and ninety-nine harmless ascents might be made, some Garibaldianism might be perpetrated on the occasion of the thousandth.

Close by the Capitol is the Church of Santa Maria in Ara Cœli, built from the plunder of Pagan shrines and palaces. Few of its columns correspond in height, or base, or capital. Its floor is without uniformity even. It is odd rather than beautiful, and is one of the most ancient churches in Rome. A fee to the custodian will procure one a sight of the Bambino, but for which few would ascend the steps that lead to the church. Not that the jeweled image is of itself worth seeing; but the wonder is that in the nineteenth century it should be regarded and treated as miraculous, and made the object of the devout attention it receives. High as is the hill of the Capitol, higher still is the eminence on which stands Ara Cœli.

In the afternoon the party drove to the Church of Santa Agnese beyond the walls, well worth a visit from those who are curious in regard to the early Christian architecture; but not, perhaps, otherwise interesting. It was one of the places to which travelers are attracted by the descriptions given of it in the guide-books. It is sufficiently curious, however, to compensate for the drive. The remainder of daylight on returning from Santa Agnese was passed in wandering over the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, far more interesting than

the old basilica beyond the walls. The excavations here are at the expense of the French Emperor.

The next day, Friday, the 15th, began with a visit to the galleries of the Palazzo Doria, one of the most extensive of the Roman palaces. And then came another visit to St. Peter's—another lingering in the galleries of the Vatican. The only opportunity the party had of seeing the Pope was on this occasion. As the carriage approached the Piazza, and before it reached the colonnades, Giovanni, who was seated with the driver, stopped the horses and exclaimed with much excitement, "Get out, sir! get out!" Afraid that some accident had happened, the writer was on the point of doing so, when the courier explained his meaning by pointing to a squad of cavalry at a rapid trot, followed by a state carriage drawn by four horses; behind this was another squad which came clattering over the Piazza. As it passed the people stood still and bared their heads, and many knelt. After coming out from between the colonnades the Pope's carriage, for such it was, passed in front of a guard-house, where the soldiers, notified of the approach of His Holiness, were in line and presented arms. By this time the writer was upon his feet and had taken off his hat, and, as the Pope's carriage swept by, had a near and very distinct view of an elderly person apparently in full health, robed in white, with a benevolent expression, who put his hand out of the window, and with two fingers extended gave his blessing to the soldiers of the guard. In another moment the carriage passed into the Borgo Vecchio.

In the afternoon there was a drive around the walls of Rome, from the Porta Pia to the Porta del Popolo, and another visit to the Pincian.

The morning of Saturday was passed, in part, in the

galleries of the Colonna Palace, and in the studios of Rhinehardt, Ives, Rogers, Rinaldi and Hazeltine ; and in the afternoon a visit to the Villa Borghese, and its collections of statues and pictures, was one of the pleasantest paid in Rome. Time remained afterward to turn into the Via Flaminia, and, following it to the crossing of the Tiber, to enjoy a very delightful drive along the banks of the river, under shade trees all the way, returning to Rome by the Porta Angelica, and recrossing the Tiber at the Ponte San Angelo ; and this closed the week and completed the eighth day in Rome. The next day, after church at the American Chapel, there was another drive through as yet unseen parts of Rome ; and in the evening, another excursion beyond the walls was made to the Basilica of San Lorenzo and the Campo Santo near it. Just before sundown the party joined the crowd on the Pincian, and looked for the last time on the dome of St. Peter's and the ranges of the Vatican against the western sky.

Returning from the Pincian, there was seen a group of peasants leaning against the wall near the Church of Trinita di Monti, at the head of the stairs leading to the Piazza di Spagna. They were dressed as one imagines the Italians to be dressed before one sees them—dressed as in Leopold Robert's pictures, and on the stage. Four handsomer brown faces the writer never saw. They were models, and this was their mode of advertising their calling. It was having a glimpse of the Italy of song to see these people. It was a pleasant memory to refer to when in the midst of the mahogany visages and arms and legs met with elsewhere, south of the Alps.

The question now arose whether more time should be passed in Rome. Not only had what is here enumerated been seen, in a lounging sort of way after all,

carefully and quietly, but fifty other things not set down—churches, and fountains, and stores, and studios. Much had been done on foot, and there was really little within Rome that had not been visited, save what to see would have been but a repetition of something exactly like it seen before. Indeed, with a little activity, the last three days might have been crowded into one. Saturday had been appropriated to Tivoli, but the weather was becoming warm, and “no one went to Tivoli at this season of the year”—a potent argument where ladies have to be consulted. That a week more might be spent in excursions was acknowledged—so might a month indeed. A friend who had passed the winter in Rome was just beginning to think of sight-seeing. The party had worked hard in the beginning; but sight-seeing had begun to tire, and the result of a consultation was to leave Rome on Monday morning, and instead of going at once to Florence, to remain twenty-four hours at Terni, where “Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice.”





CHAPTER VIII.

NARNI—TERNI—THE CASCADE—RAILROAD UP THE NERA—LAKE
THRASIMENE—FLORENCE—POWERS—HOME OF MICHAEL AN-
GELO—THE CASCINE—LEAVE FOR BOLOGNA—BOLOGNA—
PADUA—ARRIVAL AT VENICE.

ON Monday, the 18th May, the party left Rome in the 11 A. M. train for Florence. The road ascended the valley of the Tiber with rolling ground, sometimes almost hilly, on either side. The first stopping-place was Monte Rotondo, near which the Papal troops with their French allies defeated the Garibaldians the year before. A party of the Papal Zouaves in gray uniforms, braided with scarlet, here left the cars, bound, it would seem, for a visit to the neighboring battle-field. They were young men, Englishmen all, far above the class of persons who enlist in foreign service; and one could not help wondering what could be the motive that placed them under the Papal banner as common soldiers, for there was not even a corporal among them. But the train moved on and the Zouaves were seen no more.

At Borghetto, Soracte, which had rarely been lost sight of since leaving Rome, disappeared, and at Orte, on the confines of the Papal territory, the railway left the valley of the Tiber for the valley of its tributary, the Nera, which opened on the north-east. Afterward the country became more interesting. Presently, the hills

closed in upon the road, and the bridge of Augustus, built by the Romans for the Flaminian Way, came in sight, and then the train stopped at Narni, with its grand old castle and four mighty towers looking down upon the station.

In the days of posting, Narni was just such a place as a traveler, fond of art and given to sketching, would have been apt to linger in, that he might steal from nature, here and there, some choice bits of landscape, where river, and cliff, and fort, and cathedral formed combinations as rare as they were beautiful. Narni is but eight miles from Terni, where the party were soon very tolerably accommodated at the *Hôtel de l'Europe* on the principal square.

The day was too far gone to think of the Falls that evening. The weather, after leaving Narni, had been wet and disagreeable, and the streets of Terni in consequence, although the rain had ceased, were in sorry plight for pedestrians, so there was nothing to be done after dinner but to lean on the comfortable window-cushions provided for the purpose, and watch what was going on in the square, and the people and horses at the fountain opposite. On such occasions something is always sure to turn up; and accordingly a man and woman made their appearance with a crowd of boys at their heels. The woman was stout and strong, and had once been handsome. She helped the man, whose face was hidden in a slouched hat and his figure concealed in a mysterious cloak, to prepare for an exhibition, whose implements were a large cart-wheel and heavy pieces of timber. Ever and anon the man blew a bugle that he took from under his cloak, with no mean skill. After a while, men were added to the crowd of boys—then soldiers, with whom Terni happened to be filled, and then women in numbers, until quite a crowd was col-

lected. The man now took off his cloak and laid aside his slouched hat, and in the flesh-colored garb of an acrobat, rolled his heavy wheel among the people until he formed a circle, which by threatening their toes he enlarged into a square sufficiently capacious. Then the performances commenced, and they were sufficiently interesting, as they exhibited the great strength of the man, to amuse the party at the windows of the hotel until night dispersed the audience and the performers retired. It was curious all the while to watch the woman taking round the cap for contributions. When the man made a ribald jest which provoked the laughter of the crowd, she shrugged her handsome shoulders and looked as if she could have beaten him. It was not unlikely that the giant and herself had been something better in their time, and that she alone felt the degradation.

Nothing could have been more delightful than the following morning, nor more romantic than the country through which, at an early hour, the party drove to Passigno, where donkeys are obtained for the farther journey to the Falls. This was the first experience of donkeydom, and it was a queer one. No sooner had the carriage stopped before the two old towers, between which once opened the gateway of the town, than it was beset by a crowd of men, women and children, whose vociferation made it impossible to distinguish a word said by any of the multitude, except the one word, "Asinello." Hands were laid upon each member of the party; the signor was to do this, the signora that and the signorinas something else. The whole scene was indescribably ludicrous, and the laughter that it provoked only encouraged the masters and mistresses of the asinellos. While all this was going on around the carriage, Giovanni had made his bargains

with a merry-eyed old fellow outside the crowd ; and then, sufficiently well mounted on the donkeys of Passigno, the party set out for the Falls—descended the hill on which the town stands, crossed the valley at a most dislocating trot, and then, under olive and mulberry trees, went up the ravine of the Nera until nearly opposite the Falls. After a steep ascent, a small arbor was reached, directly in front of which, across the deep chasm, came down the Velino. This is the best view of the cataract, for here the whole of it is seen. There is a house or shelter on the opposite side, whence it is looked down upon, but the effect is inferior.

It is not intended to attempt to describe in words what can be made intelligible to those who have not seen it by painting only, nor to express any disappointment at finding how much there was of poetry in Byron's celebrated description. To those who have never seen anything better—and there is nothing better in Switzerland—the falls of Terni are indeed wonderful ; and even to those who have, they are very beautiful. They could not have appeared to better advantage than on the morning in question, and the visit paid to them was one of unmixed enjoyment. As to the beggary—bare-faced, unmitigated beggary—of the population of Passigno, it is so much a part of the nature, the very nature, of the people, that it would be as uncharitable to reproach them with it as to find fault with physical deformities. They cannot help it, and the best way to treat it is to button up one's pockets and to laugh at it.

By midday the party were again at Terni, and in the 12.40 train—this time the express—were on the road to Florence, up the valley of the Nera. Nothing could be more admirable than the engineering on this part of the line. The stream, hemmed in between high moun-

tains, afforded no flat borders on which a railroad could be constructed; nor was its course so straight as to permit a continuous cutting upon either side. The rapid waters zigzagged, serpent-like, through the valley, making it necessary not only to have frequent and lofty bridges, but, at times, to bridge the stream lengthwise, as it were, and carry the Nera beneath the road, as in a tunnel. All this was accomplished with rare skill, and with due regard to all the exigencies of such a construction—looking to the wash from the mountains and the drainage in all directions. For many miles this contest between nature and art was carried on.

But the road, ascending all the while, soon reached the crest of the Somma Pass, and then, entering a ravine on the northern side, descended through a beautiful country, in perfect cultivation, passed Spoleto on the right; passed Trevi, with its cone of houses rising one above the other on its hill; then Foligno, best known by the Madonna of Raphael, which was taken from one of its altars to find a place in company with the Transfiguration and the St. Jerome in the Vatican; and, after a great curve to the west, crossed an isolated ridge which here rises in the more level country, and reached Perugia. It had been proposed, at one time, to stop at Perugia, to visit some, at least, of its hundred churches, its old castle and its museum, connected with all of which were histories and legends. But Rome had, for a season at least, rather satiated the appetite for such things; and, with Florence close at hand, Perugia was left, after a brief stoppage at the station.

From the level country about Perugia, the road soon came among the hills, and wound through them until, emerging, a broad expanse of water was seen immediately in front. This was Lake Thrasimene, on whose borders was fought the great battle between Rome and

Carthage long centuries ago. Nothing could well be more beautiful than the scenery as the train swept along between the hills down which Hannibal made his charge on Flaminius, and the rushy edges of the lake. Where historical associations have as much to do as they have in Italy, the landscape is the gainer, no doubt; but, making every allowance, the afternoon's journey along the shores of Lake Thrasimene stands out, even now, prominent in the summer's tour.

Leaving the lake, Cortona was soon reached, and then Arezzo, in the valley of the Arno, down which the road made its way to Florence. It was too dark to see the approach to the city; and tired and sleepy on one of the very few occasions during the entire journey when the party traveled after nightfall, they were not sorry to be comfortably installed by ten o'clock in the Hôtel de la Paix, their rooms looking out upon the Arno—the same rooms that the writer and his son had occupied eleven years before.

The first place visited in Florence on the 20th May was the Uffizzi Gallery; and in succession, day after day, all that was deemed remarkable was seen by pursuing the plan followed in Rome, and devoting the mornings to sights within the city, and the afternoons to drives in the vicinity. In this way, five days flew rapidly by; and the time spent in Florence was just long enough to understand why those who know it well return to it again and again, longing to pass their lives there. Still, in five days, impressions may be obtained of Florence never to be effaced. Time will be afforded to pass hours in the Tribune of the Uffizzi, to turn from the Venus de Medici to the Apollinò, and compare what is most graceful and seductive in woman with the swelling but not yet hardened limbs of youthful manhood; to watch the struggle between the

Wrestlers with their interlacing forms; to smile with the Dancing Faun, and wonder what it was that caused the kneeling slave to cease whetting his knife and look upward with such inquiring eyes; and then again to wonder, as you turn from the one to the other of these ancient gems, why it is that the best efforts of modern art fall short, in something which is to be felt rather than described, of these productions of antiquity, every one of which would have immortalized its author, had he but engraved his name upon the base or made some sign before he died, that the curiosity of future ages might be gratified.

But the statues are not the only attractions of the Tribune of the Uffizzi. On the walls behind them are priceless gems of art. Painting and statuary are here epitomized in Florence. Find time for the Tribune under all possible circumstances.

And then from the Tribune of the Uffizzi, winding one's way through the galleries that now connect it with the Pitti, you may lounge in the luxurious chairs of the latter with Raphael's Madonna della Seggiola and its crowd of copyists just before you; and, not far off, the same great painter's Leo X. with the two cardinals; or the still stronger portrait of Pope Julius II. Time there will be, too, to learn to appreciate Andrea del Sarto in the Pitti, and Fra Bartholomeo; and to see, in the Entombment of Perugino, the model of the early style of his greatest pupil. Wearied with the splendid collections of the Pitti Palace—for these things produce something akin to satiety, after all—it is but a step to the Boboli Gardens, and their fountains, and arcades of trees, and clipped hedges, and throngs of life. Let the traveler group all this together, as a picture is made up of its separate parts, and he has a picture in his memory for ever. He may forget what he sees in the

Accademia della Bella Arti, when he subsequently visits it, except Michael Angelo's unfinished St. Matthew; but what he combines in the way here suggested, never!

The time allowed, too, will be ample to see the Duomo with its solemn aisles, that would be gloomy were it not for the grand painted windows that let the light come through only after they have warmed and cheered it. The Duomo of Florence is not St. Peter's, but it gave to Michael Angelo the idea of much that is to be found in the great basilica; and for those interested in the feet and inches of such things, it may be well to know that, in fact, the dome of the former is the greatest in some respects of the two. From the Duomo to the Baptistery is but a step, and Ghiberto's doors must be passed before the Baptistery can be entered. These are the doors which some one has said were fit to be the gates of Paradise; and which others again have condemned—and justly, too, the writer thinks—as attempting to unite the representation of men and animals, for which metal was proper, with architectural perspectives and landscape, for which it was unsuited. You will remember the doors, you will forget the interior of the Baptistery; but you will not forget the Campanile of Giotto close by. Its wealth of variegated marble and its beautiful proportions, its originality too, make you overlook the apparent inappropriateness of such ornamentation in the open air. But then it was in Italy and in the Val d'Arno that Giotto built the tower; and for such a home it may not be so inappropriate, after all. An hour or more, if your tastes run in this direction, will suffice for this group of buildings; and there will be nothing to prevent the visit to Santa Croce, which is to place you in the midst of the great dead—Michael Angelo, Dante,

Alfieri, Machiavelli, Lanzi, Aretino, Morghen, Galileo ; and, if you linger here to pass from tomb to tomb and read inscription after inscription, you will but show your own worthiness in your appreciation of the spot. Dante's colossal statue is in front of Santa Croce ; but Dante is everywhere in Florence.

From Santa Croce there is yet time to visit San Lorenzo, not so much for what the church, inspiring as it is, contains, but for what the Sagrestia Nuova has of interest. Here, are the monuments to Giugliano and Lorenzo de Medici ; not the Magnificent, but his grandson. These monuments are by Michael Angelo ; and not the least interesting part of them is the evidence they afford that it was the sculptor's own hand that held the chisel when he searched the block of marble to find what his genius informed him was imbedded there. The same thing is apparent in others of his works ; but here it is evident in the foot of one of the statues, which is but half-extricated from the stone. No mere workman could be entrusted to develop it, and when the great sculptor's hand became incompetent to the task, it remained as he left it—yet unfinished. But the statue of Lorenzo seated, his helmeted head resting on his hand, with his arm upon his knee, is beyond all praise. It is as grand as it is original. A man capable of thinking in the deepest thought, that is all ; and yet what has not been made of it ? Not far from the Sagrestia Nuova is the Medici Chapel, where Wealth has exhausted rich materials and choice workmanship as if to produce a shrine wherein itself, and not the Deity, should be worshiped. As compared with its neighbor, it is mere skill alongside of genius.

Here, as elsewhere, much is to be seen of objects referred to in the guide-books while driving through

the streets. Thus you pass again and again through the Piazza della Signoria, and become familiar with the Loggia di Lanzi and the Perseus, of whose casting Benvenuto Cellini gives in his biography the most interesting description that was ever written of a founder's toil. Here, too, you see the David of Michael Angelo, and turn from it dissatisfied when you remember much greater works of the same hand. Here, too, is Cosmo I. in bronze on horseback, and the Fountain of Neptune, and the Rape of the Sabines, and, in the street hard by, the Portico of Uffizzi, with the statues of great men crowning the entablature; and above all, in rude, grim majesty, towers the Palazzo Vecchio.

One of the first visits an American pays in Florence is to Powers' studio. It is as well known to every vetturino in the city as the Piazza della Signoria. In the guide-books it is mentioned among the notabilities. On the present occasion the artist was at his work, in the midst of his creations. One of the kindest of men, one of the simplest and most unaffected, there is something in the very tone of his deep, quiet voice that inspires affection as, with his great eyes brightening with the fire of earlier years, he dwells upon the art he has done so much to illustrate; and when he accompanies you, as you leave him, and seeks among the flowers of his little garden for a rose for your wife or daughter, and presents it with the gallantry of a past age, and in the phrase that would have done credit to the best days of olden Florence, you feel that you have been in the presence not only of a great sculptor, but of a refined and gracious gentleman.

The old sculptors worked the marble into forms with their own hands; modern artists make a model in clay, which is cast in plaster, and from that mere workmen make the marble copy. These workmen often acquire

rare skill in their vocation, and sometimes attempt to model. Generally speaking, however, they are mere workmen. Instead of modeling his figures in clay, Powers forms them, with the exception of busts, out of plaster, building them up, as it were, and with suitable tools fashioning every part according to his fancy. He was occupied on this occasion with the bust of an acquaintance of the writer; and when the latter was unwilling to pay so poor a compliment to the sculptor as to praise the work without recognizing the individual, and yet was utterly at a loss to discover a resemblance to any one he had ever seen, Powers placed a pair of spectacles on the nose, and the likeness at once became admirable—so strong, indeed, as to be almost ludicrous. Powers is not, as many sculptors are, dependent on his workmen to perpetuate his creations accurately in marble. No statue leaves his studio without corrections from his own hand; and it is to these last touches, sometimes, that the ultimate perfection of the work is due. At a time when sculpture is in danger of degenerating into a trade, in place of remaining the highest of the arts, it is refreshing to find one who regards his calling as next to divine, and labors for absolute excellence, without regard to quantity or price. Such an one is Powers.

From the studio of one of the greatest of modern artists, it was only natural to visit the house of Michael Angelo, now the property of the city, having been bequeathed to it by the last of the Buonarottis. Although Murray calls it the Palazzo Buonarotti, it is a small and unpretending building comparatively, deriving its greatest interest from the memorials of the sculptor that it contains. His drawings are to be found in a great many collections, but those which are in the house that he occupied in Florence, and which he transmitted

to his descendants, have an authenticity which gives to every line more than ordinary interest. While modern painters dash their figures off *en masse*, as it were, caring for nothing but the outline of the garments, Michael Angelo first drew everything nude before he clothed it, and, in drawing the nude, began with the skeleton, showing the articulations of the joints and the insertions of the tendons. Everything that he thought worth doing, he thought worthy of all pains to do well. It was the same with his architectural designs. One of these, an arched entrance with columns on either side, shows the process by which he arrived at just proportions, as the erased lines (it was before the days of India-rubber) are still visible upon the paper.

Among many objects of interest in the Palazzo Buonarrotti, is the little closet in which the great sculptor worked; small, very small—so small, indeed, that a part of the table was made to fold by hinges, that it might be enlarged after the occupant had taken his seat. It is admirably lighted, however, with an artistic appreciation of the best place for the little window, that let the rays fall upon the paper from the left, and was yet too high to annoy the artist at his work. In this closet were the old man's slippers, his sword and his walking-stick. One looked at them curiously, as if to see whether they properly belonged to the figure which Horace Vernet has introduced into his painting of Raphael sketching the Madonna della Seggiola on the steps of the Capitol.

After the Palazzo Buonarrotti, it was a change to pass through the Palace of Victor Emanuel, as a matter of duty in going the round of the sights of Florence. Other palaces were visited, and other churches than those here referred to, until palaces and churches became somewhat tiresome. It was a relief during one

of these obligatory drives to stop at Bianchini's rooms, where the rarest specimens of Florentine mosaic in the world are to be seen. When in Rome the party had spent some time in watching the process of copying pictures in mosaic, where the result is produced by imbedding carefully small pieces of clay hardened by burning and tinted to suit in a durable cement. The Florentine mosaic finds its material in the natural marbles. The shadings of its leaves and flowers owe their delicacy to the gradations which accident has given to the stone. With the smaller specimens of Florentine mosaic every one is familiar, but it was necessary to visit Bianchini's to see the truly wonderful combinations which patience, directed by a refined taste, has been able to produce.

To be in Florence without going to Fiesole would have been out of the question, and a morning was devoted to the long and tedious climb necessary to reach the terrace from which the view of the valley of the Arno, with Florence in the midst, is obtained. As a matter of duty, a walk through the sun was taken to see the remnants here and there of old Roman substructures in the vineyard on the far side of the Piazza, and while the horses rested the two churches close by were visited. The view from Fiesole is very beautiful, but the writer prefers that from Bellosguardo, on the south side of the Arno, from the flat roof of the Villa Albizzi, once the residence of Galileo. Let the traveler, if he has time, visit both places and make the comparison for himself. If time presses, however, the view from Bellosguardo will give him a better idea of the Val d'Arno than he can obtain at Fiesole. Let the visit be paid in the evening, half an hour before the setting of the sun. Bellosguardo has an advantage over Fiesole which is peculiar. You are not infested by straw-workers who are little

more than beggars in respectable guise, and who at Fiesole pester you beyond endurance with their wares, when you want quiet for the enjoyment of the landscape. If by paying one you could get rid of all, it would be well. But a single purchase suggests a yielding will, and but increases the importunity of the trade.

The favorite evening resort of Florence is the Cascine, so called, on the banks of the Arno, a long narrow strip of woodland, through which well-made roads enable one to drive in deep shade at most hours of the day. In front of the Cascine or farm-house, is an esplanade, where the carriages collect while a band discourses music. It is a pleasant place, this same Cascine. One sees there the fashion of Florence, as one sees the fashion of Naples on the Chiaja—one sees too, the crowd of Florence in the throngs of men, women and children that collect around the musicians; and nowhere can the last of daylight be more pleasantly spent.

Florence is now the capital of Italy—*Italia unita*, as its people call it—and improvements of all sorts are going forward; new boulevards are being constructed, and the gloomy architecture which of old characterized the city is being changed to the Parisian type. When the writer last visited Florence the Hôtel de la Paix, then the Hôtel de la Ville, was on the outskirts; ranges of stately mansions now extend beyond it; and the entrance to the grounds of the Cascine, then wholly unornamented, is now through stately gateways, and a colossal statue of Victor Emanuel, as yet only in plaster, suggests what will one day be the marble feature of the place. Accidentally, perhaps, the extended arm of the king points in the direction of Rome, and there are those in Florence who regard the gesture as prophetic. Years ago, a few soldiers were sometimes to

be seen lounging in the streets. It was rare to hear either drum or bugle. Now, there was not a morning that three or four regiments of well-equipped infantry, preceded by a battalion of Bersaglieri with their bugles, did not pass in front of the hotel from their drill-ground near the Cascine to their barracks in different parts of the city. Florence had seemed a sleepy sort of place when the writer visited it before. Now, all was active, bustling life that met the eye. On the wall of the Palazzo Vecchio is engraved the vote of the people of Tuscany on the question of union with Italy. The entire vote was 386,445, and the vote for union was 360,571!

At 10.30 on the 25th of May, the party left Florence for Bologna. An hour brought them to the station at Pistoja, and soon after the ascent of the Apennines commenced. Side-cuttings, tunnels and viaducts were the engineering agencies here employed. At times, Pistoja would be lost sight of, then it would appear at a greater distance, only to disappear and reappear again farther still below, and so until the summit of the pass was reached, when away went the train in the same tortuous manner down the northern slope of the Apennines and through a country of an entirely novel character to Bologna, which was reached soon after three o'clock.

Intending to continue the journey to Venice on the following day by the train that brought the party from Florence, no time was to be lost; and accordingly, after dinner a visit was paid to the Basilica of San Petronio, the largest and most remarkable of the churches in Bologna, on the Piazza Maggiore. Unfinished, externally, few churches create a stronger impression than this. Independent of its great size and the beauty of its architecture, it is filled with objects

of interest. Its paintings, statues and stained glass all deserve notice, and a second visit was paid to it on the following morning. The cathedral is far inferior to the basilica. Its Roman architecture, although good, is heavy, and it is wholly wanting in the grand simplicity that characterizes the other. From the cathedral, after again driving through the Piazza Maggiore for another look at the fountain with its statue of Neptune by Giovanni di Bologna, the party went to the Campo Santo, passing out of the Porta di Saragossa, and driving for more than a mile along the celebrated portico, of upward of six hundred arches, that connects Bologna with the Church of San Luca, some three miles from the city. This structure is altogether unique, and stretches across the plain and up the mountain side, conforming to the inequalities of the surface, but always preserving the succession of its arches in accurate uniformity.

The public cemetery of Bologna, the Campo Santo, as it is called, was originally the cloister of a convent, beneath whose arcades the dead are preserved in vaults above ground. It has been added to from time to time, and is now a collection of arcades, whose monuments furnish rare specimens of sculpture, and some of whose architectural combinations are extremely beautiful.

Returning to the city by a different route, the party saw the sun set from the Montagnola, looking down upon the Piazzzi d'Armi. It was the first warm evening that had been experienced in Italy. Neither at Naples nor at Rome had the party suffered from the heat; but here at Bologna it was a subject of congratulation, that for a while, at least, the line of travel was to the north.

The following morning was devoted, in great part, to the Academia della Bella Arti, after seeing the two

leaning towers—the Torre degli Asinelli and La Garisenda in the Foro di Mercanti. The weather was too warm to permit an ascent of the four hundred and thirty steps of the former, even had the haze in the atmosphere not precluded the enjoyment of the panorama from the summit. At Pisa the leaning tower is of marble, and has architectural pretensions; but the Bolognese towers are square shafts of brickwork, without beauty of any kind to recommend them. While looking at La Garisenda, the writer could not help wishing to apply to it the plan by which the Glasgow manufacturer restored his tall chimney to the perpendicular, sawing horizontally through successive courses of brickwork on the upper side, until, as the weight of the mass above closed cut after cut, the object was attained. The Torre degli Asinelli has height to recommend it; but La Garisenda is nothing but a clumsy chunk, wanting even the outlines of a well-proportioned mass.

The best pictures in the Academia have been collected in a few rooms, where are to be seen the chefs-d'œuvre of the Bolognese school; and where the merits of the artists can be better appreciated, perhaps, than in any other galleries. The masterpieces of Guido and Domenichino are more widely scattered. Besides the rooms referred to, there are others filled with paintings well worthy of close examination. The choicest picture of the Academy seems however, to be the St. Cecilia of Raphael, which has been multiplied by innumerable copies on canvas and engravings; and again the writer sat before it, and tried to realize in his own perceptions all that has been said of it, his standards of comparison being, of course, the other great works of Raphael. He could appreciate the intense absorption of the saint, the abandon of her attitude, and acknowledge the power which thus portrayed the superhuman ecstasy.

But, apart from this, and looking not merely to rules of composition and the rejection of straight lines across a picture, whether in colors or formed by a series of heads, or otherwise, but to all the accessories which combined to produce the whole, the writer failed for the second time to be carried away by Raphael's St. Cecilia. Not so, however, with the Crucifixion by Guido. Nothing can be more noble and impressive than this grand work, and few pictures are better placed. With no one rule of art violated, and yet with art forgotten while in presence of its highest illustration, with the whole action concentrated, and yet with all the actors individualized, with a perfect subordination throughout, it is worth a visit to Bologna to see this picture alone. So, too, with the same painter's Madonna della Pieta.

There are a good many modern paintings in the lower halls of the Academy; but they threaten no rivalry that the Caraccis and Domenichinos, Guidos and Guercinos may dread.

On the same principle that the writer once ate *pâté de foie gras* in the month of August, at Strasburg, he ordered Bologna sausage for lunch on the 26th of May in Bologna; and when it came knew not which to wonder at the most—the size of its continents, as Shakespeare calls the confines of seas, the intensity of its garlic, its toughness, or the surroundings on the plate on which it was served. For the first time the writer was disposed to credit the fable that the reason why dead donkeys are never seen in Italy is, that they are made into Bologna sausages. If so, from the specimen of to-day, Italian donkeys die old.

The heat of the preceding day had greatly moderated when the party drove to the railroad station beyond the walls of the city, and in the 3.35 train set

out for Padua, where they were to connect with the train from Verona to Venice. The country over which the road passed was flat and uninteresting. A glimpse of Ferrara, with its castle, was had upon the right, and soon after the harder breathing of the engine betokened an ascent, that was explained as the train passed over the Po, flowing, it might be said, along the crest of the highest hill in the country. The mills anchored in the stream, their wheels moved by its rapid waters, were just seen and then lost sight of as the train descended into the level country, and, passing Rovigo and Monselice, reached Padua at seven o'clock. Just twenty-one years before, the writer, who had then stopped a day in Padua, on his way from Verona to Venice, had waited at the same station, in the same room, at the same hour, for the arrival of the same train; and here he was once more, listening to the same bugle-notes which announced its arrival and gave the signal for its departure. Some disposition to moralize there was, no doubt, but the shout of "*Primera classe*," as the door of the first-class waiting-room, looking upon the platform, was thrown open, checked it; and a few moments later the train was hurrying full speed on its way. There was a moment's pause only, in the dusk of the evening, at Mestre, and soon after the great viaduct across the Lagoon was reached, and the salt sea air came freshly into the cars, and lights began to glimmer along the horizon to the east, and then there was a long, shrill whistle, and the next minute the party were in Venice. In another minute, almost, Giovanni had placed them in a gondola, and before the thundering roll of the railroad had ceased to vibrate in their ears they were gliding noiselessly upon the Grand Canal, to turn, before reaching the Rialto, into narrow waterways that looked cavernous in their gloom, to emerge

in the glare of the lights of the Piazzetta, and then to land at the gondola entrance of

“An ancient Venetian palace,
Whose windows with lampions were bright,”

on the Riva di Schiavoni—the Hotel Danieli.





CHAPTER IX.

VENICE.

TWO previous visits had not made the writer indifferent to Venice when he found himself looking once more across the canal of San Marco to the Church of San Giorgio, on the island opposite the hotel. As for the other members of the party, it may be said that on the entire journey never had a most excellent dinner met with so little attention. There was a moon, too, which had been their hope ever since they left America ; and, although it was now drawing near its setting, and its slanting rays made the Church of Santa Maria della Salute cast broad shadows from its silvered dome over the Grand Canal, yet each day was to better things in this regard, and all that had been dreamed of. the

“Dark, purple, moon-lighted midnight”

of Venice would, it was believed, yet be realized.

No one thinks of a visit to Italy without including Venice. Even those who do not venture beyond the Apennines, for fear of Roman fevers, cross the Alps for the sake of Venice ; and the time passed here on this occasion was, perhaps, all things considered, the pleasantest of the journey. It is well enough, when one can do no better, to have horses and carriages at command, and one never thinks of being annoyed at

the rumbling of wheels and the clatter of hoofs upon the pavement, and one bears the jolts of the gutters and the trouble of getting in and out ; but the *ne plus ultra* of locomotion, for mere comfort, is to be found in a gondola—a gondola with soft cushions and luxurious benches for extended limbs, with an awning whose curtains shield one from the sun while they flutter in the gentle winds that eddy along the canals of Venice. Thus provided, and with gondoliers in trim array, whose oars dip noiselessly in the water, one may glide from place to place without fatigue, and indulge undisturbed in all the fancies and the reveries that the place suggests.

Eight days were spent in Venice, and, with the experience of two previous visits, the writer took good care that there was nothing of interest that was not seen. The morning's round was in the gondola—the evening's row was in the gondola ; and when the attractions of St. Marc close at hand did not draw the party thither, it was in the gondola that Venetian moonlights were appreciated and enjoyed. It was a gala-time, too, upon which this visit to Venice had fallen. Prince Humbert, the heir-apparent of Victor Emanuel, had brought his bride, Marguerite of Savoy, to the city, and fêtes and rejoicings were the order of the day and night. It was something to see a procession on the Grand Canal in holiday costume. On a former occasion, the writer had seen the crowd of common gondolas, the hackney coaches of Venice, so to speak, follow a band of music elevated on a platform resting on barges, on its way to serenade the Duchesse de Berri, whose palace was at the farthest end of the Grand Canal ; and so far as the excitement of the struggle for precedence among the gondoliers went, it was a thing to be remembered ; but when the Bengal lights were burned from the Foscari

palace, they illuminated but the black rank and file of gondolas, unrelieved by female forms or bright dresses of the occupants. This was in the time of the Austrians; now, it was *Italia unita* that turned out to exhibit its patriotism in honor of the heir to the throne which the Venetian themselves had chosen.

The palace occupied by the prince looked out upon the Giardino Reale, west of the Piazzetta, and from the canal beyond the garden the royal gondola was expected to appear. Here, therefore, were collected those that were intended to take the lead in the procession, besides a crowd of others that almost covered close the waters between the Giardino Reale and the Dogana del Mare immediately opposite. Nothing could have been more beautiful. The sun was low down behind the Church of Santa Maria della Salute, and a broad cool shadow rested on the Grand Canal and on the Giardino Reale. The winged lion and the St. Theodore of the columns of the Piazzetta were still in broad daylight, and high above them, and relieved against the deep blue of the sky, was the summit of the Campanile, reddened by the sunbeams. But one turned from inanimate nature, beautiful as it was, and the quaint Venetian architecture around, to the world of life upon the Grand Canal.

One has seen pictures of such scenes, and read descriptions of them, but pictures and descriptions fall short of what Venice is when the Venetians give themselves up in good earnest to enjoyment. Here swept by a gondola, whose owner reclined under a silken canopy, on cushions of crimson velvet in the prow. In the stern, high up, was a gilded statue of Victory holding the tasseled ends of drapery whose festoons of alternate white and crimson extended forward, so as to conceal entirely, as they trailed in the water, the vessel's

hull. The oars, which rested in carved and gilded rowlocks, were in the hands of twenty turbaned gondoliers, attired in what seemed cloth of gold and crimson; every man known in Venice for his skill, and now, with brawny arms bared to the shoulders, straining each muscle in some momentary contest. Rapid as was the movement of the gondola, rushing on one occasion as if to be dashed to atoms against the wall of the Giardino Reale, its owner waving his hand made it motionless, as the gondoliers squared their oars in the water and bore backward with all their strength, while the foam flew high around them. This seemed a favorite feat, and whenever it was performed the padrone of the gondoliers laughed and his turbaned crew grinned their satisfaction at its success. There were many more such gorgeous gondolas as that now described. Sometimes the statues were of silver in place of gold. Sometimes the trailing and festooned drapery was upheld at stern and prow by quaintly-carved standards glittering with gold or silver. Sometimes there were ten, sometimes a dozen gondoliers, wearing the Venetian bonnet, with which portraits of the Doges make us familiar. One set of gondoliers, the writer remembers, seemed robed in silver; another set wore the colors of their owner, one side of their bodies being clad in purple and the other side in green. Sometimes, in place of a single representative of the family reclining on velvet cushions in the prow, the gondola, draped in striking colors and with liveried oarsmen, carried ladies in rich attire, dressed indeed as for the ball-room, seated at the stern. Nor is this the description of but one or two vessels that were remarkable among the crowd that moved upon the Grand Canal. There were so many that the writer's difficulty at the time was to select the one he should describe in his

next letter to his friends in America. In a word, nothing but the Bucentaur was wanting to realize all that Canaletto ever placed on canvas.

And to and fro the gondolas moved continually until the clapping of hands from the Giardino Reale announced the coming of Prince Humbert, and there shot from the small canal already mentioned a gondola draped with blue and silver, and propelled by gondoliers in liveries of the same. Near the stern was Prince Humbert, who raised his hat to the loud vivas; and near to him were two ladies, one of whom, recognized by her bending her head to the salutations of the crowd, was his bride, Marguerite of Savoy, in evening dress, and very lovely, exceeding lovely—a graceful and gracious lady; a face not remarkable for regularity of feature, but a face that one would not soon tire of looking at—a face not without character, but in which kindness was the predominant expression. The writer saw her again at the Fenice, where, in place of the warm rays which came from the western sky just after the setting of the sun, there was a blaze of gaudy gaslight. Still, the impression was the same, and there was the same grace of gesture as she bent forward in the box to acknowledge the enthusiastic greeting of the parterre, as when the applause of many hands was echoed from the walls of the palaces that lined the Grand Canal.

The appearance of the Prince's gondola set the procession in motion, and away it swept along the canal, led by a band of music on a decorated platform elevated above a barge whose sides were draped with festoons that concealed the hull. And now the struggle for place among the gondolas became most exciting: those with many oars were in the lead; those that followed were in such close contact that a person might

have walked upon them from one side to the other of the canal as on a bridge of boats. The vociferation of the gondoliers, the cheers of the occupants, the clattering of oars, the splash of waters, the rushing sound of hundreds of gondolas in motion, gave an animation to the scene that is simply indescribable. How this mass of movement, filling as it did the wider portions of the canal, was to pass under the bridge of the Rialto, was the next question; but on it streamed, and the echoes of the great arch were scarcely heard before it was left behind. By the time the head of the procession had reached the Church of St. Lucia, twilight had nearly gone; the music ceased; and when Prince Humbert was seen returning, it was the signal for a general dispersion. Slowly now the gondolas passed under the modern bridge near Gli Scalzi, and between the rows of palaces from which still hung the draperies that had done honor to the procession, and where still floated the tricolor of Italia Unita. Red, white and blue lights were burned at the Foscari Palace and elsewhere as Prince Humbert's gondola passed by; but the great excitement was at an end; the oars of the padrone and his fellow dropped wearily into the water as they propelled the light vessel noiselessly along. The moonlight shimmered on the broad canal as the night wind from the Adriatic covered the surface with tiny waves. The steel beaks of passing gondolas became silver in the rays; the palaces threw their broad shadows, lights shone from their windows, voices sometimes in song rung out upon the night. Reaction had followed excitement, and it was with a feeling of relief that the party landed near the Giardino Reale, and passing through the western arcade of the Piazzetta, gained the great square of St. Marc, and found seats and sherbets in front of Florian's Café.

The first day in Venice had been a success unquestionably ; for, besides joining in the procession, churches and palaces had been visited, the Bridge of Sighs had been crossed, the opposite dungeons looked into, and the latter portion of the morning had been spent in the Ducal Palace. Nor was the second day less so. The party were certainly in luck to fall in with Prince Humbert on their route. The procession was to be followed by an illumination, and the next evening all the talent that could be brought together was to give a representation of *La Favorita* at the Fenice, and the night after there was to be a Tombola.

There is a lateral canal on one side of Hôtel Danieli crossed by a stone bridge high enough for a gondola to pass under, and some fifteen or twenty feet wide. The side door of the hotel opened on this canal ; and, ordinarily, one stepped from the door directly into a gondola. But on this second morning the gondola was moored at the little platform projecting from the Riva di Schiavoni opposite the hotel ; and the reason was, that a temporary wooden bridge, beneath which a gondola could not pass, had been thrown alongside of the other across the small canal as an additional accommodation to the crowd that it was expected would stream along the Riva to and from the Giardini Pubblici, which were to be the central attraction of the night.

It was desirable, of course, to obtain tickets to that portion of the gardens where the reception of the prince and his bride was to take place. But only three could be procured ; and with these the party embarked at dusk, and followed down the Canal of San Marco to the point on which the gardens have been laid out. The process of lighting the lamps had already commenced ; and by the time the party reached the reserved landing-place, the gardens were all ablaze. It was a

breathless night, and long ranges of lamps of many colors, festoons of lamps, spiral lines of lamps around the trunks of trees, lamps hung amid the branches by hundreds, lamps in groups on scaffoldings erected for the purpose, lamps that made daylight at the central pavilion which crowned the elevation near the extremity of the gardens—in a word, lamps everywhere, and little else than lamps was to be seen. The Venetians on this occasion certainly had not done things by halves.

Landing at the reserved platform, it was soon discovered that three tickets would not admit four persons; and though the information was most politely communicated, yet this did not prevent its being necessary to make way for those better provided, and to land where the unticketed crowd had free entrance. Still, the tickets were not to be contemned, and Giovanni and two of the ladies entered with them from the land side into the enclosure, the courier's knowledge of Italian making his presence indispensable. The writer and one of his daughters were fortunate enough to find seats not far from a temporary restaurant, already surrounded by a portion of the thousands that filled the gardens—a crowd whose numbers were only less surprising than the perfect order that distinguished it. Seats, this evening, however, were not to be had for nothing; and the writer was at once greeted by an attendant of the restaurant, and asked what the signor commanded. "*Bierra*," was the reply, and on the instant two glass tankards of brown liquid were placed on the table, and, drop by drop, emptied on the grass. Thinking that the seats had been occupied long enough for only two glasses, the attendant came again, and again two *bierras* were "commanded," and disposed of in like manner—and again a like importunity produced a like result. By this time, however, the rest of

the party made their appearance ; and the writer left the place with the reputation, doubtless, if he was believed to have drunk what he ordered, of a capacity for beer before unknown in Italy. A walk through the gardens, now filled with people, and afterward a row around them, and then a slow return to the hotel, watching the lights that were burned, and the rockets that were thrown up from the gardens and the islands, closed the evening. Those of the party who had gone to the pavilion described the effect there as most striking ; and they saw once more the sweet face and graceful bearing of Marguerite of Savoy. Whether it is a criticism or a compliment to the taste of Prince Humbert, yet no one saw him and his wife together that was afterward able to describe *his* appearance.

All night long the tramp of many feet across the wooden bridge already mentioned was heard, and day had begun to break before there was silence in the Riva di Schiavoni. An hour afterward, the water-carriers were shouting, *Acqua fresca*, the steam was shrieking from the boat ready to start for the *tiro nazionale*, the roll of oars in the rowlocks was heard, with the voices of sailors at the landing, and even a hand-organist had commenced his grinding before the hotel.

The next night the party went to the opera and saw the beauty and fashion of Venice crowding every box, and scarce leaving standing-room in the pit. The performance was *La Favorita*, gotten up, as stated by those better able to judge than the writer, in a way worthy of the occasion.

And yet another night was devoted to the heir-apparent and his bride. This was the night of the *Tom-bola*, as the lottery is called, preparations for which had been going on during the day in the great square. In the centre was a tower, on whose sides were painted

in large letters the figures whose combinations were on the tickets ; and at the upper end was a platform on which the drawing was to take place, and from whence the numbers drawn were indicated on the sides of the central tower. It is no exaggeration whatever to say that, by the time the drawing commenced, which was soon after dark, the crowd was so densely packed, from side to side, in the great square, that it was next to impossible to make way through it. As to comfortable seats in front of Florian's, that was out of the question ; a seat inside, even, was obtained only after a good deal of watchfulness. Every one in the crowd seemed to have a ticket in hand, and on the outskirts there were dealers offering them for sale to the last moment. Had there been a panic and a rush in this vast multitude of closely-packed human beings, where the women and children were mingled indiscriminately, the consequences would have been fearful ; but the utmost order prevailed. Good humor, even with the losers, predominated. From the windows of the palace the royal party looked out upon the scene, for the *spectacle* of the Tombola is in the throng, illuminated not only by the lines of lamps around the Piazza, but by pyramids here and there, where jets of gas flared and flickered. The centre of attraction in Venice is the great square of St. Marc ; not only because of the cafés and shops that line its sides, and the band that nightly performs there, but on account of the objects of interest of which it is in the immediate neighborhood. At one end is the Church of St. Marc, with its onion-shaped domes, its imposing though gloomy interior, its bronze horses, and the masts, rising from bronze bases, on which were once suspended the gonfalons of Venice, Cyprus and the Morea, but from which now floats the flag of Italy, with its three bars of green, white and red, the white bearing the

cross of Savoy in the centre. Where the piazza opens into the piazzetta is the campanile, with the Loggia of Sansovino at its foot; and on the opposite side of the square is the Torre del Orologio, with its quaintly-ornamented and gilded face. Then the piazzetta, as already said, opens from the piazza, and, with the Ducal Palace on the one side and the Treasury on the other, extends to the water's edge, where stand the columns of St. Theodore and St. Marc. The Ducal Palace is open to the public daily, and affords a constant source of enjoyment to those who are interested in the treasures of art that it contains. With such surroundings, it is not wonderful that the great square is resorted to. At night it is the centre of Venetian life.

But there were other things to be seen in Venice; and, accordingly, the round of the most remarkable of its churches was made, and a morning was spent in the Academia della Belli Arti, and of that morning as much time as had yet been given by any of the party to a single picture, before Titian's Ascension of the Virgin. On a former visit, the writer had seen the Peter Martyr, by the same great master, in the Church of San Giovanni e Paolo. Since, it has been destroyed by fire, and the church was filled with scaffolding, as the repairs were being made of the damages caused by the burning of the adjacent sacristy, into which the painting had been taken to facilitate a copyist.

Palaces here, as elsewhere, were visited, and, in truth, nothing was omitted. One morning was devoted to the Armenian Convent, where the good brothers cultivated their gardens, made their butter (selling it, by the way, to Danieli), printed their books, and grumbled at the new régime, which, refusing to recognize them, as the Austrians had done, as subjects of the Sultan, claimed them as liegemen of Victor

Emanuel, and, which was a very sore place, taxed them accordingly. Another hour was given to Murano and its bead manufactories; another to the Arsenal and its surroundings; another to the Tiro Nazionale, or shooting-grounds; and when evening came there were moonlight voyages to the Lido, and round the island of the Giudecca, and in the Grand Canal, and wherever fancy or curiosity prompted the gondola to be steered, under the influence of the associations proper to this City of the Sea.

But there were things about him now, at the writer's third visit, that interested him far more than the sights which he had gone the round of twice before. The Venice of 1868 was not the Venice of 1847, or of 1857 either. On both visits, in these years, the writer had looked upon Venice as a doomed city, and there was nothing in the stained and ill-repaired walls of her palaces, in her empty port, in her Grand Canal, on which he had once watched impatiently from his window to see a single gondola go by, in the dull and listless appearance of her people, to produce any other impression. From 1847 to 1857 he had observed but little change—none to call for remark. Now, however, it was different. It was as though a sleeper had awakened. There was activity everywhere. The port, in front of the hotel, was alive with steamers and sailing-vessels, going and returning. In the Canal of the Giudecca, beyond the Dogana del Mare, masts lined the shore; toward the Giardini Publici large ships were anchored. Still farther on, shipyards were busy. Old palaces on the Grand Canal were being repaired or rebuilt; others had been freshened in some marvelous way, their stains no longer seeming

“As if the wealth within them had run o'er.”

Nor was the improvement confined to such changes as have been referred to, and which some accident of commerce may have caused, whether under Austrian or Italian rule. The government was visible in more than one portion of the good work that was on hand. There was a competitive exhibition of the productions of Italian art and industry going forward. The rooms of the Ducal Palace were filled with articles of all sorts, well arranged and carefully watched; and gold and silver medals, with the names of the successful candidates—for the awards had already taken place—showed that the government was not a niggard in this respect. Paintings of Paul Veronese on the ceiling looked down on choice modern weapons of a Milan manufacturer, or a chemical preparation, or a sample of that photography undreamt of in the days of Veronese, which was to make the sun his rival. And these rooms, with their odd combinations, were not empty either. Crowds of men and women—not mere ladies and gentlemen, but representatives of the people—filled them at all times, and looked with curious interest at the articles exhibited.

Then at the Academy the prizes for painting and sculpture and architecture were contended for, and long ranges of rooms here were occupied with what had been offered in competition.

Among the paintings there was one that always had a crowd before it, and whose attraction the writer could not at first understand. It represented an Austrian trooper and his horse stabled in a sacristy, on the walls of which the soldier had intended to express the idea conveyed by the words "Viva Pio Nono;" but having written them as the Germans pronounce Italian, "*Fiffa*, Pio Nono," the crowd were amused at the soldier's crying, "For shame," as it were, to the head of the Church. Some of the works offered in competition,

especially in sculpture, were far above mediocrity ; and here again the hand of the government was visible, and, what was more satisfactory still, an appreciative spirit on the part of the people was most apparent.

And again, and in another way, the effort to promote Italian unity was seen in the Tiro Nationale, at which representatives from every part of Italy appeared as contestants for the prize awarded to the best marksman. On the only plain in Venice a row of targets had been placed at a proper distance from a long shed erected for the competitors. Above this waved the distinguishing banners of all the districts represented. The shooting was excellent, and the Tiro attracted at least as much attention as the ducal gallery. The most successful shot was a young girl, who gained a man's proportion of the prizes. Of the middle height, well formed, not ill-looking, her short dress showed a well-turned ankle and a little foot, *bien chaussée*, on which she stood firm as a rock as she prepared to fire. Raising the rifle to the perpendicular, she let it fall slowly and drew the trigger instantly on covering the mark. While others hesitated in attempting to steady the weapon against the shoulder after getting it into line, the girl allowed no time for the trembling of a muscle. This was very unfeminine, no doubt, but there was fascination about it notwithstanding. The Italians seemed to think so, for they crowded around their countrywoman, the daughter of a gunmaker in Venice. But we are lingering too long in the City of the Sea.



CHAPTER X.

TRIESTE—MIRAMAR—MORASS OF LAIBACH—THE SIMMERING
PASS—VIENNA.

AT ten o'clock on the night of June 2d, the party embarked on board the steamer for Trieste. The moon was high in the heavens as the vessel moved down the Canal di San Marco and gained the open sea. A glare of light in the horizon showed for some time the position of Venice. Even this disappeared at last, and all that remained of Venice was the memory of eight days of pleasure.

The sea was smooth, not even a swell to cause the slightest motion, but the sleeping accommodations were indifferent enough. Many of the passengers remained on deck during the night, and it was quite a study to note the various attitudes in which it was possible to find repose. The man who laid flat on his back, without a pillow, on a bench on the upper deck, and slept like an infant, and another who held himself bolt upright in his chair, without a support for his head, and who never so much as nodded, were the persons most to be envied.

At sunrise, land, visible on both sides, marked the entrance of the Gulf of Trieste. As the steamer neared the coast its features became more distinguishable; and on the left a long range of high mountains formed the horizon. At the foot of these, a white dot was pointed out

as Miramar, the residence of the unfortunate Maximilian. The fishing-boats, with their brown and red sails, ornamented with crosses, which had been so frequent at Venice, made their appearance again in great numbers, and through quite a fleet of them the steamer, at seven o'clock, passed the fort and lighthouse at the extremity of the mole, and was soon fastened to the quay. In a few minutes more the party, with the day before them, were at the Hôtel de la Ville, looking out upon a harbor crowded with shipping, and upon a spacious street busy with the life and animation of a great seaport town.

The morning was devoted to the sights of Trieste. These are not many. But it is worth while to ascend the hill on which is the Cathedral of San Giusto, not only to see the Byzantine style of architecture in a church built within five hundred years of the death of our Saviour, but to have the view seaward from the height. And the Tergesteum, too, is well worth a visit, with its bazaar, concert-room and merchants' exchange. Then again, the Greek church should be seen, and a drive through the principal streets of the new town will not be uninteresting.

Better than all this, however, was the evening drive to Miramar along the shore of the Adriatic, upon the very perfection of a carriage road. The castle is a modern building, of a quaint, fanciful Gothic, extremely picturesque and looking very new. It was a strange fancy to place it on a pile of rocks jutting into the sea with a wild mountain behind them. It seemed as though the site had been selected for the purpose of showing what art could do to tame nature. And certainly, the demonstration is satisfactory, for, with the most unpromising materials, Maximilian and Carlotta succeeded in making as lovely a home as can well be imagined. Gardens, shrubberies, green arcades, stat-

ues and fountains surround the castle landward. Broad balconies overhang the sea, while, within, all that wealth, guided by perfect taste could accomplish, has been done. How Maximilian could leave such a home for Mexico was more wondered at than ever. How a man whose pursuits were refined and elegant could have found attractions in the name of emperor, and in the prospect of reigning over such a people as the Mexicans, it is difficult to conceive. The drive back to Trieste, with a magnificent sunset on the Adriatic, closed the one day spent in the chief seaport of the Austrian dominions.

Leaving Trieste on the 7.10 express train on the 4th June, the railroad ascended by a heavy grade, through cuts and over grand aqueducts, the mountain side overhanging almost the sea below, and soon one looked down upon the roofs of Miramar. A steamer was passing at the time under its walls. The motionless water reflecting perfectly the morning sky, the vessel seemed suspended in mid air. And so the road continued to climb mile after mile, until turning to the right it struck across an elevated and barren region, skipping from height to height of heavily rolling land, with extended views on all sides, and with peeps occasionally into deep sinks or hollows, in which a few vines or mulberries had been planted. Strong walls at frequent intervals showed the precautions taken to protect the trains from the hurricanes. At Nabresina station the road to Venice branched off to the left, and at Prosecco, some miles farther, the last view of the Adriatic was obtained. Then came tunnel after tunnel, viaduct after viaduct, the road winding in all directions to accommodate itself to the rude topography, until the train stopped at Adelsberg station. Here was a temptation, and it was wellnigh yielded to, but limestone caverns

were not peculiar to Europe ; and, weighing all things, it was determined that the day that would be lost by the exploration might be more profitably spent, and with more enjoyment, elsewhere on the journey. This seemed to be the conclusion of others too ; for a solitary passenger, whose long pale hair, and spectacles, and peculiar head-gear identified him as a German student, was the only one that the train left at the station of the Grotto. In some two hours after leaving Adelsberg, the train came in sight of the great morass of Laibach, a level plain now dotted with farms. The plain is, in fact, a body of turf, some six feet thick, floating upon a fluid mass of mud, of some fifty or sixty feet deep, which in its turn rests on sand and rock. The road sweeps round the morass through cuts and tunnels in the spurs of the projecting hills, or crosses from one to another upon well-constructed viaducts, one of which, at the head of a broad arm of the morass, is remarkable for its length and beauty. Looking down upon the vast floating meadow are the hill churches which characterize this region of country, simple in their architecture—every one with a tower, but perched on the highest conical hills. This is not the country in passing through which, from Trieste to Laibach, one feels disposed to go to sleep.

Laibach, with its square castle on the precipitous height that overlooks the town, and celebrated for the congress that was held there, was reached and left after a brief halt, the train descended the valley of the Save through defiles whose changes of scenery were almost kaleidoscopic. After a good dinner at Steinbruck, the journey was continued up the valley of the Sann, which here falls into the Save. Cilly, with its ruined castle, was soon passed, and then the road, which now skirts the confines of Hungary, crossed a watershed and de-

scended into the broad valley of the Drave. Here was another and very striking change in the character of the scenery since leaving the shores of the Adriatic. No longer striding from hill-top to hill-top upon grand viaducts as in the early morning—no longer winding around the borders of the morass of Laibach—no longer threading its tortuous way through the cliffs of the Save—the road, without a curve almost, pursued its course across wide plains of the richest cultivation, until, turning into the valley of the Mur, it came to the station of the gray old town of Gratz.

It was somewhere about four o'clock in the afternoon when the train stopped at Gratz, and the attention which had been kept alive by the scenery until the plain of the valley of the Drave had wearied by its monotony, was roused again in anticipation of the Simmering Pass, which lay between Gratz and Vienna.

Mile after mile was passed, however, after leaving the Gratz station, without anything remarkable. That there was an ascent was evident, and the valley became narrower as the train sped along; but the sun was getting behind the mountains, twilight was threatened, and still the wonders of the Simmering were in the imagination only. And so it continued until the train rushed into a large tunnel at the summit, emerging from which the descent toward Vienna commenced. It was still daylight, and never had daylight shone upon a feat of engineering skill more remarkable than that which was seen at every turn. The Vienna side of the mountains presented a succession of splintered crags. Sometimes these thrust themselves athwart the line of the road, their smooth faces going down almost perpendicularly into dark depths, from which viaducts had to be raised to the level of the tunnels that were to pierce the rock, before the miners could begin their

work of excavation. Sometimes the road, instead of piercing the Alpine buttresses, was carried through long galleries just within them, lighted by openings at regular intervals, looking like the embrasures of fortifications. How the preliminary surveys of such a route were made, how the location was effected, how the construction was accomplished, were wonders. No mere words, not even the photographic views which abound, can adequately describe the Simmering Pass on the Vienna side. Once, when high up in the mountains, the road sprang as it were across a deep and narrow valley, and from the windows of the cars one looked down upon the main street of a town, hundreds of feet so immediately below that it seemed as if a pebble might have been cast upon the housetops. One almost tired, at last, of this succession of viaducts and galleries; and scarcely felt sorry when, as the bottom of the pass was reached, night came down upon both mountain and valley; nor could more be seen until long lines of lamps, at half-past nine o'clock, indicated the approach to the capital of Austria. Half an hour later the party were comfortably lodged in the Hotel of the Archduke Charles, in the Kärnthner Strasse in Vienna.

Close by the Hotel of the Archduke Charles is the Cathedral of St. Stephen, and not far from that is the Graben, and within an easy walk are the most interesting objects in Vienna—palaces, churches and public gardens. It did not take much time to make the round of these. Oddly enough as it seems to a stranger, the old city concentrates within it all that is fashionable and popular; while the magnificent Boulevards seem comparatively deserted—comparatively only, for throughout Vienna there is life and movement. But one resorts to the Graben for all that is costly or curious, and

takes up his abode at the Archduke Charles or the Munsch opposite, when the broad streets outside the old walls are more airy and commodious, and far more beautiful.

Five days were spent in Vienna—five busy days, for there was much to see; and although the distances were not great in the old city, yet the drives in the neighborhood took time. The Cathedral of St. Stephen with its magnificent spire, now undergoing repair and restoration; its gloomy yet most imposing interior; its pictures and monuments, so different, so widely different, from those of the churches of Italy, was visited again and again. A grand specimen of Gothic architecture this Cathedral of St. Stephen, wanting only reasonable space around to make its *tout ensemble* one of the most imposing in Europe. But one enters the tower through a miserable little house built close against the wall of the edifice, and in truth finds no spot in the neighborhood from which the cathedral can be seen as a whole. From St. Stephen's to the Capuchin Church is but a step; and here one goes, not for the architecture of the building, but that one may descend into the cold, damp vaults in which are placed the sarcophagi of the imperial family. Some two or three of these were regarded with peculiar interest. There are a great many of them; and of each the Capuchin guide has a word or two to say. That of Maria Theresa interests you because of her historical renown—one of the great women of the world. That of the Duke of Reichstadt, because of the feeling which is connected everywhere with Napoleon, and the recently-placed coffin of Maximilian, emperor of Mexico, because of the sadness of his fate. On this occasion the party that stood beside it had so recently seen his home, the flowers he loved, the trees he planted, the hundred things that spoke of

quiet habits of domestic life, that it was with more than ordinary interest they looked upon his tomb.

A few steps farther, after emerging from the vault of the Capuchins, is the Church of the Augustines, which contained what was far more attractive than the imperial sarcophagi—the monument to the Archduchess Christina of Saxe-Teschen by Canova. As with all allegorical designs, there is occupation in translating the story told in the marble. But, apart from the story, the monument is admirable as a work of art. One may be puzzled to find out that the figure with the cinerary urn is Virtue, but there can be no difficulty in appreciating, on the instant, the figures of the old man and the little child ascending the steps to the portal of the tomb. A work like this, however, cannot be taken in at a glance; it must be studied, that its excellence may be felt. Canova ranks with the first of modern sculptors—perhaps *primus inter pares*. A master of the art of composition, whether in single figures or in groups, scrupulously careful and exact in modeling, neglecting no detail, and yet rarely, if ever, degenerating into littleness, and, above all, eminently refined in the conception and treatment of his subject, he deserves unquestionably his high position. It is only when his Roman Theseus is placed within a step of the Apollo, so as to invite a comparison between the two, that one feels the disposition to depreciate him in any one respect.

There is a Theseus by Canova in Vienna, which occupies an imitation of the Temple of Theseus at Athens. The hero is here represented as slaying the centaur, and the group is of rare excellence. It is in the Volksgarten, one of the most popular places of public resort in the city.

The pilgrimage through the galleries of art that a

European tour involves is often, no doubt, a penance to those who have no tastes to gratify by wandering among statues and pictures. Fortunately for the present party, there was sufficient interest felt in such things to prevent this feature of the journey from becoming a fatigue ; and the galleries of Vienna afforded great pleasure. "What a delight it must be," said the youngest of the party to the old usher at the Lichtenstein gallery, "for Prince Lichtenstein to be able to examine at his leisure all these pictures, some of which are so beautiful, and which we have barely time to glance at." "Oh, my dear young lady," was the reply, "Prince Lichtenstein has been here but once since he inherited this palace from his father." But the gallery of Prince Lichtenstein is not the only one in Vienna. There is the gallery of the Belvidere, which is next in rank in Germany to that of Dresden, and superior to it in arrangement. It is rich in Vandykes and Rubens, and with numerous Denners—that patient man who carried mere imitation to its extremest verge in painting ; and below the galleries is the hall whose ceiling rests on caryatidæ, and whose ancient armor is as curious in its way as the pictures above it are excellent in theirs. And then there are other palaces. Nor must the Imperial Palace be forgotten, under which the tide of Viennese life ebbs and flows as it passes on foot and in carriages through the echoing archways. Here, besides much that is interesting, in art, may be seen the regalia of Charlemagne, a tooth and a piece of the coat of John the Baptist, and three links of the chain that bound Sts. Peter, Paul and John. In addition to these, the visitor is shown articles of that tangible money value, in rare diamonds and pearls, about which even skepticism must be silent, and which, to judge from the crowds that visit them, are decidedly more popular than the Vandykes, Rubens

and Denners of the galleries that have been mentioned: Hours may well be devoted to the examination of the objects of interest that the Imperial Palace contains; and when the visitor has completed the tour he scarcely knows which to admire the most—the magnificence of the collections or the liberality that thus enables the public, without cost, to participate in their possession; for the Kaiser himself can have but the pleasure of seeing what belongs to him, and the humblest of his subjects has the same.

Nor, in the enumeration of the sights of Vienna, must the Imperial Arsenal be forgotten. Everything is here that properly belongs to such an institution, and there are numerous curiosities of more than ordinary interest. One likes to look at the buff coat of Gustavus Adolphus—Captain Dalgetty's lion of the North—pierced by the bullet that caused his death; the arms of Marlborough; and the armor of Sobieski. One seems to be brought nearer to the great men of past centuries by this exhibition of their personal apparel.

But, besides what Vienna contained within the limits of the old city, there were the drives that the party took, evening after evening, during their stay. They made the circuit of the boulevards that have taken the place of the rampart ditch and glacis, which had been so powerless in past times to protect Vienna from hostile occupation. They crossed and recrossed the bridges over the Danube, and traversed street after street lined with palatial edifices, where stucco upon brick walls was employed to produce effects hardly surpassed by marble. But then the stucco was very different from that which in American cities peels from the walls under the influences of frost and moisture. The mortar in the joints of the brickwork was kept some half inch or so back from the surface, thus affording a

hold for the stucco sufficient to prevent its falling or becoming loose. Nor, in these circuits of the city, could the immense barracks be overlooked. Nowhere are these necessities of imperialism so prominent as in Vienna. Art, too, had been consulted in their plan, and more than one was as conspicuous for the fair proportions of its architecture as for its size. New buildings were going up in all directions. A magnificent opera-house within the city, a grand double-towered Gothic church upon the boulevard, were particularly noticed. In a word, improvement seemed the order of the day, Sadowa notwithstanding.

No one has heard of Vienna without hearing at the same time of the Prater, and Schönbrunn, and Hietzing. The entrance to the Prater from the city is very beautiful. The Prater itself was a disappointment—a long, straight road through woods more or less dense, bordered by restaurants; and up and down which, on a fine afternoon, carriages of all sorts passed and repassed, generally at a walk, while their owners crowded the restaurants, eating, and drinking beer at tables under the trees. Nothing could be more animated than the scene; and as a specimen of one description of Viennese life, it was most characteristic. But there was no park-like scenery to distract attention from the procession of carriages or the crowds before the restaurants. Thinking there might be something of the picturesque found in the vicinity of the Danube, the writer set out in search of it, but without success. The road was dusty, and when the river was reached, it was at a steamboat landing, where all that was worth looking at was the impetuous stream, which actually *whirled* along between its banks.

Schönbrunn is a different place altogether. There is nothing remarkable about the palace externally. It

is a long range of buildings, made still longer in appearance by a barrack at one end. But the gardens are peculiar and characteristic. Long alleys run in all directions, bounded by what seem to be solid walls of verdure. Forest trees have been clipped by plumbline and square until they form gigantic hedges as true, and from a distance as solid apparently, as walls of masonry. Here and there arches and niches are cut for statues; and where the alleys terminate or intersect, other statues are placed with a view to their pictorial effect. On the garden side of the palace there is a broad avenue ornamented with fountains and groups of statuary, and terminating at the rising ground, on whose summit is the colonnade of La Gloriette, a handsome and spacious structure, from the roof of which there is a view of unsurpassed beauty. The writer can recall few scenes in Europe that equaled this, as it appeared on the evening of his first visit to Schönbrunn. It was near sunset, and moving clouds cast broad shadows on the landscape, letting in here and there pencils of sunlight that fell, now on one part of Vienna, now on another, now making the tall spire of St. Stephen's gleam like burnished gold; now leaving it a dark line against an illuminated background; now glancing on castle and tower far away on the distant hills; now flashing across fields bright with the tender green of early spring; now marking the course of the Danube in silver; now retreating for the day behind the heavy purple masses collected on the horizon, and lingering even then to indicate their forms in orange and crimson lines against the western sky.

The temptation to describe scenes like that which presented itself from the summit of La Gloriette under skyey influences as favorable as those which prevailed on the occasion here referred to, is always great; and

yet, after one has done one's best, words are found to be utterly inadequate to the task. This much, however, the writer can honestly say, that while he recollects little more of the botanical garden than its trim array, and of the zoological collection than the emptiness of very many of its cages, the view from La Gloriette is as distinctly visible to his mind's eye as it was actually when seen from the roof of the colonnade.

On another occasion the party went to the Hietzing, the public garden close by Schönbrunn—not unlike other public gardens, where beer and coffee and refreshments generally prevail, and where there are open-air theatres and bands of music and orchestral performances. The attraction on this occasion was Strauss, the celebrated composer, who wielded his bow as though it were the baton of a field-marshal, and whose performances were greeted with rapturous applause. Prince Napoleon was in the gardens, and the people recognizing him, apparently by his most extraordinary likeness to his great uncle, raised their hats when he passed. Strauss, however, to the habitués of Hietzing, was the greater man of the two.

There are other places in the environs of Vienna to which pleasant excursions might have been made; but with the drives already mentioned in and around the city, and the visits to the Prater and Hietzing, and the two visits to Schönbrunn, the party were willing to take Murray's descriptions for the rest.

It would be an omission in a notice of Vienna not to refer to the Ferdinand Railway Station, one of the handsomest in Europe. There are larger in other places, but there are none that equal, in the elegance of their architecture and the costliness of their marbles, that from which, on the 10th of June, the party set out on their journey to Prague.



CHAPTER XI.

LEAVE VIENNA — BRUNN — SADOWA — PRAGUE — DRESDEN —
BERLIN.

THE railway crosses the Danube after leaving Vienna on the way to Prague, and passes over an immense plain well cultivated, but as monotonous as can be imagined. Away off on the horizon may be seen blue lines of hills; but close at hand all is flat, with here and there a solitary poplar, and in the neighborhood of Vienna earthwork redoubts raised above the otherwise unbroken level. Nor is the monotony relieved by knowing that the train is rushing over the battle-field of Wagram. Although the country gradually becomes somewhat rolling, and villages make their appearance more or less remote from the road, and quaint, odd steeples, conforming to no order of architecture, thrust themselves occasionally into the sky, there is nothing remarkable in the landscape; and the train passes the battle-field of Austerlitz, hard by Raigern, as it did by that of Wagram. At length, however, limestone hills, rising from the general level of the country, oblige the railroad to seek the valleys, and there is something to attract attention on the one side or the other of the cars. There is a grand viaduct at Raigern, and a church which is seen from the station, and the ruins of castles crown the eminences; and afterward tall chimneys, sending forth clouds of smoke, become

the prominent objects in front, and, mingled with castles, and steeples, and towers, announce the approach to Brunn, the capital of Moravia, and said to be the principal manufacturing town in the Austrian dominions.

It was too early for dinner and too late for breakfast when the train stopped at Brunn, and the twenty minutes allowed for either meal was occupied in trying to make out the surroundings of the station. Little, however, could be done in so brief a space, and away the train went—with a glimpse only of the Castle of Spielberg, the Cathedral of St. Peter's and the Bishop's Palace—on its way to Prague.

Between four and five o'clock the ruins of a castle on an eminence announced the approach to Pardubitz, which was mainly interesting as being within a few miles of the battle-field of Sadowa; and soon after, at Koln station, the train stopped close to the battle-field of Koln, where the Austrians achieved the victory—so admirably described by Carlyle—over Frederick the Great, in the Seven Years' War.

Tunnels and viaducts, here as elsewhere on the great lines of European travel, are frequent; and the viaduct by which the railroad crosses a valley at the Auwal station is especially to be noted. In a little while after Prague was reached, and at the Engländer Hof in this old capital of Bohemia the party found comfortable quarters.

The day after was a fête day, and the streets were thronged with the population in holiday dress. High above the city rises the eminence known as the Hradschin, on which is the Cathedral of St. Veit, the palace of the archbishop, the royal palace and other public buildings. From a distance the effect is that of one enormous structure crowded with windows. It was the

first object of attraction on the morning of the 11th June; and quaint and striking were the streets and houses that were passed to reach it. Everywhere the spirit of Eld seemed to have established itself, and to be at home. Nowhere in Europe is the past more apparent than at Prague. The architecture follows no rule, and the climax of originality is reached at the watch-tower which guards the entrance into the Altstadt, from the stone bridge connecting it with the Kleinseite on the opposite bank of the Moldau. Crossing the bridge, the ascent of the Hill of the Hradschin commenced, and one unbroken stream of men, women and children poured down it on their way from morning service in the Cathedral of St. Veit. They did not look like Austrians, these people of Prague. The names on the signs were not German names, nor was it German that was spoken by those whose voices caught the ear of the writer.

By the time the carriage reached the summit of the hill, the last of the crowd had disappeared, and the courts of the palaces and the space in front of the cathedral were deserted. When a sufficient number of visitors had collected, such parts of the buildings as were opened to the public were traversed. Vast halls, that would have been imposing from their size had they not been disfigured by the paltry coloring intended to decorate them; chambers, each of which was connected with some tradition of Bohemian greatness; windows, where the views caused the palace and its history to be forgotten, so very, very beautiful were they,—all these were visited, and so was the Cathedral of St. Veit, and the Shrine of St. John Nepomuc with its silver ornaments said to be solid, and to have, as bullion, more value than any like ornamentation in the world: and the Schatzkammer, with its multitude of rich robes

and relics, was seen ; and one of the balls, out of some fifteen hundred that Frederick the Great planted in the church during the Seven Years' War ; and all the shrines and sepulchres that throng the place.

It was a relief to find one's self, after threading a long and winding passage, in a modern hall, that was being finished, some one said, for the ex-emperor of Austria, who resides in one of the palaces of the Hradschin. This was very beautiful, even in its unfinished state. In size, in proportion, in rich ornamentation, it left little to be desired. Its good taste was perfect.

And yet, with all this quaint old architecture, to which the hall just mentioned is in such striking contrast, there are here and there in Prague handsome edifices of the Roman school—porticoes, said to be by Scamozzi, and façades both simple and elegant. But, as a whole, Prague is of the Middle Ages still, and is one of those cities which a tour in Europe should, if possible, include. It is eminently picturesque in the midst of its palace-crowned hills, with the Moldau cutting it in twain ; with its ramparts turned into walks for the people ; with its history—now in the hands of the Turks, now in the hands of the Christians, and as late as 1866 in the hands of the Prussians, who made but a single swallow of it on their way to Sadowa. Besides all which, it is the city of Wallenstein and Tycho Brahe.

Descending from the Hradschin, a pleasant drive through Prague gave a better opinion of the city than had been formed in going to the palace. Large, open squares were seen, and many noble buildings, of more recent date than the watch-tower at the bridge ; and the Museum occupied an hour in going through it agreeably enough. It did not seem to be a popular institution, however, for there was some difficulty in

getting into it, and the wife of the keeper was obliged, at last, to officiate as guide.

Before returning to the hotel, a visit was paid to the old Jewish synagogue, and then to the burying-ground. Nothing could have been more unpretending and nothing more untidy, to use the mildest term, than the first, with its six hundred years of decrepitude and dust. It is one of the sights of Prague; and one goes there as a duty imposed by the guide-books, but there is nothing to repay the trouble. The carriage was surrounded by a crowd of old men, women and children, who, very naturally, wondered, doubtless, what brought the party into these narrow and unclean streets near the low grounds of the Moldau. The burying-ground has more interest attached to it. It is some twelve hundred years old, filled with gray stones bearing Hebrew inscriptions, and is worth a visit.

After an early dinner, the writer set out for an exploration of Prague on foot, and, carefully noticing all the prominent buildings and marking the street corners in his memory, found his way to the Stone Bridge, that he might have another good look at the Hradschin, get a sketch of the Suspension Bridge, and see the spot where five stars once flickered above the place where St. John Nepomuc fell when he was cast by King Wenceslaus IV. into the river. The sky had been overcast during the day, and a light, drizzling rain, little more than a mist, began to fall, when it was time to return to the hotel.

Sed revocare gradum was now the difficulty. Instead of going to the railway station, which was quite close to the hotel, the writer found, with all the pains he had taken to prevent being lost, that he had reached the Ross Markt; and when he got out of the Ross Markt, it was to find himself, not long after, in the Vien Markt,

and then in the neighborhood of the Suspension Bridge—all of which was very satisfactory as tending to improve his knowledge of Prague, but most annoying otherwise, as night was falling and he had become excessively fatigued. A cab was of course the remedy, but no cabs were to be seen. He tried as much German as had sufficed, more than once, to get him out of like difficulties, but the persons he spoke to replied in a tongue which, if German, was beyond the writer's comprehension; nor was it until he had retraced his steps to the Ross Markt that he found a cab-driver to whom the words *Anglischer Hof* were intelligible, and who carried him back to the hotel.

It was a glorious morning when the party left Prague. A fresh wind had dispersed the clouds and mist of the preceding day; and as the 8.40 A. M. train swept round the great curve into the direction of Dresden, Prague, which was its centre, surrounded by its hills, the Hradschin and its palaces and cathedral towering above the town, was seen to great advantage. The Moldau, here running through low grounds in many channels, is crossed by a viaduct of unusual length, and the road, passing through a very picturesque country, quits, after a while, the valley of this stream to fall into that of the Elbe, crosses the Eger not far from Theresienstadt, a great fortress at the junction of the Eger with the Elbe, leaves behind the field of battle of Lobositz, where Frederick the Great beat the Austrians, and, with the fortress of Königstein high above it, enters what is called Saxon Switzerland, where Frederick had more of that wonderful fighting which Carlyle has described so well—so much better than it was ever described before. One curious in geology will be interested now in the strange forms into which the rocks have been worn in this limestone region. Hurrying along the

banks of the Elbe—seeing boat after boat, with enormous sails, laden, many of them, with stone from the quarries in the river hills—the party passed the castle of Sonnenstein on its rock, and, soon after emerging into a more open country, crossed the battle-field of Dresden, and with Moreau's monument on the left, reached the Dresden station. The journey from Prague was, throughout, one of great interest, and, although the baggage had to be examined at Bodenach, in passing from Austria into Saxony, which was always an annoyance, yet it was far more than compensated, on this occasion, by the time which the process afforded for a better look at Bodenach and the gorge through which the Elbe here finds its way.

Nothing of the kind could have been more pleasant than the Hôtel Bellevue, where the party found quarters at Dresden. Fronting on the Theatre Platz on the one side, and with balconies overhanging the Elbe on the other, it was impossible to be better located, either with regard to what was to be seen on the land or on the water. The picture gallery, the great attraction of Dresden—the armory, if not the largest, the best arranged, probably in Europe; the palace, the opera, the terrace of Bruhl, the old bridge over the Elbe, were within pistol-shot, while there was always amusement for an idle moment in watching the active life of the river, the arrival and departure of steamers at all hours, the passage of the heavy river-boats with their huge sails, tracked, when there was no wind, by their crews on the towing-path under the windows of the hotel, the bath-houses opposite with their gay flags, and the ferry-boats that supplied them with their throng of customers—to say nothing of the humors of a restaurant on which the balconies looked down, and where beer or coffee, according to the time of day, reigned supreme; while,

on the opposite shore of the river, was the Neustadt, and the Japanese palace and its gardens, and other gardens, too, for the insatiable beer-drinkers of Dresden. Ah! the Hôtel Bellevue is a pleasant memory, just as the Hôtel des Voyageurs at Brest is a sorry one!

The party remained three days in Dresden, detained a day longer than had been intended, by the very pleasantness of the place. The mornings were so agreeably occupied, the afternoon drives were so delightful, that the programme of travel was most readily departed from. The great attraction in the way of sight-seeing was the Picture Gallery, celebrated wherever art is appreciated, and containing two of the half-dozen great pictures of the world—the Madonna of St. Sextus and the *Notte* of Correggio. The former has had a room assigned to it; and a heavy gilded frame mounted on a clumsy base demonstrates the pride which Saxony feels in its possession, if nothing else. The *Notte* takes its place upon the walls among the rank and file, above which, however, it rises as a giant among pigmies. It is not the writer's purpose to eulogize what has long since become independent of eulogy. The fascination, it may be called, of these two pictures is extraordinary, and is dependent upon wholly different qualities. There is no story told in the Madonna. The Pope and the Saint in the presence of the Mother of God and the Infant Saviour, with two cherub faces looking out from the canvas,—that is all. The attraction is in the individuality of the figures. That of our Saviour has never been satisfactorily copied. It is this that rivets the attention and collects the crowds that are, at all times, to be found seated in front of the Madonna of St. Sextus. But the *Notte* tells a story. It is divinity in the midst of humanity. The hour, the locality, who the people are that are dazzled by the light which

emanates from the infant Christ, are depicted. Words could add nothing that would make the scene more intelligible than the artist has made it upon canvas. Raphael painted Deity with the conventionalities of the subject. Correggio painted Deity with the realities of life around. If the Madonna is the grander picture, the *Notte* is the more touching.*

There are six large apartments and seven-and-twenty small ones filled with pictures in the Palace Gallery of Dresden, and you pass a morning in wandering through them all. Sometimes a glance satisfies you there is nothing in a room which you care to examine; and then again you are detained irresistibly, and after leaving a picture go back to look at it again. To attempt anything more than a very general reference to well-known paintings in the numerous galleries visited on this occasion by the writer, would exceed the limits of a volume which, as already said more than once, is but a book of hints to suggest a route to travelers in Europe.

On a former visit to Dresden the writer had not been fortunate enough, on account of some long-forgotten difficulty, to see the armory which is in one of the wings of the Zwinger. This time provision was made

* The best copies of the very many that the writer has seen of the Madonna and the *Notte* are in the gallery of the Maryland Historical Society in Baltimore. They were painted by eminent artists, and brought to America, when they made the round of the principal cities as "stars" with much success; and finally, after a varied career, came into the possession of the society. The same gallery possesses also copies, supposed to be the best extant, of the Peter Martyr of Titian, recently destroyed, when the sacristy of the Church of St. Giovanni e Paolo was burnt at Venice; and the Communion of St. Jerome. Distinguished artists were employed by the society to make these copies; and a copy was also obtained of the Marriage at Cana of Paul Veronese—the five pictures being intended as the beginning of the society's collection.

against a like disappointment; and a couple of most interesting hours were passed in this remarkable collection, under the guidance of the gentleman who had devoted himself to its arrangement.

The worst of visits such as have to be paid to these collections is, that the number of things to be seen necessarily limits the time that can be given to each. You have barely taken in the appearance of Martin Luther's Cabinet before you have to turn to Cranach's rare paintings upon glass. From the hunting knife of Henri Quatre you are whisked off to a collection of dog-collars chronologically arranged from the middle of the sixteenth century. Then again, you have scarcely had time to express your admiration of an Italian suit of armor of unsurpassed beauty of workmanship, used in the tilt-yard, before you are asked to note the dents on the targets of black armor used in the combat *à l'outrance*, and have hardly ceased to wonder how the two knights before you could bear their ponderous panoply, before you are shown the blood-stained scarf of the Elector Maurice; and have just shrugged your shoulders at this when the brown armor of the great Gustavus is exhibited; and then you go to the cuirass and helmet of Augustus the Strong, and then to something else; and then to the firearms from the earliest day, to discover that revolvers and breech-loaders are but repetitions of old things made practical by modern skill; and then to the pageantries of royalty; and thus your two hours are spent—pleasantly enough, unquestionably, but too rapidly to leave any very distinct impressions, to be afterward recalled without the aid of memoranda taken at the time. Still, to the mass of visitors, such a progress through the armory is all that is required.

One of the mornings in Dresden included a visit to the Japanese Palace, where there are very beautiful

gardens, and within doors a collection of antique statues and some sixty or seventy thousand specimens of porcelain. These last are no doubt very interesting in connection with the fictile art; but it is not quite as pleasant to be walked through them and listen to the monotone of the exhibitor as to lounge for the same time in the picture gallery; and yet to go to Dresden without going to the Japanese Palace would be to subject yourself to the mortification of being told by some one who had been there that you had missed the only sight worth seeing in the capital of Saxony. The gardens, however, are really worth a visit.

After leaving the Japanese Palace, the party hastened to keep an appointment which had been made for two o'clock to visit the green vault in the Royal Palace—a suite of some eight or nine rooms filled with just such an accumulation of treasures, from an ivory crucifix by John of Bologna down to the merest trinket, as royalty with plenty of money and a taste for curiosities of price might be supposed to collect. Other parties were already in waiting, and an usher announced that not more must enter at a time than could be comfortably accommodated with the explanations of the guide.

“Let Germans come in now,” was presently heard from the door, when an impatient Englishman said, laughingly, as he passed the writer, “I’m in a hurry and will denationalize myself for the occasion,” and entered without challenge with the German crowd. “Let English and Americans come now,” was next heard from the doorway, and the reason was added, “The person accompanying the visitors will speak English;” and with this gathering, the writer and his party entered, and had the benefit of a very intelligent and intelligible tale, while the denationalized gentleman was in vain endeavoring to cull a word that he understood

from the unexceptionable German oratory of the guide to whom he had attached himself.

To those who find pleasure in precious stones, in odd-shaped pearls appropriated to extraordinary purposes, in the finest sorts of goldsmith's work, in regalia, in royal swords and walking sticks, and orders, royal dresses for state occasions, with something here and there which has rare value as a work of art, the visit to the Green Vault will be most interesting; and indeed to any one it is sufficiently interesting, and ought by all means to be paid. It tells of a day when the rulers of Saxony were more wealthy and more powerful than now. Where the field of Sadowa did not absorb, it belittled sadly.

The drives about Dresden are very charming, and one of these should be the Grosser Garten, if only to stroll through its shaded alleys, listen to the excellent music that is to be found there, and drink the best beer of Dresden in the best company, and at a cost that is ridiculously small; and after doing all this, there is still time to visit the monument of Moreau on the field of the battle of Dresden, a simple block of granite surmounted by a helmet resting on a sword, with the inscription, "Moreau der held fiel hier an der seite Alexanders,"* and after a glance at the monument to turn and gaze, long and lovingly, at the exquisite landscape of the valley of the Elbe.

Another drive is to cross the stone bridge and ascend the valley, by a splendid road bordered with villas, looking down upon the river; and among them the house where Schiller wrote *Don Carlos*, passing which, and turning to the right, the bank of the Elbe is reached, where a steam ferry-boat transports carriages to the op-

* "Moreau the hero fell here at the side of Alexander."

posite side. Another drive was down the Elbe and up the valley of a tributary, tumbling along a glen that was savage in its wildness, where the hills on either side screened the visitor from the sun, and where all the surroundings would have justified any quantity of romance, had not an immense and very celebrated *brewery* associated with it the idea of "beer"—everlasting "beer."

And then, in addition to the mornings in the galleries and the afternoons in the fields and woods and gardens, there were the evenings on the Terrace of Bruhl, with the best music in Germany in the Belvidere close by, with well-dressed crowds occupying the chairs around—English and Americans scarcely less than Saxons. Then there were the quiet nights before bed-time on the balconies of the Bellevue, where, with a good cigar and beer to sip at intervals, and home to dream of, one ceased to wonder at the crowds from other lands that sought Dresden as a place to dwell in.

In fact, the three days passed in Dresden were very pleasant days indeed; and it was with the feeling one has in shaking hands with a friend one never expects to see again, that the party on the 16th June left Dresden in the 10 A. M. train for Berlin.

The road lay down the valley of the Elbe as far as Riesa. To this place the journey might have been made by steamer, starting at an earlier hour and reaching the station before the arrival of the train. It is doubtful, however, whether the time lost would have been compensated by anything to be seen on the voyage. From Riesa to Berlin there was little in the scenery worthy of especial notice. The writer recollects that six hours were consumed in traveling one hundred and fifteen miles, the speed being rarely more than twenty miles an hour, which, as the day was warm with much

dust, was regarded as affording legitimate ground for grumbling. To enjoy the landscape from a railroad train, a certain amount of comfort, or at all events freedom from positive discomfort, is essential.

It was near four o'clock when the train reached the Berlin station; and, under the impression left by two previous visits, the writer went at once to the *Hôtel du Nord*, on the *Unter den Linden*—a hotel which has the first rank in Berlin; but which, in its accommodations, is far inferior to many others in places of far less importance than the capital of Prussia. With some experience in travel, both in Europe and America, never did the writer listen to such a babel of voices as resounded during the dinner at the *Hôtel du Nord*. The company was almost exclusively German, crowded into a room not nearly large enough, where everybody seemed to know everybody, and everybody seemed to be speaking at the same time—the result being, not a buzz of conversation, but a roar of talk, varied every now and then by a shout of laughter—honest, jolly laughter. And then the dinner seemed as though it would never come to an end. Course followed course, and some of the courses were remarkable. A pudding or confection of some sort came, not at the end, but in the midst of a feast, which was neither French, nor Italian, nor English—but German, unmistakably German. The writer does not intend to deal largely with either the character or the cuisine of his stopping-places; but the first dinner at the *Hôtel du Nord* was so decidedly the event of the last twenty-four hours, that it would not be right to pass it over in silence.

Before sundown the heat of the day had moderated, and the party drove by the Brandenburg Gate to the Thier Garten, a park of the same general character as the Cascine at Florence, but far more extensive. Water

is here introduced for ornamental purposes, and boats glide in the deep shadow of the trees. Paths lead in all directions; and in the boats, in the paths, on the carriage roads, is the crowd that has left the city to enjoy the density of forest shades within a brief walk from the close and heated streets. Of all the places visited by the writer in Europe, there is not one which has greater advantages in this respect than Berlin.

But there is something besides fresh air and shaded walks and drives in the Thier Garten. The approach to it from the city is lined with handsome residences—villas they might be called, were they not so close together; and within the garden, besides the artists' studios, are cafés, one of which includes an opera house, where there is—as where is there not in Germany?—excellent music, while the grounds of the establishment are ornamented with all kinds of quaint devices—where trees shed water from one set of leaves and emit gaslight from another, and where grottoes and cascades abound.

It was late when the party returned to the Hôtel du Nord. The morning had been passed until ten o'clock in Dresden, one hundred and fifteen miles had been traveled, a novel experience of a German table-d'hôte had been gained, and the evening had been passed in the Thier Garten at Berlin. Truly, on this day no time had been lost.

Long before the rest of the party were astir the following morning, the writer was standing before the noblest monument that art has yet erected to greatness—Rauch's equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, with its surroundings, the generals who, imbued with his spirit, aided him in achieving his renown. Never, perhaps, did character speak out so strongly from bronze or marble as does the character of Frederick here. Al-

though the minutest detail of an ungraceful costume has been faithfully preserved, the last thing you notice in looking at the statue is the dress. You remember the cocked hat after you have turned away, more because you have become familiar with it in prints than because you have noticed it now. It may be safely said that few who have stood before the statue, if questioned afterward, would be able to say whether the walking-stick was suspended by a cord from the wrist or whether a queue hung down the back. The writer knew not they were there until he saw the fact stated in a guide-book, and went back to look for them. Neither is it a handsome man whose memory has been perpetuated; nor a graceful man, nor a kindly-looking man. But it is a man who is every inch a king; it is the representation of such a man as, had the statue been exhumed from some old ruin of past ages, would have set the historian and the antiquarian alike to work to ascertain what and when was the greatness that was there exhibited.

As at Dresden, so at Berlin—you have the notabilities within easy grasp from your quarters at the hotel. The palaces are close by, and—better than the palaces—the museums and the statue-lined streets. The Germans honor their great dead, and are determined their people shall not forget them.

On a former occasion the writer had made the motions of skating in the felt slippers with which he had to be shod in visiting the Royal Palace; and this time he left the performance to be enjoyed, along with the old plate, the White Hall and its statues and some good pictures, by the rest of the party, while he paid a second visit to the Museum and sat before Kaulbach's frescoes. Of these, the Destruction of Jerusalem and the Reformation were preferred.

But the frescoes and the grand hall and stairway form but a small part of the objects of interest in the Museum. Hours may be passed here with profit. Besides a good collection of pictures—inferior to that at Dresden and indeed many others—there is a collection of statues, originals and casts, admirably arranged; models of architecture; a collection of northern antiquities; odds and ends of all sorts of curiosities, some totally unworthy of their place. There is a wax figure of Frederick the Great, dressed in the clothes he wore the day before he died, which should be transferred from a city containing Rauch's monument to the collection of wax figures known as *Madam Tussaud's*, in Baker street, London. Here and there objects of real interest are met with, however; and one looks twice at the model of a windmill made by Peter the Great while working as a ship-carpenter in Holland.

The Museum contains an Egyptian department, which is admirable in every respect; not only for the number of its specimens of Egyptian art, Egyptian worship and the public and private life of Egypt, but for the disposition and arrangement of the whole. Nowhere in Europe is there a collection that so fully illustrates the object of all collections of bygone ages—the giving to the present a representation of the past. We see elsewhere blocks covered with figures or hieroglyphics, and are told they come from such and such a tomb; but what idea do they convey of the tomb itself? What are they better than drawings or engravings? But when a fac simile of the tomb is actually erected, and these very stones are placed in their appropriate places in the walls, then we understand what the stones, by themselves, are incompetent to explain. And this is just what has been done in the Museum at Berlin. And again, there is a fac simile

of an Egyptian temple, with its grave and massive architecture, its columns colored as Lepsius found their fragments colored at Thebes, at Luxor or at Philæ; and on the walls between the columns are admirable frescoes that transport you to the scenes whence these relics have been brought, or where the structures exist which have here been imitated. One lingers long in the Egyptian portion of the Museum, and leaves it unwillingly.

The narrow streets and mediæval architecture that distinguish many of the old cities of Europe, and which disappear slowly as the world progresses, are the exception not the rule in Berlin, where the streets are wide and the houses, if not remarkable for architectural elegance, conform at all events to the ideas of modern comfort. The public buildings, too, are in handsome squares, open all around to light and air; and it is well worth while to drive for an hour or more through the streets of Berlin, to see, that if Frederick had his own way in everything, it was a very good way, having regard to the hygiene of his capital. He collected a good many indifferent pictures, and some of his public buildings prove that he was an indifferent architect, but his deficiencies in these respects were more than compensated by other qualities, and Berlin is their illustration.

One of the afternoons at Berlin was passed in the Zoological Gardens, which occupy a tract of level woodland of considerable extent. The receptacles of the animals of different kinds being remote from and generally out of sight of each other, the visitor is directed to them by sign-posts, with numbers showing the order in which they are to be visited, so that in the course of a shady walk he sees in succession the whole collection, and finds himself at last in the Avenue of Parrots and Cockatoos at the entrance. But no even-

ing in Berlin was passed without a drive in the Thier Garten.

To be in Berlin without seeing San Souci was of course out of the question, and a pleasant day was passed in making the visit and going the round of the palaces, listening to the dissertations of the guides, and seeing, as far as the routine would permit, much that was both interesting and instructive. The first palace visited was the modern one at Babelsburg. It recalled Miramar. It is of the same class, with rather more expanse of grounds than the palace on the Adriatic, but in their style, furnishing and domesticity—if this word is applicable—the two are not unlike. The very estimable person who did the honors on the occasion of the present visit was an adept in her vocation. She managed her party as Frederick would have drilled a regiment; she faced them all toward her, she commanded silence by a look, and when attention was secured, told her story—and told it admirably, too, and not in a perfunctory manner, like the gentleman in the Japanese Palace at Dresden; and she took care that if the best views were not seen from the towers, to the tops of which one squeezed one's way, it was no fault of hers.

Without referring to other palaces, suffice it to say that all were visited, and none with more interest than that in which Frederick had lived, and in which were memorials of the great king, and the great poet, whose connection with him was one of the most remarkable facts in what may be termed the private life—if he had such a life—of Frederick the Great. While it may be permitted to regret that Madam Tussaud's wax-works do not possess the figure in the museum at Berlin, one must look with interest at the works of Frederick, with Voltaire's annotations in the margin, which are among the

curiosities shown to the visitor in the new palace at Potsdam. It was in this palace that Frederick illustrated his architectural taste by covering the walls and pilasters of an immense hall with shells of every genus and species known—a lady's work-box made in Brob-dignag.

Taking the celebrated windmill, which has been carefully preserved, on the way back, the party returned to Berlin by the evening train, in season for their last drive in the Thier Garten ; and the next morning, June 20th, left for Leipsic at 7.30 A. M.





CHAPTER XII.

LEAVE BERLIN—LEIPSIC—RATISBON—THE WALHALLA—THE
DANUBE—LINZ—ARRIVE AT ISCHL.

THE party now turned their faces southward, and looked forward with great pleasure to another glimpse of Italy when they reached Verona and Milan.

And here a word of explanation becomes necessary, as this book is intended to suggest to those who read it a route to be taken in a six months' trip to Europe.

Why, it may be asked, did you not go to Verona from Venice? You were only two or three hours off. Why make so great a detour? The answer is, that upon mature deliberation, it was thought the route adopted would enable the party to see the most of Europe, *without having to go twice over the same road*. It was desirable to pass the Simmering. It was desirable also to go through the Tyrol. Had Milan been visited from Venice, it would have been necessary to return to Venice; or to Mestre, at all events, there taking the railroad by Udine to Trieste; or, if the party had gone from Verona to Munich, over the Brenner, and then by Salzburg and Linz and the Danube to Vienna, the Simmering would have been lost, and there would have been a subsequent retracing of steps to reach Ischl, and then a zigzag back to Prague, and so on. Again, it was desirable to enter Switzerland by

the Splügen, and to make the tour in Switzerland at the right season, when other people were there, and when the weather was almost certain to be fine. All which was found to be practicable by the route that was in fact pursued. It has been this experience which has induced the writer to perpetrate a volume—certainly not intended at the time—that others may have the benefit of it. This is an explanation that can best be understood by the reader with the map of Europe before him, and after he has attempted to do better with less retracing of his steps. And so the party were, once more, bound for Italy.

The journey from Berlin to Leipsic was, as far as Jüterbogk, the first retracing of the writer's steps that had occurred; and there was but one more during the entire tour, neither of them occupying much more than an hour. At Jüterbogk the road to Leipsic branched to the right from the main line to Dresden, and soon after the train reached Wittenberg on the Elbe, celebrated in the history of the Reformation as the place where Luther published his theses, and the name of which has been made familiar by its use in *Hamlet*. From thence to Leipsic the country is flat and uninteresting.

Leipsic was reached in about four hours from Berlin; and the drive from the station to the hotel was along what had once been the ramparts and glacis of the town, now converted into a park-like avenue of varied surface, shaded by trees and planted with shrubs and flowers. It promised well; but the promise was not fulfilled, when, turning short to the right, the carriage entered the narrow, old-time street in which was the Hôtel de Bavière; and, to all appearance the hotel was worse than the street; for a scaffolding from the pavement to the eaves, filled with workmen, half-concealed

by the dust they raised, made the place so utterly uninviting that the writer hesitated to alight there. The next best hotel in Leipsic was but a few steps farther on in the same street ; but there was not only a scaffold in front of it also, but one-half of the building had been torn down. There was no alternative, therefore, and at the Hôtel de Bavière the party accordingly took up their quarters. It is proper to add that the inside of the hotel was in agreeable contrast to the exterior.

It was not yet twelve o'clock, and there was ample time for a tour of the city. The day was fine, and not too warm to make walking uncomfortable ; so the party soon saw the Castle of Pleissenburg ; Auerbach's Cellar, or rather the house above it, which Goethe has made celebrated by introducing it into his tragedy of *Faust* ; the Staddische Museum, the Town Library and the Great Market-place, the last being by no means the least interesting spot visited. It is wonderfully quaint in its architecture, and on this occasion was filled with booths of all sorts and sizes, where all sorts of things were for sale. Attracted by its peculiar style, and desirous to get another glimpse of so striking a specimen of Europe in the Middle Ages, the writer paid a visit to the market-place at dusk, and was amused to see that the solid-looking booths of the morning were all so contrived as to be removed piecemeal, and were now in various stages of disappearance. In a little while they were stowed in the wagons waiting for them, and by the time the lamps were lighted the great market-place was emptied.

After dinner the party drove to the Rosenthal, outside the town, and saw on the road where Poniatowski had perished in the Elster, on the retreat of Napoleon after the battle of Leipsic, and the monument erected at the spot where his body was taken

from the stream. Leaving the Rosenthal, the drive was continued through avenues cut in the forest, which here seemed to be laid out as a pleasure-ground of great extent; and returning to the city the remaining daylight was passed in strolling through the park-like gardens that occupy the site of the ancient ramparts. On the following morning the party left in the 6.40 A.M. train for Ratisbon.

The railroad leaving Leipsic ascends the valley of the Pleisse, passing Altenberg and Werdau. For the greater part of the way the country is flat and uninteresting. Gradually, however, the landscape improved as the watershed between the waters of the Elster and the Saale was gained; and, after passing Reichenbach, there were noble viaducts which crossed the broad depressions in the general level. Eger was reached at one o'clock; and, after a comfortable meal, the journey was resumed, and the road descended by a tributary of the Danube, to Ratisbon, where the party arrived at 5.30, and found accommodations prepared and dinner waiting at the Hotel of the Golden Cross—a palace in the old days—on the Heideplatz.

This Hotel of the Golden Cross was in itself a curiosity. The entrance to the apartments assigned to the writer was through vaulted archways with some choice Gothic groining, and up stone stairways into an immense room, some sixty feet in length by half that width, and some twenty feet high, the windows of which looked out upon the Platz. From this room, on the left side, a stairway in the thickness of the wall led to the bed-chambers, which communicated with each other, and whose ceilings were on a level, apparently, with that of the huge salon to which they were attached. There were no carpets on the scrupulously clean floors, where planks, of marvelous width, had been worn be

tween the dark projecting knots by the feet of the guests for many and many a year. Any reasonable quantity of furniture would have been lost in such a space ; and the dinner-table, set with four covers in the centre, looked diminutive indeed. It was just such a suite of rooms as one would inspect the doors of twice before retiring for the night.

The long June days are great helps in sight-seeing ; and after dinner it was but a pleasant walk, through streets lined with odd, gable-ended houses, to the Cathedral of St. Peter, now undergoing reparation at the expense of the king of Bavaria. And well is it worthy of restoration to its pristine beauty, for it is very beautiful. It is not only a fine specimen of the best school of Gothic architecture, but it is full of bits of exquisite taste. The Greek architect, rule and square in hand, completed his design. The only departure from a right line in the strictest definition which the noblest of all forms, the Doric, permitted, was in the swell given to the columns and in the cross sections of the mouldings. The Gothic architect, on the other hand, played with his work, and always had a place to which he could attach, without incongruity, the last suggestion of his fancy. Choice morsels of genius might be fastened to a column or fixed to a wall without fear of criticism because of their locality. Some Gothic architect, whose imagination was as exuberant as it was refined, had dealt thus with the Cathedral of St. Peter at Ratisbon.

It was some time before the sacristan could be found. At last he was ferreted out from among some low-browed old houses in the rear of the cathedral, and let the party into the building through a door opening into one of the arms of the transept. The man was a treasure in his way, save that he spoke nothing but German ;

and Giovanni, who was a prince of interpreters when he was at home with the subject, was a sorry help when church architecture was in question. But the sacristan's gestures were as eloquent as those of a Russian *isvotchik* or an Italian gondolier. He made the party stand here to see this perspective, to stand there to see the effect of the sunlight as it came slanting through the western window and glanced on the clustered columns in succession. The breadth, the length, the height of the church were all commented on as the tall, spare man swung his long arms in the appropriate directions; and when, near the western doorway, he motioned for silence and raised a powerful and melodious voice in song, and then paused that the echoes might be heard, and then sang again and in a different key, that different echoes might repeat the strains, his eyes sparkling the while with delight and admiration, one scarce, at the moment, knew which to admire the most—the church or its sacristan.

The party lingered about the aisles until the sun ceased to send its rays along them, and quitted the building with a conviction that Germany contained few edifices of greater beauty, although they might be of greater size. Leaving the cathedral, and returning by the Waller Strasse, the party passed under the Golden Tower, and in Goliath Strasse saw the huge fresco of the giant on the outer wall. It was dusk when the Golden Cross was regained; and from the darkness, made visible by the kerosene lamp on the centre-table, it was a relief to look out upon the Heideplatz, on the opposite side of which the guests of a well-lighted café were swinging round and round as they waltzed in an upper room to merry music.

The next morning, immediately after breakfast, the carriage was at the door to take the party to the Wal-

halla, the temple to the great men of Bavaria, erected by King Ludwig, on an eminence looking down upon the Danube, some miles below Ratisbon. Unfortunately, the bargain had been made with the owner of the carriage *by the hour*, and rarely was patience more severely tried than on this occasion. The road lay through a broad flat between the river-hills and the Danube, with here and there a house, and everywhere a cultivation that was admirable and a dust that was detestable. In vain was *trinkgelt* promised; in vain were entreaties and objurgations, even when translated by the courier. At the slightest departure from a dead level the scamp of a driver got down and walked. The first time he did so Giovanni used the whip, which had been left in its socket; whereupon, with imperturbable gravity, the fellow returned to his seat, and, when he next got down, took his whip with him. At length the village of Donaustauf was reached, and the ascent of the mountain of the Walhalla began. It was a weary way to the top, but amply did the edifice and the view from it repay all the *désagrémens* of the journey.

Imagine the Parthenon in its glory—the very Parthenon, in its size and all its proportions—looking down from the projecting spur of a range of wooded heights upon the noblest river in Europe—the building itself, standing forward from the summit of the hill, stepping out, as it were, into the valley of the Danube, upon a series of walled terraces supporting it from below. They say, who would criticise the Walhalla, that these vast terraces belittle the temple that rests upon them; but, plain and unpretending, broken only by the flights of broad steps by which they are ascended, the eye fails to notice them. Standing by itself on the summit of the mountain, the building would be belittled by its surroundings; now, while the terraces and steps do not

interfere with its individual effect, they give to the *tout ensemble* a massiveness that fits the Walhalla to its place.

The view from the southern portico is very beautiful. Immediately in front the valley of the river—here of great width—extends to a distant horizon ; on the right is Ratisbon, with its spires and towers, and on the left the winding of the Danube may be traced, in a silver line, until lost in the haze of a great distance. For foreground are the wooded slopes of the eminence on which the Walhalla stands ; the town of Donaustauf, partially hidden by the trees ; and, beyond, the ruins of the Castle of Stauf, noted for the siege sustained by it in the Thirty Years' War.

There are few who are not familiar with the appearance of the Parthenon. No ancient building has equal fame. Externally, the Walhalla is the Parthenon restored. The interior is a single chamber, whose sides and pavement are of polished and variegated marbles. Pilasters and caryatidæ break the uniformity of the surface. Six statues of Victory stand forth from the walls, dividing them into compartments, in which, on marble brackets, are the busts of the great dead to whom this temple is dedicated. Scenes from German history are sculptured on the frieze, and fourteen caryatidæ represent the houris of the German paradise of song. These have their garments painted of different hues ; and color and gilding have been profusely employed in the decoration of the interior. Rauch and Schwanthaler, the great sculptors of Germany, were employed to execute the statues, and the Victories of the one and the caryatidæ of the other fully sustain their high reputation. The idea of the Walhalla, eminently patriotic, has been carried out by all that wealth and taste and skill could accomplish.

The journey back to Ratisbon was a repetition of the first experience. Some relief was afforded by a pleasant walk through the woods to the bottom of the mountain; but after that there was a reiteration of the lesson to beware of employing a German carriage by the hour.

As the party passed the cathedral on their return, the writer left the carriage and hunted up the sacristan, that he might make a drawing of some of the choice interior bits of Gothic architecture already mentioned. The old gentleman readily enough opened the door, and the two entered together; but then there was this difficulty, that, while the writer could speak sufficient German to meet the exigencies of railway traveling, and to ask for bread and beer and *speisen* generally, it was beyond his learning to explain, intelligently, his present purpose, save by pantomime; and although he had understood the sacristan's well enough, he found it hard to make the sacristan understand his. When he opened his sketch-book, the good old gentleman was sure that the writer intended to gratify or amuse him, and raised his eyebrows and said, "*Schön, och schön,*" and when the writer pointed to the book, and then to what he wanted to copy, it was still the same, "*Schön, schön,*" as if to testify an accord between the two in regard to the beauty of that part of the cathedral. At last this became ludicrous; and when the writer laughed and took his seat, and put his hat on the pavement and began to draw, the sacristan exclaimed, "*Nein, nein, nein,*" and rattled his bunch of keys to give emphasis to his words. Suddenly it occurred that, perhaps, there might be some virtue in a florin under these circumstances. It was by no means unkindly received, and proved, on the instant, a most efficient interpreter. In a few minutes it came to be understood

between the parties that if the writer wanted to draw, he might draw; but that it must be as a prisoner, as the sacristan had business which would occupy him for *zwei stunden*, during which time the door of the church must be locked from the outside. And upon this understanding the writer, for two hours and more—for the sacristan was not punctual—had the Cathedral of St. Peter's to himself; and two pleasanter hours were not passed in the six months' tour. When the key grated in the distant door, and the echo of its closing ran around the aisles, and the sacristan began in German what were, doubtless, well-phrased apologies for his being behind-time, the writer assured him, in English, that he was only sorry he returned so soon.

In the evening, a drive through Ratisbon, and among the pleasant environs and along the park-like gardens, which here, as at Leipsic, take the place of the old ramparts, ditch and glacis, added to the enjoyment of the day spent on the banks of the Danube.

There was time enough after the drive to visit the Rathhaus, close by the Golden Cross, and to walk to the Scotch Benedictine Church of St. James, the oddity of some of whose ornamentation and its great antiquity are its main attractions. The Rathhaus is a rude and gloomy affair, and the only wonder is that those whose taste is, to some extent, illustrated in the cathedral, should ever have consented that the Diets of the Empire should be held within its walls. It contains the dungeons and chambers of torture, which are shown by a guide, whose account of the uses of the various instruments would probably have made the blood of the party run cold had they understood German. As it was, the pantomime was bad enough. Those who are curious in such matters will find the whole horrible detail set forth in the appropriate vol-

ume of that series of books with which "John Murray, Albemarle street, London," has made Europe intelligible to the traveler.

The writer sometimes regretted he had not taken Nuremburg on his way to Ratisbon, that the party might see another old German city ; but all such places cannot be visited, and Ratisbon may be regarded as a fair sample of them all.

At six A. M. the next morning the party were on board the steamer that was to take them down the Danube to Linz—an excellent vessel, the appointments of which were all that could be desired, and were scrupulously clean.

The voyage to Donaustauf was much more agreeable than the insufferable land-journey of the day before ; and now the Walhalla was seen, crowning the summit of the hill on which it stands, and remained in sight long after Donaustauf and its castle became indistinct in the distance.

The hills on the left bank approach at times close to the river, and then recede only to approach again ; while, on the right, the general level is unbroken for miles and miles, as far as the eye can reach ; and through this flat country the Danube winds in all directions. The cultivation is good everywhere, and towns and villages abound ; and notwithstanding the want of variety, there is quite enough to be seen to keep attention alive, even before the mountains are reached. Sometimes a castle, sometimes a convent, attracts the eye. Straubing, a large town, is passed on the right, remarkable for its Rathhaus and tower and spire ; then a Benedictine convent on the other side ; then a village ; then another great convent ; then "Iser, rolling rapidly," joins the Danube below the Natternburg, with its ruined castle, the only eminence seen for miles on the right bank ;

then a succession of villages, with here and there a castle in ruins, until the mountains on both sides close in upon the river at Kinzing, and the scenery becomes wild and picturesque. The river abounds with rock and gravel shoals, through which the steamer threads its way until Passau is reached, at the confluence of the Inn and the IIs with the Danube.

It had been supposed that the steamer would remain long enough at Passau to permit the party to go through the town, and possibly to ascend the Hill of Maria Hilf for its much-commended view. But, after landing some passengers and taking on board others, the voyage was resumed, so that little more is remembered of Passau than an old-looking town with a busy landing-place on the banks of a deep and rapid river, some two hundred yards wide, a bridge on high stone piers under which the steamer passed, and fortifications on every side and castles on every summit; and then, as the vessel, steam and the current aiding, literally, almost, shot on its way, there was had a brief glance up the perspectives of the two great rivers that here unite their waters.

While above Passau the scenery of the Danube is rather tame though picturesque, it becomes wild and grand below the confluence of the rivers. The mountains that close in upon the stream are covered with forests of pine, and castles or ruins of castles, constantly appear. At one moment the river surges against a mountain, to rebound at a sharp angle from its late direction, to be again opposed, and again to find a new channel through the precipices on either side, its waters eddying and whirling in their course, and sounding, as they rush along the rock-bound shores, with the noise of a cataract. And so the Danube rolls onward, mile after mile, with a volume and a velocity, and with sur-

roundings, which, when compared with the Rhine, make it the grander and more picturesque river of the two. There are more castles or ruins on the banks of the Rhine, more crags on which castles could be placed, more bits for the artist's pencil, than on the Danube; but the vine-clad hills are more poetical, after all, than beautiful, even when at their best, and will not bear comparison with the forests of the Danube, nor can the rapids of the Lurlei be compared with the rush of the waters that thunder around the promontory whence rises the Castle of Hazenbach. The difference, as it struck the writer on this occasion, familiar as he was with the Rhine, was just the difference between the picturesque and the grand. The highlands of the Hudson are more elevated than the hills of the Danube, but it is a tide-water river that flows through the former in calm and placid beauty, while it is a mighty torrent that rushes with angry vehemence through the latter.

Below the Castle of Newhaus, an abode of the robber knights who levied toll on the trade of the Danube, the highlands bear away and a broad open country, with views of distant mountains and the Alps near Salzburg, commences and continues to near Linz, the river widening out in places into broad shallows requiring expert pilotage. Heavy walls have been built to confine the stream in channels proper for navigation, with more or less success, and this sort of work seems still to be going forward. The Danube is evidently, however, a most intractable subject, and when angered by the rains of the upper country takes its own course, overbearing all feeble continents of man's creation.

Just before reaching Linz, the river makes its way through a granite ridge, and, after passing the steep defile lined with batteries on either side, the steamer rounded to at the quay in front of the Hotel of the Grand

Duke Charles, and the voyage on the Danube was at an end.

The situation of Linz is very beautiful, and there was still time after the arrival of the steamer, and after an excellent dinner at a most excellent hotel, to stroll through the streets of the city, if only to ascertain that there was little beyond its situation to recommend it. There is a handsome square with an imposing monument in the centre, whose German name is Dreifaltigkeitssäule or Trinity Column, and some ranges of well-built houses; but in half an hour the sights of Linz, except the views to be obtained from the hills around, are exhausted.

The train for Lambach, where the road to Gemunden diverges from the main road to Salzburg, not leaving until 1 P. M., the following morning at Linz was idled away in looking for that beauty among the women for which it was understood the place was celebrated. There was a good opportunity too, for the market-square was full of people from the neighboring country as well as from the town. Nothing remarkable was seen, however; and with no disposition to underrate female loveliness—inclining, indeed, the other way, somewhat—the writer cannot record that there were more handsome women in Linz than he had seen elsewhere in Germany; one city alone excepted, Dresden, where unquestionably he saw more plain-looking females in the street than he believed could have been collected in any one place in Europe.

Leaving Linz at one o'clock, the party soon reached Lambach, and were transferred to a very modest railroad, very modestly equipped, and were soon rolling through a pine forest to Gemunden on the Gemunden See, or lake of that name. After leaving Lambach it began to rain, and by the time the train reached the

station, it seemed as though the clouds came down bodily to earth. Umbrellas were next to useless, and wet and miserable, the party found their way into the cabin of the steamer that was to take them to Ebensee, whence they were to proceed by carriage to Ischl, the fashionable watering-place of this part of Austria. The voyage down the lake, which is celebrated for the wild beauty of its scenery, had been one of the anticipated pleasures of the day ; but the rain confined every one below, and except when the near approach of the boat to the rocky shore made the overhanging mountain intercept the light that came into the round windows of the narrow cabin, one might as well have been in mid-ocean so far as there was anything to suggest the proximity of land. The stoppage of the engine announced the arrival of the boat at Ebensee, and soon after the stoppage of the rain greatly improved the prospect of comfort during the drive to Ischl.

If, instead of loitering the morning at Linz, the party had taken the early train for Lambach, they might there have procured a carriage and driven by way of the Falls of the Traun, well worth seeing, to Gemunden in time to take the boat for Ebensee. This was not known, however, until afterward.





CHAPTER XIII.

ISCHL—THE HALSTADTER SEE—SALZBURG—THE KÖNIGSEE—
LEAVE FOR MUNICH.

THE road from Ebensee to Ischl lies upon the borders of the Traun, a fine mountain stream with a rapid fall, remarkable for the transparency of its waters. High mountains rise on either side, narrowing the valley at times to a mere gorge. The widest part is where the Ischl falls into the Traun, the watering-place being at the junction. It was too late on arriving at Ischl to see anything more than that the hotel was on the borders of the river, the rush of whose waters was the music that lulled to sleep about as weary a party as had for some time taken up their quarters in the Hotel of the Empress Elizabeth.

Nothing could have been more delightful than the clear sky and fresh cool air of the following morning; and bright and early the party commenced their explorations. Immediately in front of the hotel was an avenue of trees sheltering a walk that continued for near a mile on the banks of the Traun—the stream on one side and picturesque villas on the other. A high, forest-clad mountain, half-way up whose side was a ruined castle, closed the perspective; and across the Traun other mountains narrowed the valley on the left bank of the river. On the left of the hotel was the bridge that

united the two portions of the town, and in the centre of the bridge was the image and the shrine before which the religious doffed their hats and crossed themselves in passing. Close in the rear of the Kaiserin Elizabeth was the colonnade, a very handsome building, with the baths and Trinkhalle, and in several places near at hand were gardens with arrangements for an orchestra, and with neatly-trimmed walks ornamented with busts and statues and lined with benches. A little further off was the Imperial villa, in the midst of spacious grounds, where the Emperor and Empress laid aside the cares of station and enjoyed themselves, as their subjects did, in one of the loveliest spots in their wide dominions. Go where one may in Ischl, there is something to be seen that is home-like and agreeable. It is the place of all others in Europe that the writer would seek for perfect rest and relaxation. The nobles of Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, and even Russia, are to be found there in great numbers when the season is at its height; but their rank and its circumstances seem to be left in their palaces at Vienna, Prague, Pesth or St. Petersburg. It annoys at Ischl neither themselves nor others.

At Ischl, too, one sees the national garb of this part of Austria worn by men and women. It is very picturesque, and one of the best photographs of the Emperor represents him as indued in it.

A wooded knoll—it looked like—tempted the writer and his daughters to try the ascent after breakfast, and crossing the bridge they made their way to it. The broad meadow at its base, scarcely seen from the hotel, suggested a suspicion they might be mistaken as to the height of what was before them, which was fully confirmed as they toiled through the forest to the summit. They looked down upon Ischl, however, and the moun-

tain walls that compassed it around, and were more than compensated for the fatigue of the ascent. The view was very lovely, but not more so than the view of the valley on the side farthest from the town, and which met them as they left the direct path on their way down. This alone was worth a day's journey to behold—a quiet valley, seemingly shut out from the whole world, bounded here by a forest-covered mountain, there by walls of rock to which pines clung in clefts that had gathered the scanty soil that sustained them, here again by rounded eminences cultivated to the very summit. Some homesteads, with shade trees and small gardens, were dotted over the valley, the smoke from their chimneys going straight upward in pearly columns on the quiet air. And on the ground in front of the shelter, which some lover of such beauty had erected that it might be enjoyed undisturbed, lay a group of mowers resting for the moment, their bright dresses giving a life to the foreground that completed the composition of the picture.

Some friends, met with at Ischl, spoke of the neighboring salt-mines in a way that led to a visit which was unquestionably the most extraordinary feature of the entire tour. The mines are situated some three miles from the town, and are approached by a succession of galleries carried into the mountain at different levels.

After a drive through a very romantic country, the village of Perneck was reached. Here the carriage was left, and the ascent of a long, steep hill commenced, alongside of a torrent tumbling down from the heights above in a succession of cascades. The ascent terminated at the mouth of a tunnel, close by which was a sort of shanty, where the visitors were required to array themselves in long cotton gowns strapped round the waist and wide-awake hats tied under the

chin. Small cars were then rolled from the tunnel, each having two seats, one before the other ; and upon these the party took their places, with especial injunctions, emphasized by most expressive pantomime, to keep the elbows close to the side, lest they might come in contact with the rocks, and to sit perfectly still. Everything being arranged, the cars entered the tunnel or gallery, a man with a lantern pulling in front, and another, without a lantern, pushing in the rear. The conductor of the convoy walked before, carrying a light, and one could see that his head just cleared the roof. In this fashion away went the party into the bowels of the earth. They traversed excavations sometimes in the rock, sometimes in what seemed earth supported by wooden props, passing every now and then through a doorway, and occasionally startled by water trickling from above. At times the train stopped, and the chief of the expedition pointed to pipes along the track, and, in a tone made ghostly by the locality, gave, in German, what was, no doubt, an excellent description of the various processes of salt-making. Once or twice the train ran off the track, and had to be lifted on again. How far the party went in this manner there was no way of judging, and the roll of the wheels would have drowned all inquiries. At length a halt took place, at what, by the light of the lanterns, seemed a great well, on the left hand ; and here the party left the cars, and pantomime became necessary to explain what was to come next. Looking into the well, which turned out to be an inclined tunnel, at an angle of, perhaps, fifty-five degrees downward, there was seen the head of a black, slimy stairway, alongside of which there was a slide of logs, some twelve inches wide, hollowed so as to form a slightly concave surface on the upper side ; and to the right of this appeared the end of a rope, fastened

to the wall, which evidently had something to do with the stairway and the slide. One of the men now put what seemed to be a heavy glove on his right hand and took his seat upon the log, with his legs straight out before him, and motioned to the party that he must have a companion, whose feet were to rest on his lap and whose hands were to hold fast to his shoulders. There was here some demur, naturally enough. But what was the use of remonstrance in such a place ; so, making the best arrangement possible of feet and hands, the first couple disappeared in the darkness—the man in front regulating the speed by the friction of his gloved hand upon the rope. A merry laugh, that came echoing up the well, inspired some degree of confidence in those that were to follow, and all got safe to the bottom of the slide. Then there was another railroad journey ; then another slide, when one of the party insisted on trying the stairway ; then another railroad trip, ending with another slide, which all the party made this time, experience of the stairway proving it to be worse than “coasting” down the timber. And now the great hall was reached—a circular cavern some eight or ten feet in height, on the walls of which, as the conductor led the way around them and waved his lantern, glimmered salt crystals ; and then came another ride on the cars, which descended by gravity, with great velocity, along a narrow tunnel to an opening far below the entrance, through which the party shot, at last, into the most welcome daylight.

It was something to have been in a salt-mine with the experiences that have been described ; but when the writer came to look back upon what had been actually seen, and measure it by the chances of accident—the risk of the breakage of a wheel, the accidental protrusion of an arm when rushing so rapidly through the

dark and narrow adits of the mine—he promised to himself that it was the last salt-mine he would ever penetrate. The adventure was a capital good joke, and so treated at the time, while the party stood laughing at each other in their extraordinary costumes. But it did not seem like a joke when, in the silence of the night, one awoke and thought about it.

The next morning the clouds hung low upon the mountains, and there was a threat of rain, but, reassured by the favorable predictions of some weatherwise old fellows who, with their conical hats and jaunty cock's feather, green jackets and breeches and gray stockings, stood about the door of the hotel, it was determined to take the chances of a fair day for the projected excursion to the Halstadter See. Nothing could have been more fortunate. It was very beautiful, as the road lay in the valley of the Traun, to see the clouds slowly gathering up their skirts and vanishing from the mountain-tops. Such mountains, too, so wild and rugged—bare precipices of rock, broken by bands of pine trees wherever earth could be found in the fissures of the almost horizontal stratification, with here and there sharp, angular crags shooting upward from the general mass. The first view of the lake was striking in the extreme, hemmed in as it was by walls of dark gray rock, its surface unbroken by the slightest ripple. After a pause to enjoy the prospect, a rapid drive between the overhanging cliffs and the water's edge brought the party to a cluster of saw-mills and a wayside inn, which were at the termination of the carriage-road in this direction. Here a boat, rowed by women, was taken for the village at the head of the lake; and when this was reached there was an old church to be peeped into, with a vault beneath, in which were the skulls of the departed residents of Hal-

stadt, with their names painted in black letters on the well-bleached foreheads; and there was a cascade that came down with a crashing noise from the hills at whose base the village had been built, every street, except the one near the water, being a walled terrace or a succession of heavily-flagged steps; and then, though last, not least, there was an admirable dinner, served, as it happened, by deft hands, at which mountain trout were qualified by some rare, good wine that came from cobwebbed bottles. A most agreeable lady, whose acquaintance had been made on the Danube, had said, "If you go to Ischl, forget not the Halstadter See." Her advice was taken, and the Halstadter See will not be soon forgotten.

Besides the excursions here described, advantage had been taken of every hour at Ischl to become familiar with the place; nor was this difficult where everything of interest was compressed into so small a compass; and when, on the morning succeeding the drive to the Halstadter See, the party looked back as they climbed, *en voiture*, the hill on the road to Salzburg, it was with much regret that the plan of journeying did not permit a longer stay at a place so very lovely.

The road from Ischl ascended the stream of that name through a picturesque valley, in the upper part of which is the lake of St. Wolfgang, to the watershed between the Traun and the Salza. The country here is elevated and rolling, and on the left high mountains approach the road; while in front, and to the right, there is an extensive view, embracing the Eastern Alps and the mountains about Salzburg. The Scharfburg, rising with a steep slope on one side, and a precipice almost perpendicular on the other, was for a long while conspicuous in the landscape.

The second change of horses was at a wayside inn,

immediately opposite one of those tall churches with a single tall tower that are so common in Germany. A clever architect had designed this one; and there was some Gothic groining in the interior that was unusually good. "The rude forefathers of the hamlet slept" thick around, and their descendants had recently placed church and cemetery in most exemplary condition. The view from the elevated ground on which the inn and its neighbor stood was very fine, the Scharfburg being still the most striking feature in the distance.

After an excellent lunch on beer, bread and butter and gruyere cheese, the journey was resumed; and the way being now mainly down hill, the carriage rolled along at a rapid rate, and at about three o'clock the valley of the Salza was seen, and soon after Salzburg, with the archbishop's castle, on its rocky hill, dominating the town.

The Hôtel de l'Europe, where the party stopped, may be commended with as much safety as almost any other in Europe. The situation, just outside the walls of the city, and close by the railway station, could not be bettered; and a short walk places you in the old streets just as the archbishop left them. Crossing the bridge, it is but a few steps to the Cathedral Square, close by the archbishop's palace, now used for public offices. The statue of Mozart by Schwanthaler, the carillon of bells that play as the hours pass by sonatas of the great composer, the Church of St. Peter's, with its very beautiful tower and most striking and unique interior, not to forget the graves in the burying-ground attached to it, are hard by, as is also the commencement of the ascent of the Monchsberg, on which is the celebrated castle that marks Salzburg as decidedly as that of Edinburgh does the latter city.

The Dom, or cathedral, is an imposing edifice of great

size, said to be the design of Scamozzi, and, like all the works of that school, full of the details with which Rome sought to improve the severe simplicity of Greece. Size is in itself imposing, and in some degree disarms criticism. The Pope's palace at Avignon is little more, externally, than a vast mass of masonry; and yet it is impossible to stand before it without, in some sort, admiring it. But the Dom of Salzburg has much more to recommend it, and is a good specimen of what the Church did with Grecian art after it had been thoroughly manipulated by the Roman architects.

The interior of the Church of St. Peter's is unique. From a column in the very centre of the semi-circular chancel, ribs of stone radiate to walls separating the chapels that surround it, the entrance to which is under Gothic arches, while between them and the central column are fan-like groinings.

The body or nave of the church is screened from the chancel by a wall, in which is a wide and lofty opening with a semi-circular arch. This screen conceals the windows that light the chancel, and which are immediately beyond it. Standing now at the main entrance of the dimly-lighted building, the screen is like the proscenium of a theatre, through which is seen the single tall white column surrounded, in half tints, by the chapels glittering in their gold and silver. The effect is as striking as it is original. Who would have thought of placing a column in the centre of a chancel—the one column in the building; so placing it, too, that it must concentrate the very brightest light? No one but the man of genius who was the architect of St. Peter's, who set all rules at defiance, who used the Roman arch in combination with Gothic groinings, and who, provided beauty was the result, was careless of the criticism that decried the means by which it was produced.

The campanile of St. Peter's is very beautiful, perfect in its proportions and charming in its details.

To be in Salzburg and not ascend to the highest tower of the archbishop's castle, if you have strength and lungs to accomplish it—to hear the story of the torture-chamber, the twin brother to that at Ratisbon—to see how the old archiepiscopal apartments have been restored, and where a slice was once taken by a round shot from a column high up in the building—to stand on the battlements and wonder at the exceeding loveliness of the view,—to be in Salzburg and not do this, is to be unworthy of the journey; and all this was done accordingly by the writer on a warm, damp day in the latter end of June. Slope after slope, stairs after stairs, were overcome and overcame. Here, a cannon looked you full in the face; there, a drawbridge shook under your feet; here, a courtyard was passed; there, a vaulted alley: then came wooden steps, then stone ones; now you ascended, now again you descended: in fine, you have to add one of these grand old castles to your experiences before you can appreciate all that has to be undergone to make their familiar acquaintance. If there is one place which the writer recollects better than another, it is this same castle of Salzburg; and he has no doubt that Dr. B., the eminent physician, who was his companion on the occasion, has as clear a memory as his own, and can bear witness to how little breath was left for the scant German that either had to expend in asking questions of their handsome guide when under her charge in the inhabited portions of the castle.

Nor can Salzburg be left without driving through Das Neue Thor, Archbishop Von Schrattenbach's tunnel through the Monchsberg, reminding one of the Grotto of Posilippo on a smaller scale, visiting the

summer riding-school with its galleries for spectators cut in the solid rock ; and, if you have time, the cafe on the summit of the Capuzinerberg, for the view that it affords. Nor must a drive in the environs of the city be omitted ; and if you desire a salt-mine experience, and have not enjoyed it at Ischl, it is proper to add that near Salzburg there is a mine where you may "coast" down six sets of timbers in place of three.

But the excursion of all others from Salzburg is to the Königssee, some sixteen miles distant, which may be accomplished by an early start, in time to take the afternoon train on your return for Munich.

The road from Salzburg to the Königssee lay for some miles over broad meadows to the mouth of the gorge in the mountains, through which flowed the waters of the lake. Once within the gorge, the scenery became most impressive. Bare rocks rose high on either side, and the road wound among them, now hither, now thither—now on a ledge cut from the mountain-side, now supported on a walled terrace above the torrent that foamed below. At Berchtesgarden the country opened to afford room for this most picturesque of towns, shut out from the world, apparently, by the heights around. Leaving it on the right, the foot of the Königssee was reached, some few miles farther on. A number of visitors had already arrived, and the barge or omnibus boats had left the landing. There was no time to be lost in waiting for their return ; and yet it was with some hesitation that the party divided and entered the light skiffs on which they were to make the voyage, the seats being nothing but boards laid across from gunwale to gunwale. With the Church of St. Bartholomew in view, however, all hesitation was overcome ; and after injunctions from the rowers—a man and woman in their national costume—

to sit steady and keep quiet, the voyage was begun. Rounding a low, wooded promontory on the left, the long and narrow lake looked like the level bottom of a dark ravine, whose sides formed a perspective of lofty mountains, which in places came sheer down into the water, leaving no foothold for a chamois even at their base. At the remote extremity still loftier mountains of gray rock crossed and closed the vista. With such surroundings and a lowering, leaden sky, the lake, unruffled by a breath of air, was of a green so deep as to approach to blackness, broken by diverging lines of lighter hue, as a boat far ahead sent from its stem a tiny wave to either shore. Nothing could be grander than the scene; and the impression that it made was heightened by the feeling of insecurity due to the caution required to preserve the balance of the skiff; and when a small cannon fired from a boat near the middle of the lake, sent echoes flying from mountain to mountain in countless reverberations, the impression, grave enough before, was deepened into awe. And thus mile after mile was passed, when pencils of light began to pierce the clouds, glinting now in silvery lines upon the water, now bringing into strong relief projecting pinnacles of rock, and now making as bright as an emerald in the sun the tongue of land at which the party were to disembark, and on which stands the Chapel of St. Bartholomew with its Saracenic towers.

Close by the church there was plenty of good beer and fair wine to be had at a busy restaurant, filled with a crowd of Germans, eating, drinking and merry-making. It was too late to proceed farther up the lake, even had it been desired. Few other voyagers seemed disposed to do so; and, indeed, nothing could have been seen that would have deepened the impression already made.

The voyage back was partly in the sunlight; and the perspective in place of the mountain wall terminated in the blue hills, along whose base the party had driven from Berchtesgarden. The mists were lifting themselves higher and higher. Broad, clear spaces of blue sky and white and billowy clouds found their reflections in the water; and the woman at the stern, refreshed by an ample supply of beer, became communicative and laughed as she pushed her oar.

The drive back from the lake to Salzburg was rapid, and the archbishop's castle was in sight before the conversation ceased to dwell upon the wonders of the Königsee.

From Salzburg to Munich the road passed through a very beautiful country, with high mountains always in sight; great columns of vapor announced the approach to the boiling-houses of Traunstein, and when these were left behind the road ran for a while along the Chiemsee, a lake with numerous islands, and the largest in Bavaria. Soon after, the train stopped at Rosenheim station, where the branch to Innsbruck turns off to the left. Here, as at Traunstein, the boiling-houses were in active operation—salt being, so to speak one of the staples of the country. At Rosenheim, the railroad crosses the Inn near its junction with the Mangfall, and thence passes over the watershed between the Inn and the Iser to Munich, through a country whose interest gradually diminishes as the hills sink down into the plain.

Before dark, the party were provided with rooms in the Hôtel de Bavière. So far as the hotels were concerned, this was Giovanni's only mistake during the journey. He should have gone to the Hotel of the Four Seasons, a better building, in a better situation, and report says, with better fare.



CHAPTER XIV.

MUNICH — INNSBRUCK — PHILIPPINA WELSER — THE BRENNER
PASS—VERONA—ARRIVE AT MILAN.

MUNICH owes the greater part of its attractions to the enlarged views and excellent taste of King Louis, who, if he had his weaknesses, and made a countess of a rather notorious person, was nevertheless a patron of the fine arts, and sought to make Munich their peculiar home. There is much to see in the capital of Bavaria, and the time the writer spent there was busily occupied. Although the new constructions and collections are those which are generally the most spoken of, yet there are works of past centuries in Munich well deserving of attention. The interior of the Dom is very beautiful, and, although a Gothic building, owes its attractiveness to its very remarkable simplicity. While the ribbed and groined arches of most Gothic edifices spring from clusters of columns, some of which are prolonged in their appropriate elements to the roof, the plain octagonal piers of the Dom of Munich support arches above equally simple. It is this very simplicity of parts, perfect in their proportions, that makes the whole as imposing as it is. Of the exterior little can be said. Then there is the Jesuits' Church, rich in ornamentation and worth a visit, if only to see the single arch which spans the entire body of the building. And the Basilica too should be seen, reminding one of

St. Paul's outside the walls at Rome, though this is a modern work, as is also one of the most beautiful specimens of modern Gothic to be found in Europe, the Maria Hilf, in one of the suburbs of the city. Besides the buildings themselves, there are paintings, monuments and frescoes to be seen in all of them. Nor must the palace be forgotten by those to whom these gorgeous state residences are objects of curiosity. And there is a Schatzkammer, where diamonds and the like may be looked at; and there is the throne-room with the twelve gilt statues, designed by Schwanthaler, of the princes of the house of Wittelsbach; and the Hall of Barbarossa,—all of which the visitor to Munich is permitted to see without difficulty. But, after all, the objects of greatest interest here are the works of King Louis. The Pinacothek is a most noble building. The paintings, though inferior, as a whole, to other collections, are still excellent and admirably arranged. The new Pinacothek, whose ornamentation is the fresco painting with which its exterior is covered, is well adapted for the exhibition of works of art, but was filled with very wretched ones, in the main, in June, 1868. There was but one remembered on leaving the building—the death of Wallenstein by Piloty, a most excellent work. The story is well told, the drawing and coloring fine, and the sentiment altogether most impressive. More time was spent before it than before all the rest of the pictures. Then there is the Glyptothek, or collection of statues. The collection is not remarkable, but this cannot be said of the building. Nothing can be better than the whole internal arrangement, and the Ionic exterior is simple and beautiful. Close by is the Propyleum, one of the entrances into the city—severe as if some old architect of ancient Greece had planned it; and the same may be said of the Colonnade, in

front of which is the colossal statue of Bavaria, looking down on Munich across the broad meadows which separate the hill on which it stands from the city. Then there is the gallery for the permanent exhibition of works of art, in the Corinthian style of architecture, with a fine group in the pediment by Schwanthaler; and there is also, the National Museum, an immense building, containing a series of well-lighted rooms opening into each other, the walls of which are covered with frescoes representing occurrences in German history, both fabulous and authentic. Some of these are very good, and worth studying; none positively bad; all are interesting, not only as works of art, but as characteristic of that German spirit which never permits the present to forget the past, and which uses art to keep alive in the memories of the people, by paintings and statues, those whose examples are worthy of being imitated throughout the ages—the noblest of the heroes of the fatherland, and the best entitled to the admiration of its children. Of this spirit among the kings of Bavaria there have been no more illustrious examples than King Louis and Maximilian II. Nor must one leave Munich without driving through the English Garden, so called, a most charming promenade planted after the manner of an English park, and adorned with temples, statues and running waters; nor, crossing the Iser to its right bank, must he fail to drive through the grounds there laid out and planted, from thence to look down on Munich.

There is a stained-glass manufactory, and there is also a foundry for casting bronze statues and ornaments, at Munich, and the curious, who want to see everything, may drive to both these places. The first is hardly worth the visit. It costs something—as almost all sights cost something in Europe. You are taken into

a room, which is presently darkened, and you have a succession of clever paintings on glass shown, one after another, like the slides of a magic lantern. But not one on exhibition on this occasion was better than had been seen, without the same ceremonial, elsewhere. Nor was the disappointment in this respect counterbalanced by a room with galleries on one side, to facilitate the inspection of a modern stained-glass window opposite, painted to order. After all, the modern stained glass is confessedly inferior to the ancient, so far as a general richness of effect goes; and, as a mere representation of natural objects, the best painting on glass is inferior to the painting of which it is a copy.

In the bronze foundry there is very little to be seen of interest, except the plaster models from which castings have been made. America has a large share of these—some of them good and many but indifferent. Munich has the reputation of an expertness in this difficult art of rendering statues in bronze that keeps the foundry in constant employment; and if one could see the metal running into the moulds, and recall at the same time Benvenuto Cellini's account of the casting of his Theseus, the visit might, perhaps, compensate the trouble and the cost. But to see some forty or fifty men filing brass or working in the loam into which metal is to be poured some time or other, has but little interest. Still you stay away from these two sights of Munich at the risk of being told by some one who has seen both that you are much to be pitied, inasmuch as you missed the only things worth seeing in the capital of Bavaria.

Munich was the first city in Europe which the party visited that had but few of those signs of age that are so attractive to a visitor from America, where everything seems monotonously new and fresh; and perhaps

it was on this account that the party left the city with less of a regretful feeling than they had experienced after the briefest residence in those places on which the hand of Eld had been visibly laid. In one of the halls of the National Museum there is a collection of antiquities, such as old pieces of furniture and dresses and household stuffs, which time has dimmed and rusted and torn, but they belong to the curiosity-shop of the nation, and not to its political history.

After remaining two days at Munich—which would have been extended a day longer, perhaps, had the party been more comfortable in their quarters—they left for Innsbruck on the 2d July, and retraced, for the second time only during the journey, their road as far as Rosenheim. Thence, turning almost due south, the railway ascended the valley of the Inn to the frontier between Bavaria and Austria, and the country became eminently picturesque. Soon after passing the frontier the train stopped at Kuffstein, to undergo the visitation of the Austrian custom-house officers. The castle, on a hill immediately above the station, is a good specimen of the robber-holds which once held the country in subjection. It is in excellent preservation. After a delay of nearly an hour at Kuffstein—most opportune for sketching, but most annoying to the impatient traveler—the journey was resumed. Schwartz, once celebrated for its now exhausted silver mines, was passed, and soon after the white-faced rocks of the Salsberg looked down upon Halle. Then came the Castle of Amras; then the crossing of the Inn; and then a long viaduct over the meadows terminated in the station at Innsbruck.

The scenery throughout the day's journey had fully equaled the expectations of the party, whose members had associated, they hardly knew what, but certainly

something very beautiful with the very name of the Tyrol.

During his first visit to Europe, in 1847, the writer had crossed the Alps between Verona and Innsbruck, and had been able, generally, to keep ahead of the carriage on foot. Things were changed now, and a new town, almost, had grown up around a railway station. There was an activity, too, that was of old unknown in the sleepy capital of the Tyrol; and the Hôtel de l'Autriche, to which the writer went once more, had shaken off its ancient listlessness, and with its porter, and smiling landlord, and well-dressed waiters, and bouquets of native flowers for female visitors, and photographs, and itineraries, was fully up with the times.

After dinner there was yet enough of day for a walk along the principal street, past the Golden House, so-called, to the bridge across the Inn. The sun had set for Innsbruck; but streaming over the vast mass of the Martinswand, its rays still shone on the mountains that bounded the valley on the east, and brought out in strong relief Schloss Amras against the dark forest which formed its background.

The view from the bridge looking toward Halle was very lovely. A long perspective of mountains on either hand: those, on the left, in purple shadow; those, on the right, bathed in sunlight, and both, as they receded, fading more and more until united and lost in pale blue hills. The river rushed with arrowy swiftness away from the spectator, bordered on one side with buildings climbing up the mountain's slope, and on the other with the public gardens and their masses of dark green foliage. Children were playing under the trees; and on the bridge itself the tramp of a stream of people almost drowned the noise of the rapid waters.

More than twenty years before the writer had noted what he has here attempted to describe. Twenty years are supposed ordinarily to make some change in one's feelings. Experience dulls the edge of sentiment, and the realities of life may be too potent for its dreams. The eye, like the heart, is supposed also to become more or less callous in time; and while its capacity to receive impressions of beauty is not lost, its sensibility is diminished. All this may be so; but the writer's experience, as he stood on the bridge at Innsbruck, did not confirm such theories. But little had been changed in the interval. A new bridge spanned the river lower down, and a ferry-boat was carrying its passengers across from the garden on the right-hand shore—matters that were not remembered as incidents in the former landscape. There was another change, too. The high, steeple-crowned hats of men and women, with a feather sometimes in the golden band, when the broad brim shaded a bright, coquettish face, the short velvet jacket, the embroidered braces and wide belt, the knee-breeches and gray hose, and shoes with silver buckles, had disappeared, and in their place was the costume of the cities of the plains. While the mountains of the Tyrol, its glens and forests, its fields and rivers, remained as of old, the people of the Tyrol had nothing save their locality to refer to in proof of their identity. Nor was the change, in this respect, to their advantage.

A walk on the pleasant grounds that have been laid out on the river below the bridge, and a lingering at the ferry already mentioned, to note the ingenious mechanism of the pulley that traversed the rope suspended across the Inn, and the party returned to the hotel to lean from the windows upon the cushions placed there for the purpose, and watch the movements in the broad street below.

The day, July 3d, which the programme of the tour had given to Innsbruck, was passed most pleasantly. The first thing to be seen, of course, was the tomb of the Emperor Maximilian the First, in the Hof Kirche. It is certainly a striking object, or collection of objects; but the writer has never been especially affected by its excellence as a work of art, either as a whole or in detail. The marble sarcophagus in the centre, on which kneels the bronze statue of the emperor, has around its base a series of bas-reliefs, each of which represents, in marble and in miniature, an event in the history of Maximilian; and certainly the patient labor required to produce in stone what might have been readily enough made in wax and cast in bronze, is very wonderful. But such figures, after all, when at their very best, belong to but a low grade of art; and in examining those around the sarcophagus of the emperor, the writer was quite as much amused with the enthusiasm of their exhibitor, as he took down and replaced the screens that hid them from the common eye—to say nothing of the suavity with which he received his fee—as he was edified by the exhibition. Then, again, the surroundings of the sarcophagus are twenty-eight bronze statues of the size of life, blackened almost by time, standing as so many sentinels around the tomb, and representing the leading characters of the age of Maximilian. But there is no attempt at a composition in their arrangement; no reference in any action that they have to the reason for placing them where they are; and they have no more historical connection with Maximilian, or with each other, than is possessed by the letters of the alphabet when found in lines on the same page in the beginning of a primer. To speak of such a tomb in the breath with which that of Marshal Saxe, at Strasburg, for example, is mentioned, would be simply absurd.

But there are other things in the Hof Kirche than the tomb of Maximilian. The chapel on the right of the entrance is called the Silver Chapel, in which are interred Ferdinand, the second count of Tyrol, and Philippina Welser his wife. It is in the tomb of Philippina that is centred all the interest of the place; where a recumbent figure in white marble represents the wife of the Austrian archduke, the most beautiful woman of her time; and not more beautiful than good. Born of the people, and not in the purple, the Emperor Ferdinand refused to recognize her as the wife of his son. The daughter of a merchant of Augsburg, she was not regarded as a fit mate for royalty. In vain the happiness of her husband in her society; in vain her own exemplary life; in vain the love with which all Tyrol regarded her; in vain the accomplishments and refinement which made Schloss Ambras, the home of herself and husband, a centre of attraction for all that was enlightened and good three hundred years ago. The stern old man disowned the woman whose alliance was more honorable to his house than any title of nobility that he had the power to bestow. Year after year thus passed, the only drawback to Philippina's loving life, the only cloud that ever crossed her husband's thoughts, being this estrangement from his father. What was borne lightly at first became a heavy burden as time wore on; and when twelve years had passed, Philippina determined to see what she herself might effect by personal entreaty. Choosing her opportunity, and when the emperor least expected it, his son's wife, her two boys at her side, threw herself at his feet, and implored him to be reconciled to her husband. She was then in the prime of womanly beauty, and it was impossible to resist her passionate entreaties. At first the emperor hesitated; but yield-

ing at last, he removed the only sorrow that had ever marred the happiness of the count of Tyrol and his wife. Who this count of Tyrol was, what was his name, whether he was the first or second who bore it, what he did, or when he died, few can tell. All that is known of him, except by the historian, is that he was the husband of Philippina Welser, and with her name and story all Tyrol is familiar.

Across the nave of the Hof Kirche, opposite to the entrance to the Silver Chapel, is the grave of Hofer between the monuments to his companions, Spechbacher the soldier and Haspinger the monk. There is nothing in the monuments nor in the statue of Hofer, in his national costume, bearing a banner, worth notice. The names of these men are their monuments. In the museum, which was visited, are preserved the swords of Hofer and Spechbacher—the one such as might be worn at court, the other a well-balanced cavalry sabre, that looked as though it might have done good service in its day.

After seeing the tomb of Philippina Welser, the next thing to be done was to visit her home, Schloss Amras. The Castle of Amras is on one of the hills which skirt the meadows on the right bank of the Inn, not far from Innsbruck. On his first visit the writer had been taken through the building, and had seen many mementoes there preserved of its former mistress; and had drunk some excellent beer in one of the vaults, which had a reputation for being unusually cold, and so well suited to the preservation of the national beverage. On the present occasion it was found that the castle had been carefully restored, and could not be entered without an order from a bureau in the city, which the party did not possess. The liveried attendant, who seemed to regret the disappointment of the visitors, almost as

much as they did themselves, so far relaxed in their favor as to show them into a court, into which the rooms of the castle looked, and in which the chivalry of the Tyrol were wont to assemble when Philippina occupied the Schloss Amras, and to open a chapel evidently restored but recently, in which she used to worship.

Although disappointed in the main object of the visit, it was more than compensated by the very beautiful view which was had from one of the terraces of the valley of the Inn, with its opposite wall of mountains extending to the Martinswand on the one hand and to the white-faced rocks of the Salsberg, and far beyond upon the other.

The afternoon was devoted to an excursion up the left bank of the Inn on the way to Landeck. The scenery is striking, the great height of the mountains, utterly bare of vegetation, and so close upon the road as in some places to overhang it, being its peculiar characteristic. A threatened rain, the first of the journey, somewhat shortened the excursion.

The 4th of July was passed between Innsbruck and Verona; and the excitement of crossing the Brenner Pass by rail was substituted for the patriotic enthusiasm that, in America, would have been proper to the occasion.

The Brenner Pass is the lowest of the many passes of the Alps, and the least interesting of them all to the traveler on the post-road. The necessities of the railroad, however, have forced it into places so singular and wild that, with bridges and tunnels where the only wonder is they should have been ever dreamed of, the attention is not allowed to flag for an instant during the transit from Austria into Italy. This is especially the case on the Austrian side, where, in addition to the mere mountain difficulties, the engineer has had to con-

tend with a treacherous soil, and where all the resources of his art seem to have been exhausted in preserving his work in its location. Indeed, in some places which the train passed slowly over, the original construction had slidden down, and a new road had to be dug out of the mountain-side or built up from below. Everything along the route was new, the track having been opened in 1867 only, and hundreds of men were still at work along the line. Crossing the summit at Brenner station, the descent toward Italy was rapid, and the scenery became eminently picturesque. The great mountain roads uniting the East and the West in the United States pass over rounded eminences, often commanding the most extended views; but the hills are forest-clad, all of them; and it is only here and there that rocks of any magnitude make their appearance. But in Europe the cliff and the crag predominate, and the forest is the exception. It is this which characterizes the roads among the Alps.

Passing Sterzinger Moos, the scene of a great victory gained by Hofer, Spechbacher and Haspinger over the duke of Dantzic in 1809, the railway is carried through a narrow gorge, and soon after the great fortress of Franzenfeste, with upward of one hundred and thirty cannon, strides as it were across the valley, commanding the roads into Carinthia, to Innsbruck and Verona. The railway passes through it. Twenty odd years ago the writer, alpenstock in hand, had ample time to look at it from every point of view, and admire the perfection and solidity of the work; now it flashed across his sight as the train rushed down the descending track.

The country widens after leaving Franzenfeste. Brixen was soon past, and at Botzen time was allowed for dinner at the buffet or restaurant at the station. Then

came Salurn with its ruined castle and the mountain walls along the Adige; then Trent on the river banks; then Roveredo; and as the sun went down the train entered La Chiusa, a defile, whose sides of limestone, in many places perpendicular, confine the Adige to the narrow channel, along which it foams angrily, as though it would dispute with the railway the possession of the track which, for the greater part of the five miles of gorge, has been hewn for it out of the solid rock. About the centre of La Chiusa, and where the passage would be the most difficult, is the massive gate that marks the boundary between Austria and Italy. Some soldiers were lounging there as the train swept by. After La Chiusa, the mountains receded rapidly on the right and left; broad plains were in front; the Adige, which had been crossed between Peri and Ambrozio, was crossed again not far from Verona, and at about nine o'clock the train reached the station, and the party were once more in Italy and within a few hours of Venice.

Rooms had been engaged at the Hotel delle due Torre, and lights were burning on the arrival of the party, weary with the length and excitement of the journey. The parlor had once been the salon of a palace, and two candles did little more than make darkness visible. It was not surprising, therefore, that the first who entered started back in surprise, for there, in a dim corner, stood a negro, his foot advanced and hand raised, while the whites of his great eyes shone fiercely in the gloom. Nor was he alone; a companion was starting apparently from another corner, as if to come to the assistance of his companion. The surprise, however, was but momentary; the figures were a part of the furniture of the apartment, and went some way toward Americanizing it, after all.

It had been intended to remain a whole day at Verona, but, after the next morning had been devoted to the amphitheatre, the most perfect in its interior of the known Roman ruins, the tomb of the Scaligers, the Pinacotheca, the Roman gateways and the churches, it was found that nothing prevented the party from taking the train at 2.25 P. M. for Milan.

No one should leave Verona without visiting the Duomo, or cathedral, and the Church of San Zenone. There are more beautiful edifices in Italy, but there are few more interesting; and, whether the writer has a taste for ecclesiastical architecture or not, these specimens of its earliest forms are well worth seeing. Nor would it be excusable for any guest of the Albergo delle due Torre not to cross the square in front of the hotel and enter one of the most beautiful Gothic churches in Italy—that of Sant' Anastasia. Later in date than either of the others, it is wholly different in character. There are more churches in Verona than those here mentioned, but, after the traveler has passed through as many cities as had already been visited by the party, he feels, unless he has a special vocation in that direction, that specimens are what he wants, rather than the entire collection; and if these specimens are peculiar and characteristic, so much the better. There is another visit in Verona that the traveler will, if ladies are of his party, feel bound to pay. Perhaps, if he is in Verona for the first time, he may be disposed to make it for his own gratification, though he may afterward smile at the recollection. It is the visit to the tomb of Juliet, glancing as he passes at the houses of the Capulets and Montagues. On this occasion it was not overlooked. Stopping at a gate in a high wall, and ringing a bell, a bright-eyed little boy made his appearance as guide, and led the party, through a trellised

walk in a vineyard, to a dilapidated stable—at least it looked like a stable—in which a stone trough—it is nothing better in appearance—excavated from one block, and long enough for a human figure, was pointed out as the tomb. Some remnants of old sculpture had been placed around, and photographs were for sale, representing a lady in black, in a most sentimental and lugubrious *pose*, gazing mournfully upon the spectacle before her.

To call this an imposition would, of course, be idle when thousands and tens of thousands have made the pilgrimage that was performed to-day. Shakespeare founded his play upon an old Italian story. There were families in Verona called Capuletti and Montecchi; that there may have been a son of one named Romeo, and a daughter of the other named Juliet, is not beyond the range of possibility; that Juliet—if there was a Juliet—died, is the most likely fact of all; and that this may have been her stone resting-place, after death, is, also, not impossible. And when from these possibilities genius wove a history, the world at once accepted it as true, and the pilgrimages that have since been made to Juliet's tomb are in truth so many oblations upon Shakespeare's shrine.

There are two principal objects of interest on the way from Verona to Milan: the one is the Lago di Garda, of which an excellent view is obtained from the car windows, and the other is the fortress of Peschiera, one of the corners of the famous Quadrilateral, through which the train passes. The lake continues in sight long enough to enable one to form an excellent idea of its scenery as the train crosses the flat region into which it opens, after leaving the mountains from whose recesses it seems to come. Of the fortress, nothing was seen save the ramparts and ditches intersected by the

track, with here and there the face of a bastion, and on the outside of the main fortification some two or three detached forts.

It was seven o'clock when the train stopped at the Milan station.

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CHAPTER XV.

MILAN—COMO—BELLAGIO—COLICO—CHIAVENNA—THE SPLUGEN—SPLUGEN.

THE writer remained at Milan from the evening of the 5th to the afternoon of the 8th of July. During this time every object of interest was visited in the mornings, and the afternoons were devoted to drives through the city, in the public promenade, on the ramparts and in the environs. The Hôtel Cavour was immediately in front of the public gardens, and the terrace overlooking these was the fashionable afternoon drive for all Milan. A few minutes' walk, therefore, placed one among flowers and shrubs and fountains, or under the great trees that lined the road upon the terrace, and in both places in the midst of crowds of well-dressed people, all bent on recreation. Within a few squares was the Duomo, one of the most beautiful buildings in Europe. Close by this was the Galeria, and all around were objects of interest in the crowded streets, the grand buildings and the ceaseless activity that was everywhere apparent. Twenty years had made a great difference in Milan. Even eleven years had wrought a change since the writer's second visit in 1857. There was the same evidence of progress in Milan that had been so conspicuous in Naples, and Venice, and Florence. Not only has the Duomo completed its tale of statues and perfected its repairs, but

commerce has been even more active than religion. The vast Galeria covers with glass the intersection and portions of two wide streets, whose sides are lined with marble, and with noble specimens of architecture for its four entrances gives homes to business of all kinds, such as are to be found nowhere else in Europe. And not only this, but the narrow streets are disappearing as the spirit of improvement advances in all directions from the Galeria as a centre. "What is all this due to?" asked the writer of an Italian gentleman whose acquaintance he had made. They were standing before the hotel at the time. Without a word, in reply the other pointed to a monument immediately opposite. It was a statue in modern garb, in bronze, on a pedestal of several steps of granite, on one of which a classic figure of great beauty representing Italy, also in bronze, was seated and forming the last letter of the single word "Cavour." There was no other inscription on the monument, which in its composition as well as details was as grand and beautiful as it was simple and affecting. There needed no other answer from the Italian than the gesture that indicated this truly great man as the author of all the progress that was visible.

While the interior of St. Peter's impresses you as the grandest of man's temples in honour of the Deity, that of the Cathedral of Milan satisfies you that it is the most beautiful. It was the writer's third visit; and now thrice had he compared it with the great Basilica at Rome, and again had he come to the conclusion that they cannot be compared. Each has its peculiar characteristics. Neither could have been designed by the hand that planned the other. A Greek, Romanized during the decadence of the Empire, but with the grandeur of the Empire in his mind, might have been the author of St. Peter's. A monk from the Alps with the

splintered peaks of his mountains suggesting spires and pinnacles, and his forest and its foliage curves and finials, might, under the influences of Italy, have made the model of the Duomo. It was a great delight to take one's seat, morning after morning, near the transept, and mark the effect of the many-colored light from the rich stained glass upon columns, pavement and altar, and upon the clouds of incense which at times rose up as if to intercept the rays. There are those who criticise the façade of the Duomo, where the Gothic and the Roman forms are in unwonted juxtaposition. But few make the criticism whose attention is not called to the fact. The cathedral, as a whole, with its ranks of buttresses and its perfect forest of spires, is what attracts attention, and the incongruity referred to escapes notice altogether, or if noticed is forgotten.

In the crypt beneath the cathedral is the tomb of St. Charles Borromeo, where what remains of the embalmed body of the saint may be seen in full pontificals. It is not by any means a pleasing object, and one turns from it to the treasures of gold and silver and jewels with which it is surrounded. These are very valuable, and the sacristan, who with lighted tapers attends the exhibition, dwells upon the fact. The motto of St. Charles Borromeo during life was "Humility." The tomb in which his body has been placed, suggests, as its splendour is admired, the one thought, "Pride."

Whoever visits Milan goes as a matter of course to the Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, where, on the end wall of what was once a refectory, is Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated fresco of the Last Supper. It has been greatly injured by time and by the uses to which the room was once appropriated, and has been so often repaired that there is not perhaps one spot upon it that

remains as left by the hand of the great painter ; and yet, notwithstanding this, it is impossible not to see how fully it sustains its world-wide reputation. The composition has not been altered, the attitudes of the figures are as originally designed ; the story is told as Leonardo intended to tell it ; and though the expression of the different countenances may want the force which the hand of the master gave, and the coloring has faded, and the surface, here and there, has been destroyed entirely, yet even in its ruin enough remains to vindicate its fame.

The only other church visited in Milan on this occasion was the Church of San Ambrozio whose interest lies rather in its great antiquity than in any remarkable beauty. Its reparations give to it an air of newness, which it is difficult to reconcile with the fact that it was founded in the fourth century, and built in its present form in the tenth. The church is full of rare and curious objects, and is well worth a visit, especially if the visitor is architecturally inclined and has in addition antiquarian tastes. There is a contrivance for supporting an octagon upon a square, at the intersection of the nave and transept, which struck the writer as quaint if not original, and which has been brought out in strong relief by the pains that have been taken to "point" the brick and stone work.

The Brera Gallery, admirably arranged, is one of the attractions of Milan. As a collection, it wants the renowned paintings and statues which have done so much to extend the reputation of other galleries, but, taken as a whole, it is excellent. Nor must the Ambrosian Library be forgotten, filled, as it is, with objects of great interest ; and, although one has been reveling among ruins in Rome itself, is the remnant of Roman architecture, the Colonne de San Lorenzo, in the Corso de

Ticinese, to be overlooked, if only to contrast its hoar antiquity with the active modern life constantly circulating around it.

The triumphal arch, erected to commemorate the completion of Napoleon's great road over the Simplon, but now called the *Arco della Pace*, is on one side of the *Piazza d'Armi*, immediately opposite the castle. It is an admirable structure, surmounted with bronze figures. That in the centre, standing in a chariot drawn by six horses, is said to represent Peace, while those at each corner, galloping on fiery steeds springing into mid-air, the same authority declares to be Fame's messengers, setting off to announce the advent of the central figure. Originally it was intended that Napoleon, victorious after Jena, should occupy the car, and that the corner figures should be couriers heralding his triumphs to the world. But when the structure was completed, in 1838, the star of Napoleon was very low down indeed, and the coronation of Ferdinand I., Emperor of Austria, was about to take place, and so the story was changed, and the *Arco della Pace* was inaugurated when the emperor was crowned. As a work illustrating both architecture and sculpture, the monument, whether known by its present title or by its old name, the Arch of the Simplon, is worthy of admiration. Its proportions are just, its details have been carefully studied, and the life and action of its corner figures cannot be surpassed. It was on a bright summer eve that the party stood before it, their attention divided between their attempts to appreciate the meaning of the bas-reliefs with which it is ornamented, and a regiment of Italian troops manœuvring in the *Piazza d'Armi*, with the grim old castle for a background, while a squadron of cavalry, their sabres clanking against their stirrup-irons, went rattling by, and a number of race-

horses, gaily blanketed, emerged from the Arena, and, following the cavalry with their light and elastic tread, crossed the piazza between the spectators and the soldiers. It was a pleasant sight to look upon—a picture gotten up impromptu in the very brightest colors.

The Arena in which the horses had been exercising in preparing for the races, now near at hand, was originally intended to be of marble; but the days of the Roman emperors were no more; and so, instead of stone, the great oblong space is surrounded with seats of turf to accommodate thirty thousand persons. On one side there is a range of handsome rooms for the officials connected with the displays, and these, with the Arena itself, are one of the sights to be seen in making the round in Milan. But, pleasanter than the scene on the Piazza d'Armi, pleasanter than the visit to the Arena, were the drives around the boulevards which occupy the place of the old ramparts, and the walks in the public garden, then in the very height of its beauty.

The railway station at Milan is perhaps the handsomest in Italy, and the writer was especially struck with the beauty of the frescoes representing the principal Italian cities, and only regretted that more time had not been allowed for their examination. It is a good rule, in a tour in Europe, always to have time to spare at the station where one takes the train, and on this occasion the party had the benefit of an observance of it.

The course was now once more northward. From Brest it had been southward to Naples, thence northward to Berlin, thence southward again to Verona and Milan, and now once more northward with Amsterdam and Holland in view.

The railway station at Como is on the high land

above the town, and is reached by omnibus. Leaving Milan at midday, there was time to visit the cathedral before the departure of the steamer that was to take the party to Bellagio, on the point separating the lakes of Como and Lecco. On a former visit the writer had found this so pleasant a stopping-place that, in spite of the suggestions of Giovanni, that Cadenabbia had grown up in the interval and was the best place of the two, he insisted on returning to the Hôtel Genazzini. He is not sure that this was not a mistake. The view from Bellagio is unquestionably finer than it can possibly be from Cadenabbia, but the position is confined; there are no walks; and on the present occasion, although the accommodations were probably as good as they had been eleven years before, the traveler had become more exigent in the interval.

The 9th of July was passed at Bellagio and in making excursions to the Villa d'Este opposite, clambering up the mountain immediately behind the hotel to the Villa Serbelloni on its summit, and rambling through the grounds of the Villa Melzi on the shore above Bellagio, in charge, this last, of the most incommunicative of female guides and, pleasanter than all, lounging under the awning on the terrace opening from the parlors that overhangs the lake, and idly watching the clouds and their shadows on the mountains, the country boats with their wagon-top coverings, and the light pleasure yawls floating on the translucent water as if suspended in mid-air. The last carried, generally, an assortment of flags to suit all nationalities. A merry dog who was entreating the custom of Giovanni, hauled down the English ensign on discovering he was the courier of Americans, and ran up a tolerably fair imitation of the Stars and Stripes. The crescent would have been hoisted with equal readiness had there been any-

thing to make by it. To the writer the day passed at Bellagio was a day in Dreamland. Familiar, from past experience, with all that was to be seen, he remained upon the terrace while the others went wandering about, and realized, to its fullest extent, on one of the loveliest spots of earth, the luxury of perfect idleness.

The steamer from Como to Colico passes Bellagio several times a day; and embarking at 3.15 P. M., and zigzagging from side to side as the boat made all the landings, the party reached Colico in three hours, and found the carriage in waiting that had been engaged for the journey to Coire. The voyage down the lake was most delightful. The passengers were for the most part tourists of many nations. The sky was filled with broken masses of cloud, driven rapidly before a strong wind, and entering largely into the composition, as a painter might say, of the landscape—now permitting volumes of light to fall upon rock or lake, forest or headland, and again blackening all with their shadows. Mountains, nothing but mountains, were on all sides. Sometimes there would be a reach of miles before the steamer; then, again, it would seem to be moving in a pool almost among the hills. One saw on the left hand how the mule-path had accommodated itself to the irregularities of the ground, now climbing over the summit of a rock that came square down into the water, now heading a ravine, now disappearing in a vineyard, and then prominent against the smooth surface of a hill; while on the right the railroad track preserved its level, made sea-walls across the mouths of the ravines, embankments from shore to shore of little bays, and tunnels through projecting cliffs. There was the Past on the one hand, and the Present on the other. The simplest of highways here—the highway but a part of a

vast machine there. The contrast was as striking as it was suggestive.

It so happened that the owner of the carriage that was to take the party to Coire had been the driver of the vehicle in which the writer, with several friends, had made the same journey eleven years before. It was odd to be recognized after such an interval in a place so out of the way as Colico, when a gray beard had displaced a brown one, and Time, in other respects, had not improved the appearance of the individual. As a former friend, the writer's claims to particular attention were at once recognized, and the present driver was told that the journey must be performed quicker than it had ever been performed before; and so, with a perfect volley of whip-cracking and at full gallop, and with Tirollo, the driver's dog, barking like mad, away went the party along the causeway, over the meadows, and under the overhanging cliffs, and up the narrow gorges, and by the side of stagnant pools, until the way grew dark as the mountains shut the sunlight from the road, and until after an hour and upward of sometimes breakneck speed the scenery became wild and savage, the mountains came nearer and nearer to the road, the torrent from the Splugen grew more violent and noisy, remnants of old fortifications began to appear, there was a widening in the valley as it branched to the right and left, and in the crotch was Chiavenna, at the foot of the Splugen Pass, the resting-place for the night.

The single street of Chiavenna was steep and narrow except immediately in front of the Hôtel Conradi, where it opened out into something of a piazza. Opposite the hotel were the massive ruins of a palace that had once belonged to the Salis family; and overhanging the palace was a precipice terraced here and there that

some scanty earth might be retained for vines. The road to the Val Bregaglia swept around the base of the rock. Seen in the twilight, the Hôtel Conradi was not the most cheerful-looking halting-place the travelers had stopped at during their journey. Seen on the following morning, when the sky was cloudless and the atmosphere so clear that the mountain tops appeared but a short walk from the hotel, it wore a very different aspect. The little piazza grew to be of respectable dimensions under the bright sunlight; a handsome campanile, from which a grand carillon of deep-toned bells rung out, that the rocks might echo back the sounds, became prominent; people were passing to and fro; donkeys and donkey-carts were in motion; and the roar of the torrent from the Splügen Pass, which had alone disturbed the silence of the previous night, was now lost in the noises of the active life around.

Leaving Chiavenna, after a visit to the cloisters of the quaint old Church of St. Lawrence, close by the hotel, the ascent of the pass began at once. The road wound in and out and climbed, in zigzags, mile after mile, on the left bank of the Lira; sometimes under the shade of grand old chestnuts; sometimes through fields on the steep hillsides; sometimes under overhanging precipices of rock, looking down on the wild torrent that came foaming along the valley, the opposite mountains seamed with black ravines, while threads of water were lost in mist, as they pitched over sharp ledges to reappear again far below, where the scattered drops were reunited to swell the volume of the Lira. And thus the road went on, higher and higher, the scenery at every mile becoming wilder and more grand; but never so grand as when, turning to look back upon Italy, the vast perspective stretched away, now bordered by the brown and gray ranks of mountains, now by the

same ranges clad in purple, until the pale blue tints of the most distant marked those that looked down upon Como and the plains beyond. It is this wonderful and gigantic perspective that is the characteristic of the Splugen Pass on the descent toward Italy. Lost as the view may be in a gallery, a tunnel, or a ravine, yet it is sure to reappear again and again until within a few miles of Chiavenna. Sometimes the Lira flowed through a wider valley; and here were to be seen clusters of dwellings whose thin columns of smoke were lost before they reached the height of the roadway—dwellings whose hue was that of the earth around, and often hardly distinguishable but for the green meadows near which they stood. At length there came a level, and then a descent in the highway, and the vetturino, with a volley from his whip, set his horses off in a gallop; his little dog Tirolo barked by way of accompaniment, and the carriage rattled up to the inn door at Campo Dolcino, the sorry hamlet where the horses were to have their two hours of rest and the travelers to lunch.

A broader valley had no doubt been the attraction for the first settlers of Campo Dolcino, but the hamlet of some dozen houses had nothing in its surroundings to recommend it. The mountains were even wilder than those which had been passed earlier in the day, and the ravines with which they were seamed were deeper and more forbidding.

From Campo Dolcino the ascent was resumed, with the same zigzags and galleries that had already characterized the engineering, the road in some places being quite steep, until the Madessimo was reached, a stream which, coming in from the right, here makes a clear, uninterrupted pitch over the ledge of rocks on which highway is constructed, into the valley below. The

bridge that crosses it is but a few feet from the brink, and from one of the sides of the stream a terrace has been thrust out, protected by a wall, where one stands to look down on the descending waters. The spectacle is certainly grand, but would be better appreciated were it not for the crowd of beggars. The mode of soliciting charity, however, is more respectable than usual, for they bring large stones to be thrown into the waters and watched as they fall. These the visitors are expected to pay for in the alms that are so pertinaciously solicited.

Near the bridge of the Madessimo, the country becomes more open, and high as is the elevation, there are fields of grass of considerable extent, both on the right and left of the road. And now the galleries are not only characteristic but most remarkable. At a distance, one sees what looks like the wall of a fortification pierced for cannon at short intervals, and winding in gentle curves on the side of the mountain. On a nearer approach this proves to be a gallery, constructed with an arch turned between two walls, the one on the upper and the other on the lower line of a side-cutting—the arch being covered with earth and sods so as to make it conform externally to the general surface of the country. It is through this gallery that the road passes, the supposed embrasures being the openings that give light to the interior. One of the galleries is seven hundred feet long, another some fifty feet shorter, and the longest is fifteen hundred and thirty feet. They have been built to protect the road from the avalanches, which, descending from the heights above, slide over them and fall harmlessly into the valley.

Leaving the galleries, the road continues to ascend for some distance, when there is a descent into a broad and desolate depression among the mountain tops, on

which a glacier here and there looks down. Crossing this on an embankment to the opposite ascent, the carriage stopped at a collection of stone buildings connected with the custom-house. A gloomier wayside inn than was found here it would be difficult to imagine or describe, with a glacier for its next-door neighbor, without a tree or a shrub to indicate that such things were in the world, and with no prospect but the causewayed hollow and the gloomy precipices around it. The picturesque and the grand had marked the ascent of the pass. Here there was nothing but utter, utter desolation. Lichen, mosses and a little coarse grass were the only signs of vegetation; and yet here was seen as handsome and fine a specimen of healthy, robust womanhood as the writer ever beheld. A tall, well-made, well-dressed girl, whose manners as she poured out the wine—good wine, too—that she sold to the passengers, would have done no discredit to city dames; whose voice too was as soft as her eyes were dark and bright, and who had the strength, evidently, to have mastered most men had it become necessary to defend herself. This was all remarkable enough; but what was more remarkable still was, that this woman had never been beyond the limits of the gloomy solitude which has been described, and when this was exclaimed at, she laughed and showed her splendid teeth, and asked what better was to be seen elsewhere!

In strong contrast with this mountain Amazon was a poor girl who had insisted upon keeping pace with the carriage for miles and miles, and who only needed the gown and hat and peacock feather of Madge Wildfire to have been her counterfeit presentment. She talked and sang, and stopped to gather flowers, and laughed, and said sharp, witty things which the vetturino translated, as the carriage toiled up the steep, or the

horses went at a trot on the more level parts of the road. Good-looking, too, was the poor girl who, with flowers in her hair, thus wandered about among the highest of the mountains of the pass, known to all the people of the region, with means enough to maintain her decently, too intelligent and prudent to be confined in an asylum, and yet living in a world that was of her own creation—as happy, she said, as the days were long, and only sad and weary when the weather and the winter made her seek the shelter of a roof. Her presence at length became painful, and it was a relief when a more than usually level stretch enabled the vetturino to leave her far behind.

After passing the custom-house, a succession of short zigzags, with snow lying in the bends, brought the road to the summit of the pass, a low depression from which the mountains receded on either hand in rounded masses. Here the extra horse which had been taken for the ascent was dismissed, and the descent commenced, tacking in a remarkable way down an almost uniform slope, which began immediately after passing through a short gallery near the crest of the mountain. The picturesque, the grand, the desolate of the Splugen had now been left behind, and there was nothing to engage the attention particularly for the rest of the day's journey. The principal occupation of the writer, as he sat with the driver on the banquette, was to watch the four horses as they turned at a swinging trot the corners of the zigzag, and to pray that the "shoe" on one hind wheel and the brake on both might hold their own. They did so, however, until the pine forest was passed and the carriage stopped to be released from them, before rattling over the bridge across the Rhine, and drawing up at five o'clock before the hotel at Splugen.

And this was the passage of the Splugen on 10th July, 1868, under circumstances in every way most agreeable; and thus was the Switzerland so long looked forward to fairly entered.

At Splugen the San Bernardino road falls into that from Chiavenna, and from thence the main route is down the valley of the Rhine to Coire.

This was the second time that the writer had crossed the Splugen, and he recommends the route as the best, taking all things into consideration. Several summers could be occupied in visiting *all* the passes of the Alps; and there is not one of them, from the Brenner, which is the lowest, to the Stelvio, which is the highest, that would not compensate for the fatigue of the journey. But it is impossible, during that portion of six months in Europe that can be given to Switzerland, to accomplish a tithe of such a visitation. It is better, therefore, to select those passes which have some peculiar characteristic, which can be seen without the necessity of going twice over the same ground, and which can be crossed without any extraordinary fatigue, either in a carriage or on horseback; and this can best be done by entering Switzerland by the Splugen, one of the grandest, certainly, of all the passes.

On this occasion, the Lago de Garda and the Lake of Como were the only Italian lakes visited. Lago Maggiore might have been seen, however, if one of the days appropriated to Milan had been taken, and another day had been borrowed from the fund of time at the disposal of the party. But the writer had once crossed the Simplon, and from Baveno had rowed to the Borromean Islands, and, having seen the two lakes just mentioned, he did not believe that a visit to the third would have compensated for the time it would have occupied.

From the village of Splugen the road, after passing some scant meadow-ground, enters a dense forest of fir, which clings to the mountain-side wherever earth can be found to support a tree ; and where there are no firs gray precipices of rock close in on either side, leaving small room for the highway on the right bank of the river. In some places no room whatever is left, and here tunnels have been resorted to. Every now and then the continuity of the forest is broken by a ravine from the right-hand mountains, on whose now dry bed are masses of rock and heaps of *débâcle* brought down by the torrents of the winter. And so the road continues, rapidly descending the while, to the gorge of Rofla, where the Rhine, confined within its narrow bed, pitches over a succession of rocky ledges in what, elsewhere, would be a cataract calling for unqualified admiration. But all its surroundings are on such a gigantic scale that, with the fall of Madessimo—a part of yesterday's enjoyment—in one's recollection, one has become fastidious, and is quite satisfied with the stoppage of a few minutes to allow the passengers to leave the carriage and, leaning over the guard-rail, to look down upon the Cascade of Rofla.

The road soon after emerges from the forest ; the mountains recede to the right and left ; a valley opens in front ; the zigzags again become necessary ; ruins are seen on the eminences ; and the vetturino says that the valley is the Valley of Schams, and that the Via Mala is in the mountain-range before you.



CHAPTER XVI.

THE VIA MALA—TUSIS—COIRE—RAGATZ—BATHS OF PFEFFERS
—ZURICH—LUCERNE—THE RIGHI—ST. GOTHARD—HOSPEN-
THAL.

IT is not intended here to describe in detail the Via Mala, on the route of the Splugen. Suffice it to say, that this Valley of Schams was, doubtless, in the ages past, a lake, whose shores were the mountains toward the Splugen, the mountains in front and the remoter hills which bounded on either side its broad expanse. How the Rhine, after passing through the lake, then reached the low land, can only be imagined. One thing seems certain, however, that some mighty convulsion of nature relieved the river from the task of slowly wearing a way through its continents, and, by upheaving the mountains toward Tuis, severed the chain with a narrow fissure, whose sides, not quite coming together again when the convulsion ceased, left an outlet for the Rhine through the lowest depths in the very heart of the great hills. For centuries this fissure was regarded as impracticable, and those who then sought Italy in this direction made a long detour to reach the Valley of Schams, the Cascade of Rofla and the passes of Splugen and San Bernardino. Engineering art, however, opened the way for travel through the fissure by excavating first on one side, then on the other—requiring three crossings of the chasm—a shelf in the limestone

and slate, some halfway down. These separate portions were then united by single-arched bridges spanning the narrow depths, at the bottom of which, unseen, at times almost unheard, flowed the whole body of the Rhine.

There are places along this road on which the sun never shines, over which the cliffs hang low, and where, as the traveler looks upward, he has but glimpses of the sky. Sometimes it is but a shelf that has been cut out of the rock ; sometimes it is a tunnel ; sometimes masses of the mountain, sliding into the depths of the fissure, have widened it where the engineer wanted to construct his road, and so facilitated his progress ; but, even with this aid, it was a struggle between art and nature from the Valley of Schams to the outlet of the pass near Tuis. One cannot realize the depth of the fissure in the mountain below the road until, standing on the central bridge, one drops a stone and listens as it bounds from side to side in its descent, and then, after a long silence, as it passes through an unobstructed space, faintly hears it strike the surface of the water.

Tuis was the place for lunch and resting the horses ; and after the allotted two hours the journey was resumed down the valley of the Rhine, with mountains on either hand, every height, almost, crowned with ruins. The scenery was striking and picturesque, but after the Splugen and the Via Mala, the common run of Swiss mountains are, for a while, monotonous. Crossing the Rhine by a wooden bridge, at Richenau, the road gradually emerged from the higher Alps, and the day's journey ended at the old town of Coire, the present terminus of the railroads which have intruded themselves even into Switzerland !

There was little of interest to detain the party at Coire, where the vetturino, Lorenzo Gattipani, a most

excellent fellow, and his dog Tirol, were parted with, and the railroad traveling was resumed on the morning of the 11th of July.

Ragatz and the baths of Pfeffers were on the route to Zurich, and it was easy, by taking the early train at 7.40 A. M., to have five or six hours at Ragatz, and, lunching there, to reach Zurich in season for a late dinner.

The Swiss railroad cars are on the American plan, except that, at one end, there is a separate compartment for first-class passengers, where the seats are more comfortable, and where there is less likelihood of being disturbed by the crowd of way-travel. The engines, like all those in use on the Continent, are, no doubt, powerful enough; but there is a total absence of brass or bright work, and there is nothing in their externals to make either the companies or their drivers take pride in them. Instead of a cab to protect the engineman from the weather, there is nothing but a screen with two round holes to peep through, under the lee of which some slight shelter from the wind may be obtained.

In an hour after leaving Coire the train reached Ragatz, and carriages were at once engaged to take the party to Pfeffers. The ravine here is due very probably to the same convulsion that made the fissure through the mountain at the Via Mala, though on a much smaller scale. Here, the waters of the Tamina are but a few feet below the road, which, without much trouble, has been excavated from the hillside; while there, the Rhine flows at the bottom of an abyss, whose depth deadens its tumultuous roar to those who stand upon the bridges. Still, no one should omit a visit to the baths. The scenery is unique in Europe. At the Via Mala, the severed rocks have maintained a sort of rough parallelism. At Pfeffers, on the contrary, after

the upheaval took place which opened the fissure, the tendency of the cliffs to reunite was prevented, apparently, by the falling in from the sides of vast masses, forming, as they filled up the lower part of the cleft, a bed for the river in the cavern that this fall created. Along the fissure and through the cavern a platform has been suspended by iron rods from the rock overhead, leading to the sources of the springs. Looking upward from this, there are places where the projecting cliffs completely hide the sky, and one moves forward in a dim twilight, even when the sun is at its highest and brightest. To gratify those who desire to cross into the cavern, a bridge has been extended from the platform to its farthest depths, standing on which, with the Tamina thundering at your feet, and looking toward the sources of the hot springs, the view is very striking. The roof of the cavern disappears some two hundred yards ahead, and one sees, through a narrow cleft, the mountain-side brilliant with sunlight, while its base is hidden by the vapor from the springs and the mist from the river, so that the Tamina appears to come forth from out of a mass of clouds, only that it may rush to hide itself in the weird and savage recesses of the cavern.

The springs themselves, which the guide insists generally upon one's inspecting, are at the end of a narrow passage some eighty or a hundred feet long, where, by the light of the candles, one sees the water issuing from the rock, and escapes as rapidly as possible to the open air, having no disposition to take a vapor bath in coat and pantaloons. In a word, the expedition to the springs is a belittling of the effect produced by the passage through the cavern on the way to them.

When the writer visited Ragatz, in 1857, there was but a single inn and but few houses in its neighbor-

hood. Now, there is a handsome watering-place, with its reading-room, pump-room, bathing arrangements, hotels and carriages.

From Ragatz to Zurich, the railroad passed through a valley that narrowed as it approached the head of Lake Wallenstadt. The Castle of Sargans, a tall, square tower, with a double pitched roof, and altogether prosaic in appearance, was seen on an eminence to the right; and soon after the train was whirling along on the narrow margin between the base of the mountains and the shore of the lake. The Linth canal, which is the outlet, was then crossed, and, with a great sweep to the left, the road entered the broad and beautiful valley which here borders the Lake of Zurich. The mountains, which had been so close on either side in the morning, became more and more indistinct, and at five o'clock the party were comfortably quartered in one of the best hotels in Europe—the *Hôtel Bauer du Lac*, in Zurich. The grounds of the hotel, extending to the lake in front, and bordered on one side by its outlet, were ornamented with shrubbery and flowers and shaded with trees, while a terrace at the lower extremity overhung the water. Beyond this, boats of all sorts and sizes, from the heavy barge of the country to the lightest skiff, many with gay flags—French, English and American—some rowed by girls in bright dresses, moved to and fro. Farther out, steamboats went and came. A promontory, with tall poplars on the left, concealed the body of the lake; on the right, gentle slopes, with masses of dark woodland here and there, looked park-like, and in front, and bounding the estuary, formed by the headland, high hills, not mountains yet, rose above each other in succession, fading from dark green to pale blue as they receded to the line of the horizon. The sky, too, was cloudless, and the

water, save when disturbed by oar or paddle-wheel, was smooth as the surface of a mirror. The view was indeed most beautiful.

It forms no part of the writer's plan to describe and recommend the hotels at which the party stopped in their journeying. With few exceptions, all were sufficiently good; some, of course, better than others; still, excellence was the general rule. It would not be just, however, to pass the Swiss hotels without a word of commendation. No previous or subsequent experience gave them rivals in the estimation of the writer. The Hôtel Bauer du Lac at Zurich, the Schweitzer Hof at Lucerne, the Hôtel Victoria at Interlachen, the Berner Hof at Berne, are admirable, all; and the Hôtel Bauer, that has suggested these remarks, especially so. And yet, perhaps, this is the judgment of an American only; who rejoices in large and spacious halls; who prefers seeing the world at a table-d'hôte to eating a solitary meal in the seclusion of a private parlor; who is willing to share the papers and magazines on the table of a grand reading-room with the guests of the hotel; and who would feel uncomfortable in carrying off the *Times* or *Galignani* to peruse it at his leisure in his chamber. Traveling, as he did, with three ladies, the practice of the writer was to have a parlor as well as bed-rooms, wherever he stopped, even for a night. It was convenient on many accounts. But after dining for some weeks in the parlor, and sending for the newspapers, it was discovered that there was more dignity than enjoyment in this estrangement from the rest of the hotel; and the reading-room and the table-d'hôte were afterward resorted to as a matter of choice, when there was not the least necessity for doing so. Second-class cars would have been experimented with on the same principle, but the writer had tried both; and the loss

of amusement or information in avoiding the changing crowd that used them was fully compensated when, in a first-class car, you felt sure that you would not be roused from a comfortable nap by some way passenger treading on your feet, or sitting on your legs, or dropping his bundle from the rack upon your head, as he got into or got out of the compartment. So far as the cushions and arrangements of the cars are concerned, there is not, in Germany, much difference between the first and second-class cars—the great difference, most materially affecting one's comfort, is the change of passengers that is constantly going on as the train stops at the way stations on the road. This is an episode, however, and one must get back to Zurich.

Thus far, the heavy baggage had been sent by express from place to place, and the "hat-boxes," and a carpet-bag or two only, had been retained when the journey was to be continued in a common carriage. The time was approaching, however, when horseback was to be the means of traveling, and a further disposition had to be made of the impedimenta of the journey. This was done at Zurich, where everything was committed to the express that could not be carried on a sumpter-mule or strapped behind a saddle. Carpet-bags—water-proof too, at that—became the order of the march, and it was surprising—and to the writer it must be confessed a source of some malicious triumph—to see, when necessity came to be master, how comfortable one might be made without either trunks or hat-boxes on a tour in Switzerland.

Besides making the traveling arrangements here referred to, the party had much to see in Zurich, one of the most thriving, active towns in Switzerland—full of life and rapidly increasing in wealth and population. There was the Gros Münster and the Frau

Münster, and the Botanic Gardens, and the Arsenal, and the promenades, and the environs; so that time by no means hung heavy during the morning of July the 13th.

At 4.50 P.M. the party left for Lucerne, and, after a detour by way of Zug, reached there at seven o'clock, and the writer found himself, for the third time in his life, at the Schweitzer Hof.

The 14th of July was passed at Lucerne. Thorwaldsen's Lion was seen, of course, and the organ listened to in the cathedral, at a franc a head, in the afternoon; but the rest of the day, and until the middle of the next day, was spent in idly watching the summit of the Righi, counting the clouds on Mount Pilatus, and generally in the enjoyment of the most perfect idleness in this, one of the most beautiful spots in Switzerland. Nor, as a part of the occupation of the hours passed in Zurich, must the steamboats be forgotten. The lake at times seemed alive with them, so active were their movements. Sharp, graceful, arrowy-looking things they were, too, searching every nook and corner of the Lake of the Four Cantons on their errands of business or of pleasure.

It is not a matter of mere dreamy idleness to watch the summit of the Righi, the ascent of which is the one particular object of coming to Lucerne. Everything depends upon having clear weather to see the sun either set or rise from the Kulm. Things were by no means promising in this respect when the party, having "expressed" the baggage to Interlachen, went on board the steamer for Weggis. There was a great white cloud on the top of the Righi, and the sky was "ashen and sober" everywhere. Still, everybody said that if there was no "sunset" to be seen, there was all the better prospect for a "sunrise." This philosophy was

not appreciated exactly at the time, but it was something to have a hope, however ill founded.

At Weggis there was a crowd of mules and horses and drivers and men and boys ; but here, very different from the experience of Italy and Terni, everything was in order. The guides were called in succession, and the baggage strapped behind the saddles or strung over the shoulders of the men. One of the party requiring a *chaise à porteur*, eight sturdy fellows took their places with their chair and poles in readiness for a start ; and when, at length—nor did it take very long, either—everything was arranged, the word was given and the procession commenced. The path was at first through orchards. It was well made, some four feet wide, graveled and, where deemed necessary, protected by a hand-rail. Leaving the orchards, the climb began up the side of the mountain—sometimes across open, grassy fields ; sometimes along the face of rocks, down which came streams of water ; sometimes under tall cliffs of conglomerate pudding-stone ; once through a natural archway or tunnel formed by two enormous masses of the stone, which, after some grand upheaving, had fallen across what afterward became the road, with space enough between, at their bases, for a man and horse to pass through ; then along what had for some time been regarded as a reddish-gray wall upon the mountain-side, until a place was found where it could be ascended ; and soon after the path came in front of a handsome hotel nestled in the side of the Righi, where warm springs gushed forth ; and from the porch of the hotel a crowd of guests looked and laughed at the procession which wound up the narrow path, with just room enough, and no more, to make its way through the terraced yard of the building. By this time, too, the cloud upon the mountain had been reached, and

umbrellas were in demand. One of the men belonging to the *chaise à porteur* gave out, which was uncomfortable, for it doubled the duty of his relief. The mist of the clouds began also to condense into rain-drops after passing the baths, and, the ground becoming more open, a chilly wind blew a piercing scud into the faces of the travelers. It was not the best time to enjoy such glimpses of the landscape as the driving clouds permitted or to admire the depth of the blue of the waters of the lake, when one turned one's head round to avoid a gust of more than usual violence and saw it thousands of feet below. The path, too, became slippery in places, and, although there was a guide at each horse's head, the procession became silent and anxious and excessively uncomfortable. But, as the longest lane has a turning, so the highest mountain has a top, and, in company with a crowd of pedestrians who had been pitied for some time as they were seen breasting the blast up a long slope across the wet and slippery grass on the way from Arth, the party entered the handsome hotel—speaking comparatively, of course—that now occupies the only sheltered nook that is to be found on the summit of the Righi. Here the clothes were dried, some excellent wine was had—much needed after the four hours of the ascent—and, what was better still, there was a view afforded, with a perfectly clear horizon, of a magnificent panorama. And it fully justifies all that can be said of it. Mountains everywhere—snow-clad summits, each with its name and history; black lakes—miles away, yet seemingly at one's feet; towns and villages—dots, nothing but dots—the commas and semicolons and colons of the sheet which tells of the Alpine grandeur spreading out on every side. There it all was. There was no visible sunset, it is true; and it was the sunset the party had hoped to see,

when the mountain-tops would flash into stars as they held the last rays of the descending luminary, for an instant only, before lost in the gloom of twilight. There was no sunset, but there was that to see which cannot be made intelligible by mere words, but which, once seen, can never be forgotten. For some twenty minutes this view was permitted to those who now stood on the summit of the Righi. Volumes of mist then rolled up the sides of the mountain, and the guests of the hotel were only too glad to seek the shelter of its roof.

The next morning it was no better. Indeed it was much worse, for the fog was so dense that it was difficult to distinguish objects fifty yards off. The sun rose, unquestionably, and some one, somewhere, saw it; and with this fact the party had to be satisfied as they set forth on their return, intending to breakfast at Weggis while waiting for the steamer from Lucerne that was to take them to Fluelen on their way to the St. Gothard.

After getting out of the cloud on the Righi, the descending procession had an excellent view of the lake, with a dozen different foregrounds of rock and field and forest. It was in front, too, and there was nothing to intercept it. The weather also had improved; the clouds were climbing up the mountains to disappear from their summits; blue sky made its appearance, the sun came out, and the silent procession of the evening before grew loud in the expression of admiration, and all agreed that, though they had seen the sun neither at his rising nor his setting, the ascent of the Righi was worth all the *désagrémens* attending it.

There are three roads up the Righi, from Weggis, from Kussnacht and from Arth, and the writer has now tried them all. That from Weggis is to be preferred. It involves, however, a retracing of one's steps, and per-

haps, were anything to tempt the writer to make a fourth ascent, though he has twice seen the sun rise from the summit, he would take the route from Kussnacht to the top, coming down to Weggis in time for the steamer to Fluelen.

The Lake of the Four Cantons is the most beautiful of the Swiss lakes, and the voyage this morning was one of great enjoyment. While on the side of Lucerne the shores are comparatively low and rich in cultivation, after leaving Weggis the mountains, with rare exceptions, come sheer down into the water. The field of Grütli is little more than a narrow ledge overlooked by a precipice on the one side, and having the lake on the other. Tell's Chapel, erected to mark the spot on which Tell landed when he sprang (so runs the legend) from Gessler's boat, occupies but a projecting rock. So great has been the difficulty of making even a pathway along the southern portion of the lake that the government has taken the matter in hand, and between Brunnen and Fluelen a road has been built high above the water, of the most expensive character, supported on heavy stone terraces where it is not carried through the projecting cliffs by tunnels. And yet, wild as is the country, wherever a foothold could be obtained, the Swiss have found room for a village and a landing-place.

There was no difficulty in procuring a carriage at Fluelen for the Glacier du Rhône, where the horseback experience was to begin. Some dozen and more were in readiness on the arrival of the boat, and there being no reason for delay, the party were soon rolling along an excellent road, in a valley among the mountains to Altorf, where Tell, they say, shot at the apple on his son's head. Then came meadows and walnut trees, contrasting strongly with the wall of rock on the one hand,

and the precipitous mountain on the other, and then the carriage stopped for lunch at Amsteg. From the window of the post-house there is an excellent view of the bridge across the Reuss, with a fine perspective of mountain scenery beyond, through which lies the road to the St. Gothard. Here the climbing of the pass began. But it was not such a pass as the Splugen by any means. Its character was altogether different. There were rocky mountains, it is true, and the road wound in and out among their flanks in both cases. But the general aspect was not the same. The long vista of mighty masses, fading into blue distances, that looked down on Italy, and which characterized the Splugen, was wanting. The Reuss rushed along its rocky bed here, in close proximity often to the road. At the fall of Madessimo the Lira was scarcely visible, so far was the river below the highway. And yet the pass, even soon after leaving Amsteg, had its own peculiar and impressive characteristics. One never thinks, in ascending the St. Gothard, of the Splugen. There is quite enough before him to occupy all his attention in the combination of mountains, with their buttresses, and dark ravines, and wild gorges, and the river now hurrying along in broken rapids, now pitching over ledges of rock in thundering cascades.

At Göschenen, the apparent direction of the road is to the west, where the mountains fall back to the right and left as if to facilitate its passage; and on this occasion, the party had rather congratulated themselves that a less rugged country was about opening, and that the gloomiest of all gloomy-looking gorges, which had at one time been immediately in front, would be passed on the left hand—an expectation that was in some degree confirmed when the carriage, turning to the right, left the gorge in question—becoming blacker every mo-

ment as the sun approached the horizon somewhat in the rear. It was with more surprise than pleasure, therefore, that the change of direction was found to have been made only that a more convenient crossing-place of the Göschenen Reuss, which here joins the main river far below the level of the road, might be had ; for, turning again short round to the left, and descending for a few yards the lesser stream, the road plunged at once into the Gorge of Schellinen, one of the wildest and most savage of the passes of the Alps. The mountains, here, came down to the Reuss, not in one broad slope or unbroken precipice, but in a succession of spurs, those of the one side interlapping those of the other, with the river winding its tortuous, headlong course at their feet. Here is the Teufelstein, a vast fragment of granite, which the road skirts, and which the driver solemnly declared, as though he believed the fact, had been dropped by the devil to bar the way. Gloomy at midday, as this dark ravine must be, it was now eminently so, for the sun was too low to touch with its rays even the topmost peaks on the eastern side. Here, too, as if the road was not dark enough at any rate, a portion of it had been covered by a gallery as a protection from the avalanches, upon the keystone of whose arch of entrance was sculptured the horns of the Canton Uri. Then, too, the zigzag system was resumed, with sharp, quick turns as the road wound upward. In short, it was one of the most impressive scenes that had yet greeted the party in Switzerland. Everything was so hushed, too, save the noise of the ever-headlong river, now far down below. Eleven years before, the writer had passed over the same road, and now recognized every turn, and could place himself again upon the spot where, at the same hour at the close of a day in August, he had leaned on his

alpenstock, and looked back at the arms of Uri and speculated upon their origin.

After three miles or more of this scenery, there was a louder roar of the waters and more light in front, as though the end of the ravine might be at hand; and then, turning to the right, the road was seen to be hewn from the flank of a vast precipice, where a single arch was thrown across the Reuss. Below this, the river went leaping downward in an almost unbroken cataract, some seventy feet or more, throwing volumes of mist upward as high as the bridge itself. The roar of the waters was deafening. Looking over the left-hand parapet, and, better still, leaving the road after crossing the river and descending the valley of the stream for some fifty yards, and standing there, one saw, at a much lower level, the old bridge—the “Devil’s Bridge” of history—just wide enough for two persons to pass each other, and built seven hundred and fifty years ago by the Abbot Gerald of Einsiedeln. There are grander and more striking structures, more extraordinary proofs, perhaps, of engineering skill among the Alps—on the Simmering road, for example—than this; but there is none that better contains all the elements of the picturesque, which makes a more perfect picture of the kind than these two extraordinary structures, the river that they span and the rocky masses among which it winds its way. The modern bridge is high above the old one, which is black with the perpetual spray of the Reuss. These old monks were rare men, many of them. We are so much accustomed to the beauty of their cathedrals that we cease to wonder at the skill and genius that emanated from their cloisters; but here, amid the Swiss mountains, is one of their works which was constructed under circumstances that even modern engineers would think extraordinary, and which, at the end

of seven hundred and fifty years, still stands as firmly as the day it was built, and which has actually been imitated, only on a larger scale, in the work recently erected above it. The Devil's bridge was a fit termination to the gorge it has been attempted to describe, called by the country round, the Krachenthal.

Beyond the bridge comes the "Hole of Uri," a tunnel through the spur of a mountain that had previously barred the way down the valley; and, leaving this, the road skirts a wide and beautiful valley, bounded by mountains whose forms are in striking contrast with the wild and rifted peaks of the Gorge of Schellinen. Passing through Andermatt, a village on the edge of the valley, a rapid trot brought the party to Hospenthal, their resting-place for the night, just as the sun was setting.

At Hospenthal the road of the St. Gothard continues to ascend the valley of the Reuss by zigzags which mark the smooth mountain-side for several miles ahead, while the road to the Furca Pass, and across it to the Glacier du Rhône, turns to the right and ascends the Valley of Urseren. A good hotel has lately been built at Hospenthal, whose jolly landlord is the king of the place, takes care of the mails, furnishes the post-horses, and generally controls affairs, quite as thoroughly, and, no doubt, much more peacefully, than did, in olden times, the lord of the tall square tower that still dominates the village.



CHAPTER XVII.

THE FURCA PASS—GLACIER DU RHÔNE—THE GRIMSEL—BRIENZ
—INTERLACHEN—LAUTERBRUNNEN—GRINDELWALD—KAN-
DERSTEG—THE GEMMI—LEUKERBAD.

AT eight o'clock on the morning of the 17th of July, the party set out for the Glacier du Rhône, intending to reach the Hospice of the Grimsel as the limit of the day's journey. The road lay up the Valley of Urseren, upon a magnificent road, which has been constructed in the last few years.

As the St. Gothard differs from the Splugen, the Simmering and the Brenner—the past experiences of the party—so the Furca Pass differs from all of them. There is nothing here like the Gorge of Schellinen. The mountains enclose a wide valley of moderate ascent, until the head of the pass is neared, where there used to be, in the writer's recollection, a sharp climb to the hotel on the summit. The new road, which is almost level for the first four miles, afterward makes its way upward by a uniform and easy grade, on the surface, generally, of green pastures, with no heavier work than side-cuttings and here and there a supporting wall. The outlines of the landscape are, with rare exceptions, rounded, more like the hills of America than the precipices of Switzerland. The valley being nearly straight, the view is extensive, and Hospenthal, with its ruined

tower and the tall spire of its church, remains long visible. The hotel at the summit is seen miles and miles ahead, a mere dot on the col between the mountain ranges, some time before it is reached. The road, which has been carried high above the old mule-track in the bottom of the valley, is much longer, but its great elevation gives an interest to the pass which was far from being possessed by its predecessor, whose principal merit was that it afforded access to the Glacier du Rhône. As the party neared the summit, they found themselves above the snow, patches of which lay in the hollows along the road.

The hotel of the Furca was taken possession of by the Queen of England and her suite not long after the writer's visit in 1868, and the common wayfarers were referred to a very modest shanty—it would be called in America—across the road; and certainly the good taste of royalty could not have been better illustrated. The ascent on one side has scarcely terminated before the descent commences on the other. On the east lies the Valley of Urseren, and on the west is the valley of the Rhone, while there is a fine view of the Finster Aarhorn, dominating the chain of the Bernese Alps in the far distance. On neither side, as far as Hospenthal on the one and Ober Gelstein on the other, is there a tree or shrub visible. Green slopes, bounding a quiet valley with projecting rocks on the summit to the north, characterize the Furca Pass.

The landscape changed on the western side. The descent was more precipitous, the valley on the left was narrower, the rocks stood out more from the mountain side, the zigzags again occurred, though now with longer lines and larger sweeps; the Gallenstock, at whose foot lies the great glacier, towered high upon the right; and as the driver, relying on his shoe and

brake, swept at a full trot downward, with no protection from the precipice on the left but stones set some fifty feet apart, the interest of this part of the journey was kept alive in more ways than one. Thunder, too, began to mutter in the east, and heavy clouds formed the background to the Furca inn, as one looked round upon the road, and hung low down in the valley of the Rhone. But the sun shone brightly where the carriage rolled along, and even the savage mountain sides were made cheerful by their contrast, under its rays, with the sky overhead. A turn in the road presently brought the Rhone Glacier with its icy cliffs full in view, and so it continued until the party stopped at the inn and post-house, where the carriage was to be dismissed and the horseback experience was to recommence.

The appearance of the great glacier from this place is that of a semi-fluid mass, that has been projected down a valley whose sides prevent its spreading laterally, and where the friction checks the progress of the edges, while the centre is permitted to advance. In this way, the line of contact between the ice and the flat surface of the valley is an almost uniform curve, whose convexity is toward the spectator. Seen from a distance, the appearance of the mass may be compared to the ribbed upper surface of the half of a gigantic escalop-shell. Nowhere else, not even at the Mer de Glace, except where this is seen from the Flegère, is the same idea of the might of the glacier obtained. Nowhere is the flow of these vast bodies of ice—for they do flow, solid as they are—from the gorges of the higher Alps, to melt at a given line in the valleys, more strikingly apparent.

Immediately in contact with what might almost be called the lip of the glacier—its lower edge—the valley was filled with the detritus ground by the ice in its pas-

sage over the rocks beneath it, and through this, as from the head of a vast fountain, came the first visible waters of the Rhone.

In eleven years, the glacier, as the writer could see from his own experience, had receded up the valley. Its edge was farther from the inn than it used to be, and the path along its eastern border, which the writer well remembered pursuing alpenstock in hand, able almost to touch the ice with the stick, was now far above the surface of the glacier.

There were too many people of different sexes and sizes to be accommodated with horses for the ascent of the Grimsel from the inn at the Glacier du Rhône for every one to be even reasonably satisfied, and in consequence there was a good deal of confusion before the party got under way. It was on an occasion of this sort that Giovanni proved a treasure, unscrupulous as he was when the convenience of others was opposed to that of his employers. Speaking Italian, German, French and English with equal facility, no bad judge of horseflesh either, and an adept in saddles, it was rare that his party were not the soonest and the best mounted; and it was still more rare that he did not secure the best animal for himself. On this occasion he was unfortunate; the side-saddle of Mrs. L—— was too small, and her horse unluckily cast a shoe on the ascent. The shoe was an accident, but the saddle was a mortification, and for the first time during the journey the unconquerably vivacity of the Italian was subdued.

At last the travelers were under way, and commenced the ascent of the rugged path up the steep slope of the western side of the valley. How the horses got along is to this day a wonder. There was not a space of ten yards in which the path was even in tolerable order. Sometimes the horse had to ascend steps of a foot and

more rise each, and at the top gather his feet together that he might make a turn at an acute angle, with no foothold but such as he might pick out among the stones. In this way and in single file, some thirty people clambered up the mountain. The road up the Righi is the Simplon compared with a country lane, alongside of the path up the Grimsel. All the travelers had by this time become impatient, however, and looked at the sky rather than the road, for the sun was hidden behind the clouds that came rolling up the valley of the Rhone, and one continued peal of thunder reverberated through the mountains. There were drops of rain, too, that gave warning of a storm. It was with a feeling of great relief, therefore, that the summit was reached, for here there was no apparent danger in the path. The road was bad enough, however, passing over long stretches of hardened snow, on the borders of a pool looking black under the leaden sky, and after the descent commenced, continuing across rocks worn smooth by the glaciers of forgotten ages, on which the iron shoes of the horses slipped dangerously. The lameness of Mrs. L——'s horse obliging her to dismount, and the rocks of the descent making all but the most adventurous of the travelers do the same, the procession that had left the inn at the glacier on horseback, marched on foot into the area in front of the Hospice of the Grimsel.

The Hospice, or place of refuge for travelers, is a massive stone building, buttressed with heavy walls against the avalanche. Surrounded by lofty mountain peaks, broken into every variety of form, it stands on the borders of a small lake whose waters find an outlet in front of the building, whence they are precipitated in a succession of cascades to join the Aar in the deep ravine through which the river escapes from a scene of

utter desolation. But the hotel is far from an uncomfortable place. One must speak in whispers in its chambers, it is true, for they are of the thinnest boards, and be satisfied with a down comfort for a covering. Everything, however, is scrupulously clean; and the table-d'hôte, on this occasion, was excellent. Luckily, the drops of rain on the ascent had been but a threat; and in a little while the comforts of the Hospice dissipated all recollections of the annoyances of the journey.

Those who want to see Switzerland, as Switzerland deserves to be seen, must leave the railroads, and for a season give up carriages, and endure horseback-riding, when they cannot make excursions on foot. The railroad and the carriage road seek, necessarily, the easiest passes, and adhere as closely as they can to the valleys, whence glimpses of Switzerland may be had while hurrying along at the rate of six or sixty miles an hour. But the wonders of Switzerland are beyond the reach of the car or the carriage. The most wonderful are accessible only by the pedestrian. Much, however, may be done on horseback; and the Grimsel and the Gemmi, two of the most remarkable of the Alpine passes, can be seen in no other way.

On his former visit, the writer fancied he had made a most remarkable discovery, as he sat on the rock in front of the hotel of the Grimsel and looked across the narrow valley on whose opposite side winds the road from the summit, with its line of guide-posts. The goats had come down from their pastures to be milked, and were seen through the mist that filled the valley like so many shades of departed goats revisiting their former habitations. This was intelligible enough; but stalking among them, milk-pail in hand, was what seemed to be a most extraordinary specimen of the *genus homo*. The writer could not believe his own

eyes. He looked and looked again. He resorted to his opera-glass; but the mist condensed upon the lenses, and it gave him no satisfaction. He drew nearer still—as near as the rock on which he was would allow. It was impossible to be mistaken. There, in front of him, moving about, his bucket in one hand and a staff in the other, among the “milky mothers of the herd,” was *a man with a tail!*—actually with a tail! Exactly where a tail ought to be, if such an appendage was, under any circumstances, allowable; a tail not to be “unfolded,” but a stiff, rigid tail; and, what was most remarkable, it was a tail strong enough to sit upon, as on a chair. There could be no doubt of it. The idea was ineffably absurd, to be sure, but there was the fact staring the writer in the face; and it was only when he left the rock with the intention of asking a friend to unite with him in the further investigation of this most extraordinary phenomenon, that he discovered, as he neared the object of his wondering admiration, that the appendage in question was the leg of a one-legged stool, strapped to the individual, having the appearance of a prolongation of the *os coccygis* of the human body, and serving as a seat during the process of milking. But the fit was so perfect that the deception in the mist was admirable.

The milking was going on now as it had been eleven years before; and the solemn old leader of the flock, with his vast horns, rubbed his nose familiarly against the writer, as though he would have asked after his health and inquired what he had been doing since they had met there last. The old goat had an eye, too, for the man with the tail; for, when the milking was finished, the patriarch took the lead, and, the others following, the flock disappeared westward in search of the scant pasturage among the rocks of the Grimsel.

Giovanni's first business on reaching the Hospice had been to overhaul its contents in search of a proper side-saddle; and he had been fortunate enough to find a handsome English one, brought there by a lady, who had presented it to her guide on reaching the Glacier du Rhône. It afterward found its way into a sort of harness-room in the cellar of the Hospice, and being substituted for the narrow contrivance on which the preceding day's journey had been in part performed, the long ride to Hof was made with but small fatigue.

The pass of the Grimsel differs from all the others, and is, in the writer's judgment, the grandest, all things considered, of the passes of the Alps. It is not, like the Splugen, a mighty valley merely among giant mountains, to be remembered for the magnificence of its perspective. It is not like the Gorge of Schellinen, whose characteristic is its savage gloom; nor like the Furca, with its rounded pastures high up the Alpine slopes; but there is not a beauty to be found in any one of these that is not to be met with in the Grimsel. If the road at one time is but a narrow shelf cut into the face of a rock, or a path built up from the bottom of a ravine, it leads at another through open valleys, girt around by the grandest cliffs, filled, sometimes, with débâcle from the gorges on either hand, and at others cultivated and smiling in the very heart of desolation. Nor are there more wonderful perspectives in the Splugen than are to be found in the Grimsel Pass. In fine, all the wonders of Swiss scenery, where snow is not the principal feature, are collected here. And then, in the very midst of the pass, are the falls of the Aar at Handeck, where the river, after passing through a narrow gorge, pitches down headlong for two hundred feet, joined at the very brink by the Erlenbach, which makes the leap with it into the depths below.

A bridge across the Aar, above the very edge of the fall, and a platform on the other side, which places one immediately opposite the Erlenbach, afford every opportunity of seeing the united fall to advantage. Here one can stand, and, when the sun is shining, watch the rainbow on the masses of vapor rising from the chasm that receives the united streams.

To one who desires a definition or a demonstration of the glacial theory, the pass of the Grimsel at the Hilleplatte is most interesting. The road passes here over a broad surface of granite, sloping sharply toward the river, which has been ground perfectly smooth by the movement of the glaciers that once filled the valley. The exact direction of the glacial movement can be distinctly traced in the lines that some substance harder than the granite has made, as the moving mass of ice in which it was imbedded forced it into the softer stone.

In 1857, the writer had walked over the Hilleplatte, distrusting the holes cut to prevent horses from slipping into the deep ravine on the right of the descent. Now, however, there is a good road across, and the safety of the passage is further secured by a strong fence on the side of danger.

The pass of the Grimsel may be said to terminate a short distance from Hof, where the mountains close in upon the Aar, so as to leave no room for the road at their base. There is, consequently, a sharp ascent on the right bank of the stream, and an equally steep descent to the more open ground beyond, reaching which, and passing through some meadows, the horse-back part of the excursion ends at Hof, where carriages are at all times to be obtained for Meyringen or Brienz.

A ride of twenty miles, even where the attention is diverted and the distances shortened by such scenery as

is to be found in the Grimsel, makes a change to a comfortable carriage most acceptable ; and now, upon an admirable road, with just a glimpse of the extraordinary cleft through which the Aar leaves the valley in which Hof is situated, the party crossed the ridge which the cleft divides, and with no further ascent or descent, drove along a most lovely valley, amid fields in the highest state of cultivation, to Brienz. The valley through which the Aar reaches the lake of Brienz lies between very high mountains ; and one of the characteristic features of its scenery is the number of cascades which pitch from the heights of the nearest ranges in thin white threads, to be, not unfrequently, lost in mist, until they reappear again as the drops reunite on the piles of *débâcle* collected at the bottom of the cliffs. It would seem as though, of old, these might have been streams crossing the surface when the present valley was on a level with the heights ; and that, sinking bodily, it had left its waters to rejoin it as they might in the cascades now described.

The weather had been delightful during the day ; the thunderstorm of the preceding evening had been confined to the valley of the Rhone ; and though masses of clouds were in motion all the time, their shadows, alternating with sunlight, served but to increase the beauty of the landscape and make perfect the pictures everywhere presented. By the time the party reached Brienz not a cloud was to be seen, and the busy little village, with its steamboat landing and streets filled with life, and the cozy balcony at the hotel, that looked across a quaint little garden upon the quiet lake beyond, with the wooded heights opposite, were in striking contrast with the Hospice of the Grimsel and its grim surroundings. And yet it is in these very contrasts that the true delights of foreign travel are to be

found. Certainly, there may be an amount of discomfort, involving actual suffering, which no landscape beauties can well repay. But this is a limit that is never reached, now-a-days, in any part of Europe.

Breakfasting at Brienz, the party took the steamer the next morning for Interlachen, passing by the falls of the Giesbach on the way, and were soon comfortably quartered in the Hôtel Victoria, with the Jungfrau in full view from their apartments.

While the fall of the Giesbach was seen on this occasion, it was but a glimpse. On another visit, the writer would make it the object of a special excursion. As for the illumination of the falls with colored lights, it is one of the prettinesses of Switzerland. It is placing what is beautiful in itself on the footing of the woolly waterfalls of the theatre. Illuminate the Grand Canal of Venice, if you please, but let the mountain waterfalls alone!

Who has not heard of Interlachen? In all Switzerland there is no lovelier spot at which to pass a summer. The mere traveler soon exhausts it. Resting himself for a day or two, if he has had rough work to do in the neighborhood, a morning's drive takes him to the Valley of Lauterbrunnen; and he hears the Alp horn, for which he pays a franc, and gives another that the cannon may be fired to wake the echoes for his amusement; and he gazes up at the thin stream that falls from the perpendicular wall of rock, and asks himself, "Is this the Staubbach?" and, being told that it is, turns away disappointed, retraces his steps until the turn in the road is reached, then crosses the bridge for Grindelwald, flings sous to the children who follow the carriage with blocks to chock the wheels up the steep ascents, and, at last, stops with the Wetterhorn in full view and close before him. Resting here for a while, he visits

the foot of the glacier, enters the grotto excavated there to escape from it as soon as possible, hears some statistics of the quantity of ice that is sent hence annually to Paris; and, after an indifferent lunch, drives back to Interlachen, thinking how inferior it all has been to the Gemmi or the Gorge of Schellinen, or a dozen other places he has visited on the route thus far described. But no, he excepts the Wetterhorn, the Peak of Storms, the Eigher and the Meltenberg, the mighty spurs of the Bernese Alps, between which come down into the smiling valley the great glaciers that are utilized for the French capital.

But there is one object at Interlachen, the sight of which never tires. It is the Jungfrau. Framed as a picture, between the mountains that come down to the plain on either side of the valley of Lauterbrunnen, the artist has but to take his place on the balcony over the portico of the Hôtel Victoria to find his composition ready made to his hand. For foreground the active life of the promenade bordered with noble trees; beyond, a broad, bright meadow, dotted with cattle; beyond that again, skirts of wood, with the smoke of unseen dwellings curling above the tree-tops; and, if the canvas suffices, with the Jungfraublik Hotel to give animation to the right hand of the picture; and then the grand framework of mountains at the entrance of the valley; and, between them, eminence rising above eminence until the line of snow is reached; and then the Jungfrau, towering in its shining garments to the heavens. Of all the images that Switzerland has left upon the writer's memory, the Jungfrau from the Hôtel Victoria at Interlachen is the most distinct; and then, again, the Hôtel Victoria is among the best of even the best Swiss hotels.

Three days at Interlachen went swiftly by, and, after

breakfast on the morning of the 22d July, the party left for Kandersteg, at the foot of the Gemmi, on their way, by that celebrated pass and the Tête Noire, to Chamoniix.

When leaving Interlachen, the road crosses the river uniting the lakes of Brienz and Thun, here a deep and rapid stream, and descends its right bank. Recrossing near the Lake of Thun, it continues for miles along the shore to the point where, turning to the left, it enters the valley, on the far side of which is the Niesen, which has for some time been the most prominent object in the landscape. The drive along the Lake of Thun is very beautiful; and the traveler turns his back to it with regret, even for the purpose of seeing Switzerland in another of its phases. The road from the lake to Frutigen lies through a country which corresponds better with the ideal of Switzerland than perhaps any other part of the republic, for one sees here the Swiss cottage, as it has been imitated everywhere, in its best form: its rich brown hue, its overhanging eaves, its leaded windows with their hexagonal panes, its outside stairways and quaintly-balustraded galleries, and its roof kept down, so as to defy the wind, with long timbers weighted with heavy stones. Hard by is the deep trough, with its penstock and ever-flowing stream, and all around are rolling fields, cultivated with the greatest care, and trim orchards, and all the indications, in fine, of thrift and prosperity. And this continued all the way to Frutigen, the midday halting-place.

Leaving Frutigen, from which, it ought not to be forgotten, there is an excellent view of the snowy masses of the Blumlis Alps, the road passes close by the Castle of Tellenburg, on its mound in front of the outlet of the valley of the Kander. This is an odd edifice, still

kept in repair, and giving one not an unapt idea of what the old castles, now in ruins, must have looked like in the days gone by. Beyond this, the valley assumes the character of a deep gorge of varying width, and the road ascends it, now on one side and now on the other, sometimes along the borders of narrow strips of meadows, and sometimes mounting, only to descend, the spurs that leave no room for the highway at their feet. The scenery becomes wilder and more picturesque the farther the road penetrates. The Altels, with peaks white with snow, are occasionally caught sight of; and, as the main ridge of the pass comes nearer and nearer, the mountains round about seem to grow higher and higher, standing out in great pyramidal masses, or stretching away in long lines of perpendicular precipices. And the summits of these last assume architectural shapes so closely that it is your knowledge to the contrary which alone prevents your taking them for fortifications erected by the hand of man.

Approaching Kandersteg, a small village among the mountains, the valley opens, and there are handsome meadows, bordered by sloping uplands green with pasture. On the left hand a cascade falls from the rocks of the color of liquid mud, so filled is it with the grindings of the glacier from the surface underneath. In the Tête Noire Pass, there is a cascade of even a darker hue; and the two are mentioned now because they were exceptions, so far as the observation of the writer went, to the peculiar whiteness that, as a general rule, characterized the mountain torrents of Switzerland. But not even the foam of these two was white.

On a former visit, the writer had stopped at the Hôtel Victoria, in the village of Kandersteg, and had selected the trout for supper from the trough of running water

before the door. On this occasion, however, the party, now increased to eight, by some friends who had joined fortunes with it at Interlachen, went farther on to the Hôtel de l'Ours, at the termination of the carriage road and at the very foot of the ascent. Here excellent accommodations were obtained, more acquaintances were made, a merry evening was passed, and, after a good night's rest, and a lecture from a landlord who knew everything and loved and cared for everybody, the ascent began on as glorious a morning as ever shone on highland or lowland anywhere in the world.

Unlike the road from the Glacier du Rhône to the Grimsel, the horse-path here—for again horses and mules were the order of the day—was admirably located and kept in the most perfect order. It was evidently the work of an engineer from the beginning to the end. For the first part of the way the travelers went in Indian file through a dense forest, every step taking them higher and higher. After a while they emerged upon the steep and rounded slope of a far projecting spur, up which short, sharp zigzags became necessary to reach the shoulder. Passing along this, the forest was again entered, and the path was level for a long distance, densely shaded, and looking down into a deep valley, from which other valleys with rocky sides, some of them perpendicular, branched off in different directions. From the centre of one of these perpendicular faces of the opposite mountains, a powerful stream sprang out, as if rushing before some impelling power into the air, and fell, hundreds of feet below, upon the tops, apparently, of the forest which hid the spot that actually received it. There was no seam or scar above the outlet of this strange fountain head; no line on either side to indicate a separation between the rocks horizontally; and one thought it must have been thus

that the rock gave forth its stream when struck by the wand of the leader of Israel; and this came into the mind of more than one of the parties that stood in the shade of the forest and gazed across the valley.

Leaving the forest the path ascended rapidly, until it came upon a broad plain bordered with naked rocks of every fantastic form. Here hundreds of cattle grazed quietly on the borders of a stream of the clearest crystal. The path was raised on a narrow causeway, and, after leaving the plain and skirting a small lake, ascended by a uniform grade a ridge of gray rock, on the opposite side of which, in a deep hollow, lay the Daubensee, a still, dark pool. Above this, on the side of the road, and scarcely distinguishable from the rocks around it was the so-called "Solitary Inn of Schwarenbach," noted as being the spot where Werner laid the scene of his tragedy of "the 24th of February," and more particularly noticeable for the number of good things that hungry travelers, with appetites sharpened by exercise, can procure there.

There was quite a crowd now collected, and one may imagine the confusion, when every one of some twenty or more persons was calling for what was wanted, and insisting on immediate service in a room not more than fifteen feet by twenty, at the utmost. And the confusion on the inside was paralleled by that out of doors, where the horses and mules were struggling to maintain a footing on the narrow space in front of the building. A little patience, however, on this, as on every occasion within the writer's experience, put everything to rights. The first comers hurried off and the others became quiet, and there was food and wine enough for all.

After resting for an hour at the inn of Schwarenbach, the party resumed the journey, and rounding the Dau-

bensee, were soon at the summit of the pass looking down on the valley of the Rhone. The pass of the Gemmi is peculiar—from the inn at Kandersteg to the inn at Leukerbad it is unlike anything else in Switzerland; but from the barren summit, surrounded with the gray peaks of the chain, the view is most characteristic. One stands on the brink of a precipice, at the base of which is the Rhone, and down this precipice is the road by which he is to reach the baths of Leuk, apparently within pistol shot immediately below. He sees the roofs rather than the walls of the dwellings in the village. There is not in all Europe, perhaps, a similar piece of engineering—the four years' work of a party of Tyrolese a hundred and thirty years ago. Looking at the place where the road descends from the baths of Leuk it seems like the rest of the wall of rock that overhangs the valley. There is a vertical chasm or seam in it, however, that has been made available for the construction of the road, which winds in and out, finding or making, either at the bottom of the recess or around the shoulder, a turning-place for a zigzag, the next arm or straight part of which had to be excavated under the arm above it, so that in places parts of the road overhang other parts. In the most dangerous portions walls have been erected on the outer verge of the path, and here and there are timber guards; but it is fearful to round the outer corners, suspended apparently, in mid air; and extremely uncomfortable, to say the least, is the meeting of parties ascending on horseback when one happens to be going down. On more than one such occasion the writer on foot did not hesitate to take the wall, with all proper apologies, of a lady on horseback, who with a guide holding the bridle was making her way up.

The horses and mules go down with the greatest non-

chalance and without accident ; but few persons have attempted to ride down since a lady, losing her presence of mind and becoming giddy, lost her balance, fell over the precipice upon the rocks hundreds of feet below, and was killed instantly. So down the steep path the whole party walked on this occasion, with the exception of one, who was carried by bearers from Kandersteg in a *chaise à porteur*. At two-thirds of the way down the path strikes the detritus at the foot of the mountain, and from thence there is nothing to distinguish it from any other mountain road.

It had been the purpose of the party to pass the night at Leukerbad ; but they had reached the place so early, and were in such good heart, notwithstanding the fatigue of the descent, that it was determined, after a look at the baths, to proceed to Sion, so as to be in readiness for the railroad train to Martigny on the following morning.

The hotels at Leukerbad were crowded with visitors, attracted by the healing qualities of the waters. It is for bathing, and nothing but bathing, that people visit Leuk ; and they are in the bath not exactly from morning till night, but eight hours in the twenty-four, at all events.

To sit in the water by one's self all day long was naturally an unsocial employment, to say the least of it ; and the gregarious character of man receives an admirable illustration here, where, in large baths of many feet square, there are collected some twenty or thirty or more people, seated up to their chins in the tepid and healing waters—some reading the newspapers, some reading books placed on floating tables in front of them, each person with a table—some taking their coffee, some playing chess or draughts, some knitting with their hands above the water, some talking, and all

making the best of it. They laugh when a visitor puts his head in ; and if he does not take off his hat they cry out, "*Chapeau, chapeau*," and if he does not understand that this means proper respect to the company, they shy water at him until he salutes them or leaves the room—*Experto crede Roberto*. This is, in fact, the sight to be seen at Leuk ; and the thing to be done is to take a bath, though not in public, so that one may afterward admit that, in a moderate way, there is nothing more delightful than the temperature of the water, its softness, and the effect it produces on the skin.





CHAPTER XVIII.

SION—MARTIGNY—THE COL DE FORCLAS—THE TÊTE NOIRE—
ARGENTIERES—CHAMONIX—GENEVA—BERNE—STRASBOURG.

AFTER an hour or two at Leuk, carriages were procured, and away the party went, at a swinging pace, down one of the most beautiful roads in Europe, whether its engineering, its construction or the scenery along it is considered. The course is down the valley of the Dala, first on the right bank and then on the left, the crossing being effected on a stone bridge of a single noble arch, whose keystone is *four hundred and twenty feet* above the stream below. Long after leaving this beautiful structure it remains conspicuous in the view up the valley. This gradually widens as the Rhone is approached; villages and churches appear high up among the hills; and at length, having reached the level of the valley, the road is carried by a wooden bridge over the Rhone, and the traveler finds himself on the great highway of the Simplon, with his face turned toward Mont Blanc. A drive on the right bank of the river ended at sundown at the bustling town of Sion, with the ruins of its twin castles looking down into its streets.

There were sound sleepers that night in the Hôtel de la Poste at Sion, for the day's journey had been long and fatiguing, the descent of the Gemmi on foot being the worst feature of it; and yet, when collected at the

breakfast-table, and speaking of this their last Swiss experience, there was not one of the now enlarged party that regretted it; which the writer reports, that none who may read these pages may be deterred from following the example set by six ladies and two gentlemen on the 23d of July, 1868.

At Sion, railway traveling was resumed for an hour upon the road which terminated then at Sion, but which is to be extended still farther up the valley of the Rhone. At Martigny, horses were in readiness; and after a pleasant ride under a thick shade for a mile and more—the old Castle of La Batie, with its splendid view up the valley, on the right—the ascent of the Col de Forclas began in earnest. This is in the range of mountains between Martigny and the valley of the Trient. It has little to recommend it, save the views which are at times obtained of the valley of the Rhone—a grand perspective between parallel ranges of mountains. Here the straight white line of the Simplon road is seen for miles and miles, and wide tracts of barrenness show where the floods of the river and the winter's torrents from the hills have covered the soil with *débâcle*, and made cultivation impracticable. Descending from the Col de Forclas to the valley of the Trient, two roads to Chamonix presented themselves—the one to the left crossed the Col de Balme, and the other was the Tête Noire Pass. The writer had previously tried them both. The attraction of the Col de Balme was the view from the summit down the valley of Chamonix. The other route, however, was by far the most picturesque; and, weighing the merits of the two, the latter was preferred. So, turning to the right and crossing the Trient, the party soon found itself in the dense forest that lines the left bank of the river, which, descending more rapidly than the road, was soon

almost lost in the depth of the chasm that confined it between the mountains. Presently, the forest opening somewhat on the right, the valley assumed noble proportions, and then, the road turning into the Val Orsine, it was not long before the Hôtel de la Tête Noire was reached—a modest wayside inn, with a sounding name, overhanging the valley. After a rest of an hour, the cavalcade was re-formed, and the descent continued; some of the party lingering behind to enjoy more at leisure the beauty of the scenery on foot. The view was less extensive than that from the summit of the Col de Balme, no doubt; but it had its charms, nevertheless. The mountain rose, almost perpendicularly, from the shelf of a road on the left; while on the right the precipice went sheer down to the Eau Noire, at the bottom of the Val Orsine. In front, the vast rock that stands out from the mountain side, the Tête Noire, after which the pass is named, seemed to bar the way, until, descending farther, the tunnel that pierces it was seen, and through it the bright green beyond, catching, at the moment, the full light of the afternoon sun, while all the rest of the valley was in shadow. Add to this the gray and black rocks, the heavy pine forest, a sky flecked with summer clouds, and the procession of travelers and guides descending the mountain, and there was a picture, ready made to hand, which went far to compensate for what might have been lost on the other route. At least those who lingered behind on this occasion were quite willing to believe so.

Leaving the tunnel, and still descending, the road crossed the Eau Noire and proceeded up its left bank to the gateway that once made the barrier of the Canton Valais, but which is now a ruin. Hard by this there was a mill going merrily, and there were pleasant meadows, and immediately in front, above the pine forests,

rose the Aiguilles rouges, sharp and jagged peaks, now indeed meriting their name as they were reddened by the westering sun. The scenery had lost the savage wildness of the Tête Noire, and had become very beautiful. And so the road continued through a more open country, the Aiguilles rouges rarely lost sight of, until the ascent of the col that forms the summit of the pass lay directly in front. It looked, as it was approached, a very picture of desolation. The crest was a curve drawn from the peaks of the mountains on the one side to the peaks upon the other. Boulders and loose rock of all sizes were scattered over the dark green pasture; and among them the road wound close by a stone recording the death there of a traveler, crushed by an avalanche; and crossing and recrossing the stream, that grew less and less until, at last, nothing could be seen of it, came, a few steps farther up the gradual slope, to a little rivulet that made its appearance on its way to join the Arve, while its neighbor ran in the opposite direction to unite its waters with the Trient.

The path, always good in the Tête Noire, now became steeper in places, and wound hither and thither among the spurs that projected from the hillsides. Turning one of these, the bald summit of Mont Blanc came suddenly in sight. It was on the same spot, twenty-one years before, that the writer had sketched the scene on his way, with a friend long since dead, from Chamonix to Italy by the road of the Simplon; and he had written on the margin of his drawing-book, "My last view of Mont Blanc." He recognized the very seat he had occupied on the low stone wall that bordered the road now on his right hand; he recalled the features of the very handsome English girl—a chance acquaintance of the morning at the chalet on the Flégère—who stood beside him as he worked, that she

might learn how the white, that represented snow, was applied to the tinted paper; he recalled the very tones of her soft voice, and heard the comments of her sister and her sister's husband, as they joined them, remembering even the language that they used,—all, all the incidents of the pleasant companionship that ended for ever at the hotel in Martigny that night. And now another visit falsified the record of the first. It is not to be wondered that, though not given ordinarily to melting moods, the writer should have found himself speculating, as he looked upon the unchanged and unchanging nature around, whether those who had watched his pencil so long ago still lived. A few steps farther, and the shoulder of a mountain shut out Mont Blanc for the time.

A very rapid descent followed, during which the mule of a lady of the cavalcade knelt preparatory to a roll that by no means improved the side-saddle. Fortunately, the light and agile rider was not hurt; and soon after the party reached the village of Argentières, having had for some time the grand glacier of the same name full in view.

At Argentières one of the most annoying incidents of the entire journey occurred. The party which had joined its fortunes to those of the writer's, as already said, at Interlachen, had an excellent courier, Louis, a German, and both Louis and Giovanni had telegraphed to the landlord of the hotel at Chamonix to send carriages to Argentières, from whence there was a good road to the village; and the telegrams had been received and the carriages had arrived in good season, the driver of each having a card with the courier's name endorsed on it, to prevent mistake. But it so happened that some very sorry fellow, who had reached Argentières before the writer, had bribed the driver

directed to Giovanni to disregard his orders and carry the scamp to Chamonix; which accounted for what was not understood at the time—the frantic speed of a carriage and pair rushing out of Argentières as the writer entered the place. This was all explained later; but the first thing that greeted the arrival of the party was a furious dispute between the two couriers, who were abusing each other, in German and Italian respectively, in the most-vehement manner, shaking their fists in each other's faces, appealing in shrieks, at the very top of their voices, to their several employers, the words liar and thief being the most moderate terms employed in reference to themselves, and causing a ring to collect of the guides, the villagers and the people of the hotel. If the affair had not been so annoying, it would have been amusing—this “battle of the couriers.”

It was some time before quiet could be obtained and the two excited men silenced; when, it appearing that Louis' man had been faithful and the writer's false, nothing remained but to insist, against all entreaties to the contrary, that the other party should proceed, while the forsaken continued on horseback to Chamonix, or at least until the carriage, which was to be sent back, should meet them.

By this time the moon had risen, and the great glacier of Argentières was bathed in silver, but none of the party left behind were in exactly the temper to appreciate it; and as for Giovanni, the last seen of him was on his mule, which he was belaboring with a heavy cudgel, galloping down the road and thundering across the bridge, that he might be doing something, or seem to be doing something, to remedy the disaster of the unfaithful driver.

It is seven miles from Argentières to Chamonix, and

for four of these the party, moving along on their tired animals at a snail's pace, had ample time to fix the scenery in their memories. The moon was at its full, though the valley was still in the deep shadow of the eastern mountains, whose vast forms towered in dark masses on the right. But the glacier of Argentières was illuminated, and "the monarch of mountains" reared its mighty dome of burnished silver against the "dark purple, moon-lighted" sky beyond, while between the glacier and Mont Blanc the Aiguilles thrust upward their pointed summits. Nothing could have exceeded the transparency of the atmosphere. Bright as was the moon, the stars shone with unwonted brilliancy. But moon and stars, and the deep sky, and the long, dark valley, and the pointed Aiguilles, and Argentières itself, all were lost sight of in the presence of Mont Blanc in his "diadem of snow."

Fatigue and enthusiasm rarely travel hand in hand, however, and they had wellnigh parted company on this occasion, when the rattle of carriage-wheels over the stones of the valley far ahead announced a rescue from a situation that had, at last, become really painful. It was the driver who had run away from his charge at Argentières; but had he been ten times a greater rogue, nothing would have been said to him as the weary travelers took their seats in his vehicle. They had not gone a mile before they overtook Giovanni. He had broken his stick over the mule and then the mule had broken down; so, taking the courier on the box and leaving his steed to find its own way to Chamonix, the adventure soon after came to an end as the party were safely deposited in quarters bearing the imposing label above the door of "Le Palais de Crystal." As the finale of the battle of the couriers, it is proper to say that when the moon at last got high enough above the mountains

to shine down upon the street in front of the "Palais," Louis and Giovanni were seen embracing each other, after a mutual reclamation of their respective objurgations.

It is not the writer's intention to describe Chamonix or its surroundings. The day after arrival was devoted to the ascent of the Flégère, from whence, unquestionably, the best view of Mont Blanc can be obtained. Besides looking down upon the Mer de Glace from across the valley and tracing the course of the icy stream, one looks full on the face of Mont Blanc, sees it in its majesty, appreciates its shape, is able to compare it with the surrounding mountains, and admits the sovereignty that prose and poetry have claimed. The next day was given to Montanvert, the Mer de Glace, the Mauvais Pas, the Chameau and the mouth of the Arveyron; and the third day found the party ready to start for Geneva. The weather during the visit had been all that could be desired; the moonlight nights had been calm and mild. Nothing prevented one from sitting on the balcony of the "Palais de Crystal," overhanging the Arve, and watching the stars setting behind the summit of Mont Blanc, while the monotone of rushing waters drowned the noises of the village. On this occasion there was an ascent in progress, and one night of the three passed in the Palais a fire was seen to glimmer at the Grands Mulets. These rocks, twenty-one years before, had seemed to be little more than black spots when seen from Chamonix: ten years later their increase in size was most apparent; and now, still larger, it was evident they were portions of the crest of a mountain-ridge. A reference, since the writer's return to America, to drawings carefully made on the first two visits, both from the village and from the Flégère, confirms the impression of the third.

The recession of the foot of the Glacier du Bois and the Glacier du Bosson was equally apparent.

Leaving Chamonix after breakfast, the party reached Geneva in four hours, passing, for a part of the way, over the admirable road that will, in a short time, supersede the old *char-à-banc* route from Sallenche.

At Geneva, the tour through Switzerland is virtually at an end. Afterward, with the exception of the view of the chain of the Bernese Alps from the terrace at Berne, there is little or nothing peculiarly Swiss to be seen on the road to Basle and the entrance into France.

The party had now traversed the Simmering, the Brenner, the Splugen, the St. Gothard, the Furca, the Grimsel, the Gemmi and the Tête Noire—eight of the most celebrated passes of the Alps—besides ascending the Righi, in itself more than equivalent to a ninth. The Simmering and the Brenner had been crossed on railroads; the Splugen, the St. Gothard and the Furca in carriages, and the Grimsel, the Gemmi, the Tête Noire and the Righi on horseback. All of these passes had their peculiar and distinguishing characteristics. Not one of them was, so to speak, a repetition. The route which included them had been selected with the experience of two previous visits; and now, with a still larger experience, the writer sees no change for the better that he could have made in it—taken, always, be it understood, as part of a six months' tour, during which many things besides the Alps were to be seen. Nor was the journey, thus varying in its vehicles, found to be fatiguing, with the exception of the *contretemps* at Argentières, which was accidental altogether. There were other places in Switzerland that it would have been well to visit had time allowed; and the writer yearned more than once to see the "Fell system" of

railway at Mont Cenis. Still, on the whole, he feels fully justified in recommending the route here described as one which will be sure to leave lasting impressions of the most picturesque country in Europe.

The 28th and 29th of July were passed at Geneva in visiting all that was curious in the town and environs, besides passing hours in watching the busy scene in front of the Hôtel de la Paix—the people on the bridges and boats upon the lake, with the Grand and Petit Saleve for a background, with the Pyramid of La Mole farther to the left, and between them long ranges of mountains, purple in the distance, with Mont Blanc towering above all; and perhaps, in the midst of this enjoyment of the picturesque, was mingled an occasional quiet congratulation that railroads and steamboats were thereafter to be the means of locomotion. Two days had been set apart in the programme of the tour for Geneva, and they were found quite sufficient to exhaust all that was to be seen of interest in the city. A three hours' walk will suffice for this, including stoppages at the Jardin Anglais, the Cathedral, the house of Calvin in the Rue des Chanoines, the house of Rousseau, the Hôtel de Ville, the Botanic Garden and the promenade of La Treille, the fountain of the Escalade, the washing-places in the arrowy Rhone, from the color of whose waters it might be supposed that indigo could be dispensed with, through the Rue de la Corraterie, and along the Quai de Mont Blanc and some of the streets in its vicinity. Or, instead of making this the work of one day, it may be divided between two, and there will still be time for an excursion to the promontory that overlooks the confluence of the Rhone's blue waters with the white waves of the Arve, and a drive to Ferney, now a very different place from what it was, when, as the residence of Vol-

taire, it acquired the renown that now attracts visitors to the spot.

There are two ways of getting from Geneva to Lausanne—one by rail along the shore of the lake, and the other by steamer on the lake itself. On this occasion the party separated, the writer hastening to Berne to keep an appointment there with an old friend, and his companions taking the boat, intending to visit the Castle of Chillon, and to stop at Freyburg for the night, to have an opportunity of hearing its celebrated organ. For the first time, therefore, since landing, the writer had a solitary ride through a beautiful country, leaving Lausanne and Freyburg on the right, to the capital of Switzerland. Here he was joined by the other members of the party on the following morning. They had visited Lausanne; had passed through Vevay; had seen how much poetry could do to give interest to what otherwise had no remarkable beauty, or even quaintness, to recommend it; had failed to find the

“Sunbeam which has lost its way,
And though the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left,
Creeping over the floor so damp.
Like a marsh’s meteor lamp;”

had walked over the wire bridges that stretch across the chasm at Freyburg; were fortunate enough to be in season to hear the organ, and were not too fatigued on their arrival at Berne to enjoy the magnificent view—worth, in the writer’s opinion, all they had left him to visit—from the balcony of the Berner Hof, of the range of the Bernese Alps. The party had been wandering to and fro in Switzerland, and now saw, once more, the mighty mountains with which they had become familiar, collected in one grand landscape before

losing sight of them for ever. There was the Niesen, round whose base they had traveled on their way to Kandersteg; the Blumlis Alps, on which they had gazed from Frutigen; the Jungfrau, as seen from Interlachen, until every mass of rock, and every snowy precipice upon its side, had become familiar; the Wetterhorn, the Mettenberg, the Eigher, the solitary Shreckhorn, the sharp peak of the Finster Aarhorn, and the blunt summit of the Stockhorn—all were seen once more. It was the last of Switzerland—the Switzerland of many a longing.

As in some of the Italian cities, the principal street in Berne, on the crest of the ridge round whose base sweeps the Aar, last seen at Handeck, is lined with arcades; and emerging from these, crosses the Aar by a handsome stone bridge to the opposite side of the valley. Not far from the bridge is the walled pit in which are kept the bears of Berne; and round the parapet, at all hours of the day, are to be seen men, women and children watching the animals below. There is much that is odd and quaint in Berne. Many of the houses in the street leading to the Pont de Nydeck are of most original designs; and half way up is a clock-tower, before which there is generally a crowd collected to see the puppets which perform their antics on its face at the coming of the hours.

There is the cathedral, too, to be seen at Berne—a fair specimen of one of the styles of Gothic architecture woefully disfigured in the interior by the wretched attempts at fresco for ornamentation; and in front is the statue of Rudolph von Erlach; nor must the extraordinary figure that crowns the Ogre's Fountain—the Kinderfresser Brunnen, as it is called in German—be overlooked. Where the idea came from, it is difficult to say, except from the brain of the artist, who has

created a grotesque figure with little children in his arms and round about him, one of whom he is in the act of swallowing; nor must one omit seeing the Federal Council Hall, with its handsome fountain.

But beyond all the attractions of Berne is the magnificent terrace which, following the outline of the promontory overlooking the Aar on the side of the Alps, occupies the site of the old fortifications; and now, planted with trees and supplied with seats, affords a promenade which is hardly equaled in Europe. The portion nearest the cathedral seems most frequented; but there is no part that does not command the view already described.

The afternoon at Berne was diversified by a drive through the environs, crossing the Aar at the Pont de Nydeck, and then, following the ascending road on the left, to the table-land, commanding a fine view to the north, and stopping at the Schänzli, where there is an excellent café, from whose terrace, while enjoying one's coffee or ice, one has the same grand view which the terrace of the city commands, with the addition of the city itself as a foreground, on the opposite bank of the river. Leaving the Schänzli, the river was crossed lower down, near the railroad bridge, and the party returned to the Berner Hof. Later in the evening the view toward the Alps was seen by moonlight. The snowy mountains, however, were invisible; and, of the familiar acquaintances of the morning, the broad-based pyramid of the Niesen could alone be recognized in faint, shadowy outlines in the distance.

Leaving Berne at 9.30 on the 1st of August, every mile on the railway took the party farther from the mountains and brought them nearer to the Rhine. Leaving Basle on the right, they found themselves, after a pleasant day in the cars, at Strasbourg at sundown.

Nothing could have been more delightful than the weather ; and, after a late dinner, the bright moonlight, streaming into the windows, tempted the party to pay their first visit to the cathedral. Never, in all the grand features of its architecture, could it have been seen to more advantage. The stains of age, the irregularities of surface caused by the wear and tear of time, were unobserved ; and yet enough of detail was visible to produce the effect the architect must have intended, when, with his drawing-board before him, he elaborated upon paper what was to be perpetuated in stone.

Those who are familiar with this most admirable work will recollect a screen—"a network of woven stone" it has been called—which, except at certain hours, when the sun casts shadows from it, is scarcely noticed from a distance. It so happened that, when the party reached the Cathedral Square, the principal front of the building was in shadow, and its grand outline only was remarkable ; but when they returned from the flank of the edifice, then bathed in silver light, the moon had so far marched in the heavens that its rays fell slanting on the slender columns and tracery of the screen, and brought their light and graceful forms into full relief against the dark body of the church. It was very, very beautiful. Presently, the farther progress of the moon made the slender columns cast their shadows on the wall behind ; and so minute after minute the cathedral's grand façade brightened more and more, until, in all its complicated details, it stood forth from the base to the angel on the summit of the spire, in the fullness of its magnificent design ; and the party remained to gaze on it late into the night, wondering that what was so grand could be so lovely too.

In broad daylight the effect of the cathedral is less imposing than when seen as here attempted to be de-

scribed. The reddish material of which it is built is not pleasing to the eye, and the southern flank shows the work of several hands, and wants the congruity which the façade possesses.

The next morning was employed in part in visiting the interior of the cathedral, taking care to be present at midday to witness the performances of the celebrated clock, which has a cock to crow and flap its wings, a skeleton to strike the hours, a procession of the apostles, and more of the same description. It was amusing to see the eagerness with which some two hundred people struggled for places where the whole performance could be taken in at a glance, and the disappointment of some who were prevented by a column or a statue from seeing this or that puppet of the collection; and of all the crowd the writer remarked that not a dozen lingered to enjoy the really beautiful of the grand interior.

On his first visit to Strasbourg, the writer ascended to the summit of the tower, four hundred and sixty-four feet from the pavement, and twenty-four feet higher than the great Pyramid, in company with a friend and a guide. From the narrow space which was the limit of the ascent one looked down, out of barred openings, upon the mites that moved in the square below, and far and wide over the valley of the Rhine, from the Black Forest Mountains on the one hand to the Vosges Mountains on the other. On the outside was what might be called a corona, projecting from the sloping sides of the spire, with points like those which we sometimes see pictured in a king's crown; and above this corona the sides of the spire were prolonged to the point at which they united, and on which was the angel that made the finial of the structure. Presently, while the writer and his friend were looking out upon the valley, and trying to trace the course of the Rhine by the gleams which

were seen, here and there, upon the broad green fields that vanished in the horizon or extended to the mountains, they heard, as from the heavens, a voice crying, "*Messieurs, messieurs, s'il vous plait, regardez donc! regardez donc!*" and, turning round, they saw that their villain of a guide had disappeared from the inside, and was actually walking around the summit of the spire, stepping from point to point of the corona. At this moment, one-and-twenty years after the event, there comes back to the writer the thrill that shook his whole nervous system at the feat performed by the madman, as he took him at the time to be, and who, if he had slipped, must have gone sheer down some fifty feet or more, to strike the sloping surface of the tower, and bound from thence, four hundred feet, upon the pavement of the square. All he could do was to close his eyes and cry out for the scamp to come in; but he only laughed and, exclaiming "*Pas du danger, messieurs, pas du tout,*" continued to step from point to point until he had completed the circuit, when he condescended to re-enter. The writer recollects, in addition, that in going down the steps that wound round the spire, after this, he went, as the crabs go, backward. The feats of Blondin at Niagara, no doubt, far surpassed what is here described; but when the writer had an opportunity of seeing Blondin, the recollection of his feelings at Strasbourg, in 1847, kept him away.

From the cathedral, the next object worthy of notice at Strasbourg is the tomb of Marshal Saxe, in the Church of St. Thomas. It is a very noble sculpture, and the allegory is intelligible enough. The hero, calm and deliberate in his bearing, with an air noble and serene, is represented stepping downward to the grave, which Death is holding open, while France seeks to detain him upon earth. This has always impressed

the writer as one of the most beautiful of the monumental structures in which sculpture has been invoked in aid of architecture, and where allegory has been employed to portray a history.

One eats Bologna sausages in the home of the Caracchi, and *pâté de foie gras* seems to belong to any *menu* made up at Strasburg. The result of this practice at Bologna has been described; and the experience there, if not the weather, would, perhaps, have prevented a repetition here. But, having once been guilty of the folly twenty years and more ago, and found that Rhine wine was no antidote to a hearty meal of *foie gras* in August and its attendant headache, the writer remained satisfied with having tested the sausage, and ventured not on the *pâté*.





CHAPTER XIX.

BADEN-BADEN—HEIDELBERG—FRANKFORT ON THE MAIN—
WIESBADEN—THE RHINE—COLOGNE.

L EAVING Strasbourg on the 2.30 P. M. train, a journey of less than two hours from Kehl, on the opposite side of the Rhine, with a change of cars at Appenweier station, brought the party to Baden-Baden, where comfortable quarters had been provided in the Hôtel d'Angleterre.

As this is essentially not a book where the writer is under an obligation to the reader to enter into details in regard to all places visited, but rather a book of hints as to what may be done, and how to do it, as said more than once, it is not deemed necessary to attempt to describe what has been so often described by travelers and novelists—the celebrated watering-place of Baden-Baden. It owes its attraction, no doubt in some measure, to the hot springs which gush from the hill on which the town is built; but it is indebted also to the loveliness of its scenery, the beauty of its position, the ease with which it may be reached, and last, not least, to the fashion that has proclaimed it to be the watering-place of watering-places in Europe. Too far from any great city to be flooded on holidays with the rougher portions of the population, there is, perhaps, no place of a like character where cleverer people are to be

found. That vice has followed the crowd—that it is invited by the gaming-houses and their appurtenances—is to the injury of the good name of Baden; but, without the gaming-tables, whose suppression is at hand, Baden will retain its hold upon the public by reason of attractions of which it cannot be deprived. The crowd that assembles around the rouge et noir and roulette tables is, after all, but a very small portion of the visitors to the place; and of that crowd even, the proportion of players is small compared with the numbers that idleness, and the reputation of the place, and curiosity attract only to look on.

There is that to see in and around Baden which will fully occupy several days. There is the Alte Schloss—the Old Castle—a most interesting ruin with a history attached to it; the Niew Schloss—or New Castle—the summer residence of the Grand Duke of Baden, having, in its arrangements and appurtenances the same relation to the territory of the sovereign that the Tuilleries have to France—a good, comfortable home during warm weather for the ruler of a population not larger than that of the Grand Duchy of Baden. Underneath the Niew Schloss are remnants of much older constructions. Here are dungeons such as one reads of, and whose existence one can hardly credit until he has seen them and been in them—whose doors are blocks of stone swinging on pivots in the sill and in the lintel, the very closing of which on a prisoner must have been significant of doom. Torture-chambers are here, and oubliettes, falling into which, unhappy wretches illustrate the name by being forgotten for ever. Then there is a parish church worth a peep into, and the hot springs, and the Trinkhalle, where the waters are dispensed, and the conversations-haus, both fine buildings; and the ball-room and accompanying apartments,

which, when opened and filled, present a scene of rare brilliancy in the dazzling lights, the rich furniture, and, above all, the throng of pleasure-seekers that fills them to overflowing. Then there are delightful walks among the hills rising behind the Trinkhalle, and the Lichthenthal, a shady avenue extending for upward of a mile along the Oos, and the charming drive to New Eberstein, around the spurs that shoot out from the Black Forest range. From the terrace at the entrance of the Castle of New Eberstein one looks down from a precipice into the lovely valley of the Murg, nestling in the very heart of the mountains, and watches the long rafts of timber which follow each other in rapid succession down the narrow stream, on their way to their market in the cities of the Rhine. Nor must the drive to the waterfall by the village of Geroldsau be omitted—not for the waterfall, but for the beauty of the quiet valley in the shadow of the hills, when the sun is near its setting. As to the evenings at Baden-Baden, there can be no want of amusement, if it is only to be seated in front of the conversations-haus and watch the crowd of all nations and all tongues that parade to and fro, as if for the especial amusement of the spectators, while there is choice music in the gayly-decorated pavilion occupied by the orchestra. Then there are ices and sherbets, and coffee and *liqueurs*; and, if one is fatigued with gazing at the out-door world, there is the world within, either crowded around the tables, or lounging on the benches that surround the richly-ornamented halls, or promenading under the blaze of lamps that turn night to day.

Arriving at Baden to dinner on the 2d of August, the party remained there on the 3d and 4th, and on the morning of the 5th left, in the 9.30 train, for Heidelberg. It was but a two hours' ride; and there was

ample time to visit the castle, make the circuit of the ruins, see the Heidelberg tun, walk through the grounds to the café, look down upon the ruins of the tower blown into the ditch by the French, and falling in a solid mass, an illustration of the good masonry of its period, and return to the station, by way of the Wolf's Brunnen, in season to take the evening train for Frankfort on the Main.

It was the writer's third visit to Heidelberg; and leaving the party to make the tour of the castle, he amused himself in the grounds, lounging in the shade, and then descending the hill directly into the town, looking through its quiet streets and trying to find something of German student-life apparent there. It was wretchedly dull, however—a slow place, to all appearance, and requiring its crowd of students—now absent—to impart to it life and activity. There was vitality around the railway station, but nowhere else.

At Heidelberg, the party that had joined fortunes at Interlachen was to be broken up; and what with horseback, and muleback, and pedestrian experiences together, and narrow quarters, and "The Battle of the Couriers," and the fifty nameless nothings that make people, without sharp points, fall into each other's ways and like one another, the right and left wing of the regiment, so to speak, had become so used to each other as to make the parting the most regretful that had yet taken place upon the journey. One does not find brilliant conversational powers, strong intelligence, sound judgment, kind hearts and refined perceptions of all sorts of proprieties so often united as not to regret parting with them after one has been so fortunate as to meet them; and so it was with a hearty handshaking and honest promises that the right and left wing separated, and the two battalions went their different ways

—the one returned to Paris that night; for the other, Paris was still a long way off.

Arriving at Frankfort in the afternoon, the party remained there the next day, and visited the several objects of interest in the city. So far as art is concerned, they are not numerous. Danneker's *Ariadne*, in the temple which has been built to receive it, and of which it is in every way worthy, and Lessing's *Huss* before the Council of Constance, are the most remarkable. But the *Romer* or old Town Hall, with the line of the emperors around it, is interesting, not only for the excellence of many of the paintings, but for the historical associations connected with it. Here emperors were crowned and feasted, with kings and princes for their serving-men; and the good taste of the present authorities has restored the decorations of the old apartments in exact conformity with their ancient state. The cathedral, which never had any very great architectural merit, was much injured by a fire a few years since; and the repairs were still going forward when the party visited it. But the greatest charm of Frankfort is the promenade or public garden, which occupies the site of the old fortifications. This surrounds the city, save where it fronts upon the river. The wealth of "the free city of Frankfort" manifests itself not so much in the active business life that one sees in its streets, as in the stately edifices of the rich bankers and brokers who have made their residence in the new town. The old town is in a transition state, apparently; new buildings of modern design taking the place here and there of the quaint houses of the past, adding to the comfort, doubtless, of the occupants, but greatly to the disadvantage of the picturesque.

Having visited the exchange and public library, and driven through the streets of the city—pausing be-

fore the statue of Goethe, and the colossal monument on which stand the figures in bronze of Gutenberg, Faust and Schöffler—crossed the river in the afternoon, and driven to the highest point in Sachsenhausen, there was no reason for a longer stay in Frankfort on the Main; so the next morning, August 8, the party left in the 8.50 train for Wiesbaden.

A visit to Homburg had made part of the original programme; but having seen Baden-Baden, and having Wiesbaden in view, it was determined that a sight of two out of the three great gambling-places of Europe was sufficient to satisfy any reasonable curiosity, so far as their peculiar attractions were concerned; and while no doubt pleasure would have been derived from the grounds and buildings, which are celebrated, yet, upon the whole, it was thought best to give the two or three days which the visit might have occupied, to Holland, which had formed no part of the original programme, and so be able to add its cities to the other experiences of the party. And this resolution was come to with eyes wide open to the risk again of being told, on the return to America, by those who had been to Homburg, that the only place really worth seeing had been overlooked. So, instead of going to Homburg, the party went to Wiesbaden.

The train from Frankfort reaches Weisbaden in an hour and a half, passing through a fine country in the highest state of cultivation, the Taunus Mountains on the right being the characteristic feature in the landscape. From the station at Castel, a glance at Mayence, on the opposite bank of the Rhine, was obtained—little more than a glance, leaving on the memory the impression of a great dome, surrounded with what looked like so many gables in the distance; an octagonal tower with a lofty cupola, together with minor

towers, the whole forming an imposing group, rising above massive and unpretending edifices on the water's edge. Approaching Weisbaden, the country becomes rolling, as the spurs from the Taunus range spread themselves upon the plains of the Rhine valley.

At Baden, the public buildings, so to call those which contain the gaming-rooms and the hall in which the waters are drunk, lie at the foot of a steep declivity rising immediately behind, while in front the grounds are laid off in walks, planted with trees and ornamented with flowers. The arrangements are very different at Weisbaden. At one end of a long parallelogram runs the principal street of the town; on the sides are colonnades in front of shops, filled with every variety of goods likely to attract the visitors; and at the upper end, facing the street, is the Kursaal, the gambling-rooms, reading-rooms, ball-rooms, restaurants and appurtenances. In the open space between the colonnades, and in front of the Kursaal, are two noble fountains in the midst of grass-plats and beds of flowers. Behind the Kursaal is a garden with an artificial lake, surrounded by trees, through which agreeable walks lead in all directions. Between the Kursaal and the lake the visitors collect to listen to the music and take their coffee and ices, as at Baden; and close on the water is the promenade, which answers to that in front of the conversations-haus at the other watering-place. In all that is here described, Weisbaden has the advantage. Everything that art and perseverance could do to make it attractive seems to have been done with profuse liberality. Gaming is sentenced here, it is understood, as well as at Baden-Baden; but both cities will survive the loss.

It is not at the Kursaal, however, or its immediate neighborhood, that the votaries of Hygeia are to be seen

worshipping at her shrine. They are to be found in the city proper, in the Trinkhalle, an iron colonnade roofed with glass, extending for some distance from the great caldron of boiling water, apparently, which is the principal spring of Weisbaden. And a melancholy and absurd-looking set they are, when one does find them. The water is far too hot to drink when taken from the spring and poured into the glass mugs, of every shape and color, of the invalids. The first thing to be done is to reduce the temperature from 150° of Fahrenheit to that which can be borne in the mouth. For this purpose, old gentlemen and ladies, handsome young women, laughing children, parade the colonnade, sipping as they go, burning their lips if too impatient, and making wry faces in consequence; blowing at times to hasten the cooling process, and, with the exception of the children, looking as grave as judges all the while. More than twenty years ago the writer had seen the same procession, the same proportions of youth and age, and, if he recollected, about the same numbers. The surroundings are better now than they were then, but the people looked the same, the water tasted like chicken-broth of the weakest sort then as it does now, and the children, now old people, sipped and drank as their fathers had sipped and drank before them. To one having the slightest perception of the ludicrous, the scene at the Trinkhalle at Weisbaden, before eight o'clock in the morning, cannot be otherwise than amusing.

The afternoon was passed as usual in driving through the town and about the environs—the especial object being the Greek Church, built on an eminence overlooking Weisbaden, and commanding a view in which all that is picturesque and beautiful, away from snowy mountains and their peaks, is most admirably com-

bined. The church is, certainly, a perfect gem in its way, with its five cupolas, its costly interior marbles, its Oriental ornamentation inside and out, and the tomb it covers and which it was erected to protect. The Russians have of late years erected churches for those of the Greek faith outside of Russia. There is one at Baden, there is another at Geneva, and others elsewhere; but in the perfection of its very peculiar architecture, and the exquisite taste that characterizes it throughout, not one is superior to that which has arisen on the hills above Weisbaden, in honor of the Russian princess who was the wife of the Grand Duke of Nassau.

A stroll through the rooms of the Kursaal in the evening, and a glance at the crowds around the roulette and rouge et noir tables—larger, certainly than the crowd at Baden—ended the day at Weisbaden.

Hitherto fair weather had been the rule upon the journey, and clouds, even, were the exception. Now, there was a night of rain; and when the time arrived to leave in the omnibus for Biberach, to be in season for the boat that was to take the party down the Rhine, the skies threatened a sorry day for a voyage among its mountains. By the time Biberach was reached, however, there were signs of clearing off; and when the American boat, so called, made its appearance from Mayence, an occasional gleam of sunlight fell upon the river.

Why the boat on which the party now embarked should be called the American boat it was hard to say, except by way of contrasting it with the long, narrow steamers which have heretofore had the preference on the Danube and the Rhine. It was a boat of great breadth of beam, whose deck was one immense cabin, lighted with windows touching each other all around;

while above, on the hurricane deck, was a promenade sheltered by an ample awning. Whatever the name, here was, unquestionably, a great improvement; and, with most comfortable seats on the upper deck, with no sun to annoy with its heat, and in the midst of a crowd of pleasure-seekers, the party at length found themselves upon the Rhine. Bingen was reached; and, soon after, with the Mouse Tower on its island on the left hand, and Ehrenfels on its promontory on the right, the boat entered the pass by which the Rhine finds its way through the mountains. Maps were spread out, which facilitated the identification of each tower and town and ruin, and the voyage became one of excitement and delight. Rhienstein, restored to what it was in its palmy days, was passed with many a wish that time permitted to visit the interior. Then came the robber castle of Sonneck, also restored; and then the old town of Bacharach, with its twelve towers of defence and the intervening walls still visible. Now the steamer swept past the fantastic castle of Caub in the centre of the river, with the ruin of Gutenfels on the height above; then past Schomberg, with the tradition of the seven damsels who, with hearts of stone, were changed into the seven rocks which, to this day, rise from the Rhine near Oberwessel; then past the Lurlei rock, with the waters of the whirlpool hissing against the vessel's side, to rest for a moment at St. Goar, with the ruins of Rheinfels looking down into its streets. And so the voyage went on, and there was a glance at Boppard, walled like Bacharach; and another at the Castle of Marksburg on its pinnacle of rock, a stronghold of past days grim with the fierce aspect of the Middle Ages on the Rhine; and another at Lahneck; and yet again another as the steamer shot by the renovated castle of Stotzenfels, on the great rock

that here thrusts itself into the river, to rest, for a brief space, at Coblenz, under the very shadow of Ehrenbreitstein. Here the Moselle, crossed by the bridge, which flashes on the vision and is lost as the steamer hurries on, falls into the Rhine.

Below the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle, the country is more open; and there being few available sites for the robbers, whose castles were the toll-houses of this great highway, there are not so many ruins on the summits of the hills as there are between Coblenz and Bingen. But while the river loses, in this way, some of its romantic and historic interest, its picturesque beauty is but slightly diminished. Towns and villages line its shores; and there are quite as many castles, in ruins and in repair, as suffice to keep the attention alive to this peculiar feature of the scenery. A little tired, perhaps, one becomes with the repetition, but not so much as to fail to appreciate Rolandseck, with its single arch, and the Convent of Nonnenworth on the island, on which it still looks down, as it did when Roland's bride sought an asylum within its walls—not so much as not to rouse one's self to eager watchfulness when passing the spot where

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters proudly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine.

In its admirable position, in its great height, standing clear from all the surrounding landscape, there is no ruin on the river that more forcibly strikes the traveler than this. It is unjust to say that Byron has given it renown. It was its renown that made the poet select it for the subject of his song. Of the appreciation of the ruin as an element of the picturesque—for it is now

nothing more—there can be no better evidence than the pains that have been taken to prop its crumbling walls, and preserve them as the storms, thus far, have left them. As the Coliseum has been supported, so has the Castle of the Drachenfels, and in very much the same way.

The Rhine now runs through a rolling country, highly cultivated, but without any characteristic features below the Siebengebirge—the seven mountains—to call for particular notice; and wearied, just a little, with the excitement of the passage through the mountains, Bonn is regarded with indifference; nor is the attention again aroused until somebody points out the vast pile of the Cathedral of Cologne, and one rises to gaze on it in the distance. Sweeping round a bend in the river, Cologne itself comes in sight, and in a little while the great American steamer is safely moored to the wharf.

It was still early in the afternoon, not quite five o'clock, and there was time to visit the cathedral, the most remarkable specimen of Gothic architecture now in Europe. On the writer's first visit to Cologne in 1847 the choir was the only part of the church in use. The towers had been carried up to a certain height, and the crane used for hoisting up the last stone raised so far still remained upon the top of one of them. Since then the nave has been built between the towers and choir; and the cathedral will now in all probability be completed, to be thereafter the most magnificent example of Gothic architecture in the world. It was a bright evening when the party visited the building. The clouds of the morning had remained behind the Taunus range of mountains, and the vast interior was seen to the best advantage. The party lingered long within the walls; and, engrossed with the imposing grandeur of the sacred edifice, had no heart to dese-

crate the spot by asking to see the skulls of Melchior, Gaspar and Balthasar, the three kings of Cologne. If the cathedral lost the francs it would have gained from the curiosity of the travelers, these last had the satisfaction, at all events, of leaving the great church with no other feeling than that of admiration.

There was still time to visit the Church of St. Ursula, and to see the cases filled with bones, said to be those of the eleven thousand virgins who were martyred along with the princess of Britain, their sainted leader. Nor was it too late to see where the bones of the six thousand martyrs of the Theban Legion, or some of them, were deposited in the Church of St. Gereon—a singular, and, to an architect, an interesting example of the ingenuity of the old artists in reconciling incongruities. From these receptacles of the remains of humanity the party went, as a matter of course—not having regard to the preceding visits, but from being in Cologne—to the real Jean Maria Farina; and were satisfied that, among the numerous “Richmonds in the field,” they were fortunate enough to find the true one. By this time there remained no more light than was sufficient to enable the party to see to pay for their purchases; and they returned to the hotel, and from the windows of their apartment, looking out upon the river, watched the crowds passing over the bridge of boats and the lights in the town of Deutz on the opposite shore, until they retired to dream of what they had seen during the day, and of what they had heard from childhood of the legends of the Rhine.



CHAPTER XX.

COLOGNE—AMSTERDAM—THE HAGUE—ANTWERP—BRUSSELS.

THE train for Amsterdam did not leave the next day until after two o'clock, so there was ample time for another visit to the cathedral, at what the guide-books say is the best hour—nine o'clock in the morning. One who is curious in such things has a good opportunity here of comparing the ancient with the modern stained glass—the best work of Munich with that of the first years of the sixteenth century. The modern work is in the five windows on the south side of the nave, and the ancient on the north side.

After leaving the cathedral, the party visited the Church of St. Peter, whose principal attraction is the crucifixion of the saint, with his head downward, and the Church of Saint Pantaleon, chiefly interesting for its antiquity. In returning from the latter, the driver of the carriage turned into a street strewn with green leaves; and had not proceeded far before the head of a religious procession stopped his progress and prevented his return; so that, among other experiences of Cologne, is being present most unintentionally at a church ceremonial in the open air, which lasted for the greater part of an hour, during which time the open carriage was on the sunny side of the street, and its occupants were without other protection than their umbrellas. When at last the priests and the laity, male

and female, and the children by hundreds, with numberless banners, resumed the line of march, it was too late to do more than to drive to the hotel and have an early dinner before taking the train for Amsterdam.

Cologne has a wretched reputation for the filthiness of its streets—a reputation which the witty verses of Coleridge have permanently attached to it. Justice requires it to be told, however, that on this particular occasion, after a very extensive drive through the streets of that city, it had to be admitted that the river might have done its duty of cleansing without requiring an ablution in its turn.*

The journey from Cologne to Amsterdam is over a flat and uninteresting country. There is some undulating ground near Arnheim, and numerous country residences and villas are visible from the railroad. Between Arnheim and Utrecht, too, there is fine forest-land; but beyond Utrecht, one broad flat extends on every side, with here and there glimpses of the Zuyder Zee as the train nears the terminus. It was after dark when the train reached the Amstel House.

The writer has spoken of the excellence of the Swiss hotels; and the Amstel House deserves to be placed in the same category, unquestionably. It is a very fine building, architecturally; and being of recent construction, has all the conveniences which modern luxury now demands as indispensable in a first-class hotel.

Wholly unlike any city that had yet been visited, Amsterdam revived the eager interest which had been felt on first landing in Europe. The canals of Venice

* "Ye nymphs, who reign over sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine
Shall, henceforth, wash the river Rhine?"

bathe the walls of the houses lining them; with the exception of the Grand Canal and the Riva Schiavoni, these streets of water are gloomy thoroughfares, whose interest is historical and poetical; and without the gondola and its picturesque associations, and the quaint or classic architecture of the palaces, would cease almost to be attractive. But the canals of Amsterdam, lined on both sides with quays, bordered, on the one hand, with trees, and on the other with bright and cheerful-looking buildings, and vitalized with the roll of vehicles and with throngs of people, present a very different aspect. There are canals in both cities, but here the resemblance ceases. Romance colors with its hues, now bright, now sombre, the atmosphere of Venice. Reality, in its most practical shapes, is the characteristic of everything in Amsterdam. Instead of the swan-like gondola, with its tall padrone, whose every movement is a grace, as he propels his oar and hums "*Il pescator*," while fashion, in gay attire, reclines on soft cushions within the hearse-like covering that but in part conceals it,—instead of this, one sees, in Amsterdam, the clumsiest and heaviest of all the vessels that tempt either ocean or river; broad-bottomed, heavy-sterned affairs, having enormous rudders, with tiny windows on either side, while pigs and poultry are forward in the craft; and at the cabin door is a matronly old vrow, knitting away, or with a basket of potatoes undergoing the process of peeling on her lap, while a thin smoke curls from the pipe of the cooking-stove that supplies the culinary wants of the master and his family, whose lives are passed on board. And this, too, in the very heart of the city, where sailors are swearing and *commeres* are gossiping, and heavy wagons are thundering along the quays, or carts rattling down their loads upon the streets. Surely, there is a vast difference be-

tween Amsterdam and Venice. Creatures of commerce, both, cities of the sea, both, and yet so utterly unlike !

The morning after arriving at Amsterdam was busily and most agreeably occupied. The first visit was to the Dam, or public square, on one side of which is the palace, with its grand hall, and its tower commanding a view far and wide over the Zuyder Zee and the flats of Holland, with Haarlem and Rotterdam distinctly to be seen. Opposite to the palace is the exchange, which the travelers should visit at one o'clock, when it is enlivened by the throng of merchants who still maintain the old repute of Amsterdam. From the Dam, the party went to the picture-gallery in the museum, and saw an admirable collection of the national school. Van der Helst's capital painting of the city guard is here, far more worthy of a visit than many a work of art beyond the Alps, which critics have exalted into fame ; Backhuysen's best specimens of marine painting ; Cuyp's sunny landscapes ; Both's soft and quiet ones ; Gerard Douw's wonderful finish illustrated in his "Evening School ;" Carl du Jardin's portraits of the governors of the Spin-house ; Rembrandt's night-watch ; Schalken, whose faculty of representing candlelight has never been surpassed ; Jan Steen's common life on canvas ; Tenier's Temptation of St. Anthony and Wm. Vandevelde's sea pieces,—all these artists, whose school is known wherever art is spoken of, find here their illustrations ; and in some cases their most celebrated works are to be seen here only.

By the time one has reached Amsterdam, the thirst for galleries of paintings has somewhat abated, certainly ; so upon this occasion the party remained satisfied with the museum, and did not visit the private collections which the liberality of the proprietors throws open to the public. When morning after morning has

to be psssed in the same place, a lounge, day after day, for a few hours in a different gallery, is a pleasant way of getting rid of time, which perhaps hangs heavy on one's hands; but where time has to be economized during six months in Europe, one must be satisfied with specimens—*Ex pede Herculem*.

From the works of the great masters of the Dutch school, the party went to see how diamonds received their sixty-four facets. Mr. Coster's mills, employing several hundred men, were those visited; and ascending story after story of an immense building, the different processes were explained by a most polite attendant. Diamond dust is placed upon metal plates revolving two thousand times in a minute; and against these the stone, fastened firmly in an amalgam of zinc and quicksilver, is held until the proper facet is ground smooth; then another facet is ground, and then another; and so on until the rough stone has been made into a sparkling gem. The weight of the diamond, other things being equal, regulating its value, the less that can be taken off by grinding the better; and it happens, not unfrequently, that in this way a facet is not perfect because not ground sufficiently. To see whether this has been the case or not, it is only necessary to hold the diamond so that the different facets in succession shall reflect the light, when the slightest defect will be apparent. Five hundred men in one establishment polishing diamonds! The idea is a suggestive one. From the diamond mill the party drove to the zoological gardens. These were well filled with rare animals, and were in most admirable order, surpassing any that had yet been visited, and not inferior in excellence of arrangement to those of London or Paris.

By this time the morning was well advanced, and after a drive through the principal streets of the city—

the Kalver Straat and the Nieuwedijk, in which there are no canals, and where the principal shops are to be found ; and along the borders of canals, and across wide squares, wondering at the number of houses that had lost all pretensions to perpendicularity because of the weakness of their pile foundations—the party returned to the hotel.

The afternoon was passed in driving through the park-like grounds around the city, where windmills in all directions were the distinguishing features of the landscape. Windmills for grinding, windmills for sawing, windmills for all purposes, and of all shapes and sorts, from the solid structures of brick contemporaneous with the days of the Republic, to the lighter and handier applications of modern times. From the circuit of the city the drive was continued to the quays and dykes—those peculiarities of Amsterdam that are to be found nowhere else. The immense docks, filled with shipping of all nations, were visited ; and again the party were struck with the number of vessels which were the homes of the families of the masters or owners. Some of them, besides what has already been referred to, had boxes of flowers around the companion-way ; and over the sides of others handsome, well-dressed girls, who had perhaps, the day's work finished, donned their evening attire, watched the doings on the quay. Take it all together, the novelty of the scene made this drive along the docks not the least interesting portion of the day spent in Amsterdam. It was late when the party returned to the Amstel House, delighted with the change of the programme, which, instead of taking them from Cologne to Brussels, had brought them thus far north, so as to have a peep, at all events, at Holland.

On the way from the hotel to the railway station, the

following morning, no allowance had been made for the possibility of detention upon the longest line, perhaps, that could be drawn across Amsterdam from the Amstel House, near the Utrecht railway station, to the Rotterdam station ; and it was with a most uncomfortable feeling of impatience, therefore, that a delay of nearly half an hour was endured while a succession of vessels passed through a raised drawbridge on one of the canals. It was impossible to get backward or forward. In front was the draw, a great wall of heavy plank ; behind was a long line of vehicles in the same predicament ; on the quay, on both sides, carriages had collected. Nothing remained but to be quiet, keep cool and turn to Bradshaw to find out when the next train started. As good luck would have it, however, the wooden wall fell at last ; and after hair-breadth shavings of less eager carriages, and a contempt for all the regulations of the city as to speed, the party reached the station with a single minute to spare. It is much feared that less attention was given to the city during the greater part of the drive than it deserved.

The railroad from Amsterdam to the Hague passes over a dead flat. Broad meadows, with herds of cattle, are on both sides. There is a canal, too, with boats upon it, and skirts of wood are seen. The railway station for Leyden is passed, and around it the country which was submerged when the Prince of Orange cut the dykes, that the boats with which he proposed to relieve the place might reach the walls, and the Spaniards, who were conducting the siege, be overwhelmed or driven off.

In little more than an hour after leaving Amsterdam the party were comfortably quartered at the Hague, and were soon in front of Paul Potter's Bull in the picture gallery : the possession of this, and of Rembrandt's

celebrated painting of the Anatomical Lecture, has made the collection a renowned one.

The gallery was so warm on this occasion that it was impossible to remain in it as long as one wanted, to examine more closely all that was excellent that it contained. And here it may be remarked that nowhere has the Dutch school more sorry accommodations than in the country to which, as far as art is concerned, it has given fame. There is a great contrast, indeed, between Italy, Austria and Bavaria and Holland in this respect. Had King Louis of Bavaria possessed either of the pictures above named, he would have built a temple for their reception, rather than have failed to honor them according to their merits.

From the picture gallery the party went to the royal cabinet of curiosities; saw the collection from Japan, made when the Dutch were the only people that had access to the country; the armor of Van Tromp; the sword of Van Speyk, who blew up his ship; and much more of the same sort, which it would not do to have left the Hague without seeing, but which belongs to that which is seen but to be forgotten. The palace was gone through in the regular routine, and the party stumbled upon an establishment called the Bazaar, where they found some admirable modern paintings, and especially a picture of three cows, by De Haas, which were worthy of the barnyard wherein might have dwelt Paul Potter's Bull.

But if there was little to be seen in the morning in the places that have been mentioned, there was a good deal that was interesting in the drive through the streets of the city. Cleanliness and neatness seemed the order of the day at the Hague, but, withal, it was a dull place, to make the best of it.

The shortcomings of the morning, however, were

amply compensated by the evening drive through the forest around the House in the Wood, as the palace there is called (access to the palace could not be had), and afterward to Scheveningen—originally a mere fishing village, but now a watering-place, looking out from the sand-hills, on which the hotels are built, upon the German Ocean. The sunset from the beach was as beautiful as a sunset at Newport in America; and those who are familiar with the latter will readily admit that no greater praise could be awarded. The place was crowded with guests, for it seemed to be at the height of the season. Carriages and equestrians abounded. It was evidently the wealth, if not the aristocracy, of Holland that frequented Scheveningen. A handsome turnout, filled with young men, seemed the observed of many; and on inquiry it was learned that the whip on the occasion was held by one of the royal family. He certainly was not as fine looking a person as the emperor of Russia, to say the least. Alexander the Great, however, is reported to have been a small man, and the present emperor of France is not remarkable for the size of his body, though no one will accuse him of any deficiency of brains.

Antwerp was the next place aimed at, and the party left the Hague at 11.20 A.M. on the morning of the 12th, and passing by Delft, once celebrated for its crockery, and Scheidam, still celebrated for its gin, reached Rotterdam in an hour. As the carriage which conveyed the party to the steamer, in which the next stage of the journey was to be made, passed through the streets, a fair was seen to be in progress. There was no time, however, to do more than glance at the crowds surrounding the booths, gay with signs and wares and banners, before the bell rang, and the vessel started through one of the many channels—arms of the sea, in

fact—which form a perfect network of inland navigation in this part of Holland. In two hours the steamer, passing Dordrecht, landed its passengers at Moordyk; and once more entering the cars, the party in two hours, at about 4.30, were comfortably quartered in the Hôtel St. Antoine, at Antwerp.

The Hôtel St. Antoine is close by the Place Verte, on the opposite side of which is the cathedral, and to this, while there yet remained daylight, the party hastened at once, to see perhaps the principal attractions of Antwerp—Rubens' "Descent from the Cross." The world has been made familiar with this. There are few who will not recollect the figure of our Saviour, relieved against the white cloth, one portion of which the figure leaning over the arm of the cross holds in his teeth, that he may freely use his hands in aiding to lower the body. The writer saw it now for the second time; and now, as twenty odd years before, it produced less impression on him, as a work of art, than the Crucifixion by the same painter in the gallery of the museum. This is mentioned now, with no purpose of defying the criticism which has given to the one painting a renown that the other wants, but by way of suggesting to any who may read these pages a comparison for themselves between these two great works of art. On this occasion it was too late to see the museum, to which the party drove from the cathedral. "C'est trop tard," said a masculine voice from a very portly and good-looking Belgian woman at the entrance—meaning it was half-past five o'clock; nor could an extra fee tempt to a violation of the rules.

Sir Joshua Reynolds preferred other works of Rubens to his Descent from the Cross, and dwelt upon the condition in which the painting was when he saw it. No one observes now the misty varnish to which

he refers, or the patching of the surface. The picture looks as fresh as could be expected, and is unquestionably a great work, not only in the conception, but in the drawing and coloring. But it wants the wonderful originality of the Crucifixion. There were many artists before Rubens who painted the descent from the cross ; and there is a picture in the Church of the Trinita di Monti in Rome which is said to have furnished, to some extent, the leading idea. There is no picture in existence, however, where the Crucifixion is treated as it is in the gallery of the museum.

The Cathedral of Antwerp is the largest Gothic church in the Netherlands, and its spire one of the tallest in Europe. There are three aisles on either side of the nave, which produce an effect of columniation that is very beautiful. In front of the cathedral is an iron covering to a well, said to have been the work of Quentin Matsys, who, for love, left the forge and fore-hammer, placed a palette on his thumb and became a painter. A tablet to his memory, let into the wall of the cathedral, records the fact. It is perhaps his history which has procured for his works the credit, to some extent, that they have obtained ; but they seem to the writer, with all their acknowledged merit of expression, to be as hard as the anvil of his earlier craft.

From the cathedral and the door of the museum the party drove to the fortress or citadel of Antwerp, where the Dutch general sustained a siege in 1832 ; and from thence across the esplanade, and around the boulevards—which have taken the place of the original fortifications, and are fast becoming a new Antwerp—to the Grand and Petit Bassin opening from the Scheldt, and thence along the noble quays that line the bank of the river. By this time enough had been done for the day,

and, after driving through several of the principal streets, and taking a look at the exterior of the cathedral from the Place Verte, the party returned to the hotel.

From this it will be seen that the suggestion in regard to sight-seeing, made in the commencement of this volume—to begin at once—still continued to govern the movements of the party; and while unquestionably it would have been pleasant to have obtained admission to the museum, and to have been able to linger, if the party had desired, for two hours in place of one in the cathedral, yet where all were not equally devoted to art and architecture, and where compromises had to be made to prevent the specialty of one operating weariness to the others, enough had been seen to prevent Antwerp being forgotten in its leading attractions and characteristic features.

The train on the following morning left Antwerp for Brussels at 9.40. But before that hour some of the party had again visited the cathedral, which, certainly, is the sight of the city; and all had an opportunity on the road to the railway of seeing the Church of St. James, which was not omitted. There was time to do this, or to pay a visit to the zoological gardens not far from the station. But after Marseilles and Vienna and Amsterdam, and with London and Paris in view, it was agreed there would be probably more to interest the party in the many fine works of Rubens, the rich stained glass, the numerous monuments, and the costly marbles of the church, than in the bears and lions and monkeys of the gardens. And so it proved, for the half hour passed in the church was fully and most agreeably occupied. The altar-piece is a Holy Family, in which Rubens introduces his own head as St. George, and the portraits of his two wives as Martha and Mary

Magdalen ; his father as St. Jerome ; his grandfather as Time and his son as an angel. Whether the painter's mind was carried back to the scene which he depicted, with all the elements of a present domesticity growing under his pencil, admits, perhaps, of question. The painting, however, is remarkable as a work of art, irrespective of other considerations.

Before eleven o'clock on the 12th August the party were in their hotel on the Place Royale in Brussels, with the day before them.

The most interesting part of Brussels—the writer has always thought—is the Grande Place. One does not visit Europe to see fine buildings. Such are now numerous in America. The New World is filled with the repetitions of the Old, of a certain character and up to a certain cost. Handsome private dwellings, noble public edifices, admirably adapted to their especial purposes, are becoming numerous in the United States ; and year after year finds them increasing in elegance and size. Architects of skill and education find constant employment. The time was when the architect was regarded as a sort of master carpenter, and nothing more. Now it has got to be remembered that Michael Angelo was an architect ; and that in the exercise of the calling there is the widest scope for the most expansive genius ; that the faculty of portraying form on canvas, or modeling it to be perpetuated in marble, or a keen sense of color, which may make good painters and sculptors, is not sufficient to make a good architect ; that he should be a geometrician and a mathematician as well—that he should have the faculty of combination and the inventive power. All this is now beginning to be understood in America ; and the public and private edifices of the country are already experiencing the benefit of this worthier appreciation

of a great art. Indeed, so far has this change for the better operated that there is no longer any occasion to seek the Old World for specimens of architectural skill that would do honor to any land. But there is a character of building which cannot be had now, and never will be had, in America; and the Grande Place in Brussels affords an illustration of it. Here is seen an architecture which is characteristic of an age and a people that are of the past, and of which there can be no repetitions. The cathedrals and churches which exhibit Gothic architecture in its grandest, its purest, its simplest and its most ornate forms, were the works of what we call the Middle Ages. As men emerged from these, they applied the rules of art which they furnished to other constructions; and imitated as far as they could, in their castles and their dwellings, that which had germinated in the brains of abbots and bishops, and had been executed by skilled societies that made their homes upon the spot, the grandchildren of those who laid the foundations of the edifice not unfrequently plying the chisel on the finials that completed it. Years elapsed before this imitation of the past ceased; and new forms, fantastic oftener than classic, began to prevail. In the Grande Place of Brussels, one sees the story of a people in the architecture that surrounds it. The Hôtel de Ville is the aptest illustration of the above remarks. It is a most noble structure—a grand municipal palace—commenced in the beginning of the fifteenth century. It was to the Grande Place that the first visit of the party in Brussels was paid. Here on all sides are the edifices built by the guilds of Brussels, when these associations were a power in the State, quaint and striking to those who have a fancy for such things, interesting even to the careless, as forming a *tout ensemble* at once rich and original—rich in the sense in

which the word is used when comparing the thousand pieces of the old stained glass, each color having its border of lead, with the broad panes coming from the ateliers of Munich, and yet so inferior to works three hundred years older. Here, too, were held the tournaments of the olden days. Here Alva beheaded Egmont and Horn; and the window is still shown out of which the cruel Spaniard looked upon the execution; and here, too, posterity has done justice to the victims, in the colossal bronzes that have lately been erected on the spot where the scaffold stood.

On a fine sunny day the spectacle in the market-place of Brussels is picturesque, not only because of the surroundings that have been referred to, but because of the crowds that fill the square. Color predominates in the costumes; and taking the whole scene together, the past and the present, the architecture and the associations, this spot is one of the most interesting in the city.

Two hundred years older than the Hôtel de Ville is the Church of St. Gudule, which will well repay a visit, even after all the experiences of the traveler from Naples to Berlin, and thence to Milan, and thence to Amsterdam, and now to the capital of Belgium. There are no finer painted windows of the best school of the old art than are to be found in the Church of St. Gudule. And then, again, one may pass an hour with satisfaction in an examination of the curious and the beautiful that are to be found here. As at the cathedral of Antwerp, so here at St. Gudule, which may be called the cathedral of Brussels, the work of reparation is going regularly on; and with a good taste, too, that limits reparation to restoration only. There is a noted pulpit in the church, which shows the pains once taken to make wood the vehicle of allegorical statuary.

Leaving the cathedral, so to call it, the party visited two other churches which repaid them for the trouble—the churches of Notre Dame and of Notre Dame de la Chapelle, and then drove to the Porte de Hal, one of the gates of the city in the day of Alva, where he confined the Protestants during the period of their persecution. It is a queer, old affair, and is a curiosity in its way. It contains a collection of armor, and odds and ends generally, and may as well be seen as not.

Returning to the hotel, the party drove through many of the principal streets, and stopped in their way at the Galerie St. Hubert—inferior to the grand Galeria at Milan, to be sure, but a clever arrangement notwithstanding; and they purchased bouquets in the flower-market, if for no other purpose than to compensate for the information received in watching the ingenious way in which bouquets of all sizes were made up by the deft fingers engaged in their arrangement.

The afternoon drive was through the new park which is in progress of construction, including a part of the forest of Soignies. When completed, it will be a most royal domain. Its trees are much finer than any that are to be found in the Bois de Boulogne, and, as far as could be judged from present appearances, the system on which the improvements are going on will result in a far nobler park, not only in natural but in artificial beauty. The promise is better, indeed, than in any other that the writer saw in Europe.

Returning from the drive, the carriage made the circuit of a portion of the boulevards, then filled with equipages and equestrians and crowds on foot.

The 14th of August was passed in Brussels; and so much had been done during the preceding day in the way of sight-seeing that the party were, comparatively speaking, at rest. But there is a museum at Brussels,

and as this was not far from the hotel, the party made the tour of its rooms, wondered whether some pictures, said to be by Rubens, were ever touched by his hand, so inferior were they to those seen at Antwerp ; admired Peter Neef's picture of the interior of Antwerp Cathedral, as all his wonderful combinations of architecture with the effects of light and shade are worthy of being admired ; tried to find, in the face of Gerard Douw, painted by himself, any indication of the intelligent humor that pervades all his works ; and then, after a pleasant hour in the museum, walked through the lower portions of the city, which, before the upper part became fashionable, contained the principal private residences of the Belgian aristocracy.

In the afternoon the circuit of the boulevards was completed, from the Porte de Hal by the canal as far as the Boulevard de Flandre, including the Allée Verte, and returning to the hotel by the botanic garden and the Rue Royale. There leaving the carriage, the party mingled in the crowd beneath the lofty trees of the Park, and so passed their last evening, for the present, on the Continent.

The programme of the journey made out on the Europe had fixed the 15th of August as the time of arrival in London, and the next day was to see the programme carried out.





CHAPTER XXI.

LEAVE BRUSSELS—CALAIS—THE CHANNEL—DOVER—LONDON
AND ITS SIGHTS.

L EAVING Brussels on the morning of the 15th of August in the express train for London, the road passed through a level country, cultivated, as all Belgium is, like a garden, and the speed was greater than had yet been experienced, except perhaps in Switzerland, between Ragatz and Zurich. There was a glimpse only of Tournai, with its many-spired cathedral, and towns and villages appeared only to disappear, until the dunes in the neighborhood of Calais, seen stretching to the right and left of the horizon in front, announced the approach to the sea-shore. At 12.30 P. M., the train stopped at Calais, and the tide suiting and the Channel being smooth, there was every prospect of a comfortable passage. Nor was this otherwise. The coast of France became gradually less and less distinct, and the white cliffs of England more prominent as the small steamer crossed the Channel. When within a mile or two of the pier at Dover, the steamer from Baltimore to Bremen, of the 1st of August, was passed so near that it could have been hailed.

There was no delay at Dover; and the train was soon rushing through a country looking unlike all the writer recollected of England. The fields were

scorched and brown; the trees dusty and sunburned. As far as the eye could reach there was neither meadow nor upland that could be described as green. There had been a great drought for weeks and weeks, and all England had suffered from it.

Long before the train reached London, evidences of the neighborhood of a great city became apparent in the increasing number of houses and the vehicles of all descriptions upon the roads crossed by the tracks. Presently a tall tower, rising above tree tops, was recognized as part of the Sydenham Palace; soon after the train ran on arches elevated above the roofs of houses, into whose chimney-pots one looked down; then St. Paul's was seen immediately in front; then the Houses of Parliament away off on one hand, and on the other a forest of masts filled the river below London Bridge. There was a moment's pause at a way station; then a turn to the left, then another to the right; and crossing the Thames by a grand viaduct the train rushed into the Cannon-street station; passengers got out, baggage—"luggage," it is called in England—was unloaded, the train recrossed the river, looked down on a stream of vehicles and pedestrians to and from Blackfriars' Bridge, had a glance at Waterloo Bridge and its throngs in the same way, and once more crossing the river ended its journey at the station at Charing-cross; and the party were at last in London.

Seen at six o'clock on this August evening, nothing could have been more unlike the traditional accounts of London, with its rain and mist, and fog and smoke, than the appearance of the great city. The drought had not yet yielded to the clouds that were close at hand; and the peculiar atmosphere, which all long-continued seasons of dry weather produces, warmed, as the travelers passed, even that dull pile, the National

Gallery, made Landseer's lions look as though they were basking in the sunlight, brightened the colonnade of the Haymarket, and lent to Regent street, from the Quadrant to the Langham Hotel, where the party stopped, and far beyond, the coloring of the cities of the South. Certainly, to all outward appearance, under no more favorable auspices could London have been approached.

It is not the writer's intention to describe the sights of London. Indeed, the object of the present volume has almost been accomplished in the attempt that has been made to describe such a tour on the Continent as can be made without haste, without fatigue, between Naples in the south, and Berlin and Amsterdam in the north of Europe, and which, if not affording an opportunity of seeing everything worthy of notice, will, at all events, have gratified any reasonable amount of curiosity on the part of those who have not years of leisure at their command. And having done this, the writer might well end his task. Still, as the reader began this journey with him, the writer will, in some sort, complete it in his company.

Murray had been too admirable a *vade mecum* on the Continent to be neglected now; and to the eight volumes which had accumulated on the way, "Murray's Modern London" was now added as the ninth.

The drought ended with the arrival of the party in England. The 15th of August saw the last of it. On the 16th the blue sky disappeared, and a sombre gray took its place. The 16th was Sunday, and on their way to the Foundling Hospital the writer and a friend were obliged to take shelter under the trees until a cab could be obtained. A long impunity had made them distrust the best promise of falling weather. Every one they met seemed in the same plight. The thin shelter

of the branches and leaves was crowded with men, women and children on their way to church, and all were without umbrellas; and, as usual, when most wanted, no vehicle was at hand.

The attraction of the Chapel of the Foundling Hospital, apart from the religious exercises, is the children—girls and boys—occupying a gallery, whose seats rise rapidly, the former arrayed in the prim bib and tucker and cap which were worn at the close of the last century by people outside of the fashionable world. After the service the children take their dinner, and the congregation, or the strangers to whom the sight is a novelty, crowd around the doorways to see them seated at table.

In the afternoon the party went to Westminster Abbey, and heard the cathedral service. Not accustomed to intoning or choral singing, the writer candidly confesses that curiosity and, to some extent, surprise was the dominant feeling on this occasion. It was out of the question to keep one's eyes from the boys close by who sang, and sang exquisitely too, nudging each other with their elbows the while, winking and having a good time generally in their white surplices, while their young throats gave vent to admirable music. Nor can the writer say much more of the adult performers, with their grand male voices. There was a propriety of manner here that was wanting with the boys; but it was impossible to get clear of the idea that they were praying in song for a pecuniary rather than a spiritual compensation.

Later, while in England, the writer, himself an Episcopalian, was more fortunately placed, and could hear the cathedral service and its accompaniment without seeing so closely into the instrumentalities by which it was made effective and impressive.

The entrance into the abbey had been through the Poets' Corner, but it was reserved for another day to examine the monuments there and elsewhere in the edifice.

The rain came down in torrents on the 17th, and all England rejoiced; and so constant had the party been in sight-seeing for the last four months that they were not sorry to have a good excuse to lounge about the hotel until evening when, the rain notwithstanding, they joined the crowd of the animate and inanimate at Madame Tussaud's exhibition of wax-works. There they stumbled, most unexpectedly, upon Mr. Lincoln, General Grant and Mr. Johnson, the President, and General McClellan, all of them recognizable without the aid of their respective placards. So much that is really curious and interesting has been collected here in the shape of personal relics of distinguished people, that the show has been elevated above the ordinary wax-work exhibitions to which people have become accustomed, and has taken its rank among the places to be visited, along with the Tower, the Tunnel, the British Museum, and other objects of far greater consequence in London.

The party remained in London from the 15th, the day of their arrival, to the 24th, when they left for Scotland. One day was given to Sydenham and its attractions, and another was passed at a friend's house some forty miles from the city, in a most lovely region, and where an opportunity was afforded of seeing what wealth and taste could do to beautify the landscape. Sydenham could have been reached by rail, and some American friends chose that mode of conveyance. A former experience, however, led the writer to prefer a carriage. This would have been necessary to reach the railroad station at any rate, and the further drive to

Sydenham, was, for a part of the way through the environs of the city, both agreeable and interesting. England, under the influence of several days of steady rain, had begun once more to look like England; and the view from the balcony of the palace, extending to a remote horizon, and overlooking the grounds laid out in stately terraces, ornamented with statues and flowers and fountains, and exhibiting, with appropriate surroundings, gigantic restorations of the antediluvian and pre-historic world, was eminently beautiful.

This vast structure of glass and iron—an enlargement of the exhibition building in Hyde Park of 1857, requires several hours for its examination. A great part is appropriated to the purposes of a bazaar, where London shopkeepers have branches of their business—advertisements to the multitudes that frequent the place of what is to be found in Regent or Oxford street, or elsewhere in the city; and this part may well be skipped. But there are other parts that cannot be properly overlooked. One may obtain a better idea of Gothic, and Saracenic, and Egyptian, and Italian, and Pompeian, and mediæval styles of architecture by a stroll through the spaces which have been appropriated to their illustration, than can be obtained from the best verbal descriptions or the most accurate drawings. The things themselves are here built up in specimens that one may walk through and examine. Then there are casts of all the great statues, and there are some good and many indifferent modern ones; and there is a picture gallery, which, whatever its merits—a matter of some difficulty, perhaps, to discover—it is no libel to say, does not equal the Louvre or the Vatican. A part of the building, too, is devoted to representations of savage tribes; and one comes unexpectedly across a New Zealander with his spear aimed at one's breast;

while close at hand is his hut, with his friends and wife and children sitting or standing around it. There are many of these groups; and some of them are well conceived, and having a look of vitality that is often startling. Then there is a vast amphitheatre for musical performances, with a mighty organ, and room for a chorus of more than a thousand singers; and the place here is pointed out where Blondin performed his feats above the heads of the crowd that gathered to see the man that had carried another on his back across the Niagara river to the music of the falls. In fact, the revenue of the palace, which is appropriated to keeping it in repair—dividends to its stockholders are things yet to come—being derived from the entrance fees of visitors, the taste of the public must be catered for, and constant novelty becomes an absolute necessity. Politics sometimes appropriate the palace, and these occasions are godsend to the proprietors. A fire recently destroyed a portion of the building, which it is understood will not be restored; but the loss is scarcely perceptible, so enormous is the space that still remains.

That the crowds which assemble at Sydenham should be neither hungry nor thirsty, was not, of course, to be expected; and accordingly there are excellent restaurants at one end of the palace, where the party had lunch before returning, thoroughly fatigued, to London.

At page 48 of "Murray's Modern London" is a heading as follows: "Places and Sights, Museums, etc., which a stranger *must* see." A good many of these fall under other headings; but there cannot be a better guide to the traveler, who, finding himself in London for the first time and wanting to see everything, is puzzled where to make a beginning, than is to be

found on page 48. The writer speaks feelingly in this connection. On his first visit he well recollects leaving the Brunswick Hotel, Jermyn street, the day after his arrival, in company with a friend, neither of them, when they reached the street, being able to help the other in regard to the direction in which they were to turn. Of course this difficulty was gotten over; but not until after they had been to the British Museum and found it was not open on that day, and then had gone to the Tower, forgetting to extend their drive to the Thames Tunnel, and the St. Catherine's and London docks, which, consequently, had to be made the objects of another visit, at a loss of time that might have been saved had a proper programme been prepared before setting out, or had "Modern London" with its skeleton maps been in their possession. Ten years later, on the writer's second visit, with his son, there was no such trouble; nor did any such occur on this occasion. The subject would not be mentioned here but in the hope that some future traveler may be benefited by the experience of a predecessor. Suffice it to add, that the imperative injunctions of the book in question were scrupulously observed for the benefit of those of the party now visiting London for the first time.

A very interesting morning was spent at the South Kensington Museum, where a building is being constructed, which, to judge from the part that is already occupied, will be one of the most attractive sights even of London. To attempt a description of all that is curious in art and science collected here would fill a volume. Individuals who have been the fortunate possessors of rare and costly relics of the past, whether in the shape of gems or specimens of art, and which were known only to the friends to whom they were occasionally exhibited, have placed them here for the inspection of the

public. And to everything which is worthy of being seen space in which to see it has been given. The cartoons of Raphael are to be found here, placed where they can be examined and appreciated by the artist world. Here, too, is the Turner collection of the most admirable productions and the most extraordinary unintelligibilities; and here the works of Leslie, and Stewart Newton, and Landseer, and Stanfield, and Roberts, and the many great artists of the modern English school, who, in their several spheres of art, have achieved an honorable fame. Hours may be passed with pleasure in the picture galleries alone. The writer visited the museum twice, and on each occasion found something new. On his second visit he extended his walk into what is the commencement, and the commencement only, of the machinery department—nothing wonderful certainly as yet, but containing the first locomotives that ever ran on railways—the old Stockton and Darlington engine, the Rocket of Stevenson, and the Sans Pareil. It was curious to see these beginnings of the present system. The Rocket, which received the prize at the competition, in 1828, on the Liverpool and Manchester railway—a twopenny affair it would be called to-day; and yet so perfect in the principles of its construction, its tubular boiler, its exhaust in the chimney, and the application and management of its power, as to have left for subsequent constructions little more than the merit of development. It was pleasant to see how these fossils had been reverently cared for.

Another morning was passed at the British Museum. The collections here are well known. The Elgin marbles, repeated in casts in Berlin, in Munich, in Vienna, everywhere, in fact, where the antique is held in the honor it deserves, are here. Here, too, stand the colossal bulls and lions, with human heads, brought from

Nimroud, Khorsabad and Koyunjik, with the slabs illustrating the history of the Assyrian kings. Egypt, too, has here its representatives; and one looks with curious interest at the Rosetta Stone, which opened to Young and Champollion the language of the hieroglyphics. And other statues and relics of rare value fill room after room in the museum; vases from Etruria; Etruscan jewelry; Grecian bronzes; helmets found at Olympia; the Portland Vase, copied and recopied in marble and in brass; cases upon cases of medals; relics of the day when the flint arrowhead was used in Britain as it was by the Indians of America,—all are here collected, with space and light for everything. Hours may be passed in examining relics of a day long after the arrowheads, and among them stores of manuscripts antedating printing; and one regards with a feeling akin to reverence the copy of the Gospels in Latin given by Athelstane to the metropolitan church of Canterbury nine hundred and twenty years ago. Then, too, there are, among the most interesting objects in the museum, the fossil organic remains which proclaim the life of the world before the flood; which enable the geologists to picture from the impressions in the rocks in which their skeletons were imbedded the Saurian creation, and represent them as they are to be seen to-day represented in the lower terraces of the Palace at Sydenham. Here, too, are to be found all the tribes of zoology excellently preserved and arranged; in fine, all that could be collected to facilitate study in every branch of human knowledge has been here placed within the student's reach; and that he may study it all to the best advantage there has been constructed for his use a reading-room, which, of itself, is one of the most interesting objects in the museum.

The National Gallery occupies an admirable position

on one side of Trafalgar Square, but is a most melancholy-looking building, poor in design and utterly unworthy of its site. Its cupolas have been called pepper-boxes by the English themselves. In pure white marble it would be bad enough as an architectural ornament to the square; blackened by London smoke, it is certainly most unprepossessing. It is about to be replaced, however, by a building worthier of such a position in the heart of London and with such surroundings. The collection of paintings is excellent, and has been increased and improved since the writer saw it first in 1847. It contains a remarkable illustration of the vanity of the great English landscape painter, Turner, who left two of his pictures to the gallery, on condition they should be hung as companions to the Claudes. This has been done; and to those who are fond of art, it is interesting to take a seat in front of a Claude and Turner of the same size, and compare the two. The English picture is not in the artist's last style, when his genius ran into wild extravagancies, and when he relied upon spectators who would find in his heavy masses of paint what was in his mind as his brush passed from his palette to the canvas. The style is of the day when the painter was willing to imitate nature as he found it, and before he began to imagine a nature of his own—while he yet painted things, and had not wandered off to paint ideas. That he should not have bequeathed to the nation his later productions, but have given those which are referred to, may be regarded as Turner's judgment upon his own works; at least, so the writer has been willing to accept it; and while comparing the pictures, he has doubted at times to which to award the palm, and at last has turned away unwilling to pronounce a judgment that would make, in his own mind, either the inferior of the other. The

Claude has always seemed, however, to have the most transparent atmosphere. But, on the other hand, there is more freedom in the handling, more crispness in the touch, in the Englishman's work than in the Frenchman's. More genius in the first—more painstaking attempts at accuracy in the last. They are noble pictures, both of them; and if the choice were given, the Claude would be preferred more perhaps because it was the work of Claude than because it was better than the work of Turner.

No one can be in London without visiting the Zoological Gardens; nor were they omitted. The order in which they are kept is admirable, and the collection of animals is said to be the best in Europe. There is that finish about them which is the characteristic of everything English. The lions, and the bears, and the monkeys, and the zebras and antelopes, and the odd birds and the ungainly hippopotami, and the seals with their mild, intelligent eyes, human almost in their expression, received in turns the commendation of the party; but this being the fourth collection of the kind that had been visited, more attention was paid, perhaps, to the admirable arrangement and beauty of the grounds than to their savage occupants.

Kensington Gardens and Palace; Hyde Park; the Serpentine; Hyde Park Corner; the statue of Achilles; Apsley House, whose windows the writer recollected to have seen on a former occasion especially protected, because a mob had stoned them; the statue of the Iron Duke hard by; Constitution Hill, with the Green Park lying between it and Piccadilly; Buckingham Palace and St. James Park,—all these aptly followed the visit to the Zoological Gardens. Then came Carleton House Terrace; St. James Palace; Pall Mall, with its palatial club-houses; and then the drive through the Hay-

market into the quadrant of Regent street, to the Langham Hotel, completed a circuit which fully occupied one of the mornings passed in London.

A day was given to the Tower, the London Docks, the Thames Tunnel, and a visit to the segar boat, so generally called, of the Messrs. Winans. Upon another occasion the writer was indebted to the politeness of the two younger of the four brothers for a most agreeable expedition down the Thames from Erith to Shoe-buryness, in the smaller of the two vessels on Messrs. Winans' plan then in the river. This was the vessel built in France to secure the French patents; and though but some eight feet in diameter, by perhaps a hundred long, fully illustrated the principle of construction.

The public impression was, that the plan had been abandoned by the inventors. The writer found, however, that this was very far, indeed, from being the case—that with a single exception the vessel built in England, some sixteen feet in diameter by two hundred and fifty feet long, had so far equaled the expectations of the Messrs. Winans as to justify their preparing for the construction of vessels for the transit between England and the United States. The exception was in the capacity of a peculiar form of boiler. This was a matter of such mere routine, however, that it created neither doubt nor distrust as to the result; and new boilers, after the usual fashion, whose capacity was a matter of every day's experience, were already under way.

On the voyage below Erith there was enough sea in the river to show the effect of the steamer upon the waves. It had been supposed that, owing to the shape of the vessel—a long narrow spindle, whose length was sixteen times greater than its beam—it would, in heavy weather, be buried half the time in water. But this is

not so by any means: the moment the sharp point of the prow passes through a wave, or indeed while it is passing through, the crest sinks and falls off on either side; so that the steamer is moving through a trough, so to speak, made by its progress; and, without either pitching or rolling, has no other motion than that which is due to the general undulation of the sea. The voyage to Shoeburyness was made with great rapidity; and an excellent collation, in a well-lighted and perfectly-ventilated cabin, added its quantum to the other pleasures of the trip. Should the expectations of the Messrs. Winans be realized, as they, after years of experiment, are confident they will be, a voyage across the Atlantic will never exceed a week's duration in a vessel fire-proof, and, so far as rolling and pitching are concerned, sea-sickness-proof into the bargain.

The Tunnel is a curiosity as a piece of engineering art, but has totally failed to realize the expectations of its projectors. The name of Brunel is connected with three great failures—the Thames Tunnel, the Great Eastern, and the seven-foot gauge for railroads—the first two demonstrating, although failures practically, the genius of their author. The seven-foot gauge required no particular genius to suggest it; and its abandonment is the result of an experience which a sound judgment in the first instance would have rendered unnecessary. It had a mischievous* tendency, however. It was a departure from a system, that has ever since been proving itself to be the best, in a fruitless search for something better; and it has led to that diversity of gauge which, where several lines of road have to work together, operates inconvenience to travelers in changing from car to car, and enhances the expense of the transportation of freight.

And so sight after sight was seen in London. The

Houses of Parliament—that magnificent pile, which has nothing superior for like purposes in Europe, and whose walls are already crumbling in decay; Westminster Hall, with its associations; Westminster Abbey, not the largest or the noblest of the Gothic cathedrals in England or on the Continent, but full of interest to all who speak the English language and see there the tombs of those who illustrated the power of England; and St. Paul's with its monuments, too, of great men departed. Of a common stock with the English, it is impossible for Americans, after they have been long enough from home to forget the littlenesses that beset them there, to look at the memorials of England's dead with absolute indifference. Practically one people before the Revolution, the great men of England were the great men of America; and since the Revolution, and during the subsequent war, and since then, and notwithstanding the conduct of the government of England in the late troubles of the United States, and notwithstanding, too, the accession of immigrants from Continental Europe, the Anglo-Saxon blood is the leaven of the mass; and it is to this Anglo-Saxon origin that the present of America is mainly due. An American cannot feel as much at home in the Campo Santo of Pisa or Bologna, or in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, as he does in Westminster Abbey. And it is so, even if before the sun goes down he may hear an Englishman speak offensively of the "Yankees," or be pestered for sixpence as payment for a civility that at home would be rendered as a matter of course, without compensation being dreamed of.

But nothing of all the sights of London impressed the writer more than the Thames embankment, which, when completed, will make the river flow through the city confined between granite walls of a construction

that cannot be surpassed in beauty or in strength. The Neva is confined in the same way as it passes through St. Petersburg, and the Seine has its quays which protect its banks in Paris—and the writer is familiar with both—and both fall far, very far, short of the gigantic work which is now in progress on the Thames.

After several journeys from the Langham Hotel to the city through the Strand, Fleet street and Ludgate Hill in cabs, the writer resolved to try the underground railroad, and accordingly, descending a handsome stairway, found himself on a platform well lighted with gas on one side of the track. On either hand was the mouth of a tunnel. Presently there was a rumble as of distant thunder, which grew louder and louder; and then, following the glare of its own lamp, came the engine and its train, differing in no wise from any other engine and train. The writer felt disappointed. It was to be nothing but going through a tunnel after all, save that it was more disagreeable than the longest tunnel the writer had ever passed through. Occasionally the way was open to the heavens; but the greater part of the journey was in the tunnel, and in a most oppressive atmosphere. The constant passage of the engines and their trains, with an imperfect ventilation, was the cause of this. With a taste of sulphur on his lips, a weight upon his chest, a difficulty of breathing as he climbed out of the station at which he stopped, and with a firm determination to encounter ten jams on Ludgate Hill, rather than make another trip on the underground rail of London, the writer got into the open air, and found the smoky atmosphere of London equal by comparison to that of Interlachen.



CHAPTER XXII.

LEAVE LONDON — OXFORD — STRATFORD-ON-AVON — LEAMINGTON — WARWICK CASTLE — KENILWORTH — STONELEIGH ABBEY — MATLOCK — HADDON HALL — CHATSWORTH — YORK — EDINBURGH — LOCH KATRINE — LOCH LOMOND — GLASGOW — WINDERMERE — MANCHESTER — LONDON AGAIN.

ON Monday, the 24th August, the party left London on their excursion northward, and at eleven o'clock found themselves in Oxford. Stopping at the hotel only long enough to order dinners to be in readiness by their return, they set out under the charge of a respectable-looking old gentleman, who did not hesitate to say he was the best guide in the city. The Radcliffe Library was visited, and its interesting portraits, its rare manuscripts, glanced at, as the party passed through its halls. Then came New College; Christ's Church College and Magdalen College with their quiet grounds and noble trees and shaded walks, as lovely as the old colleges were interesting on other accounts; and the Martyrs' Monument; and the streets of colleges; and, in truth, all that could be seen of Oxford during the four hours the party remained there.

From Oxford, which the train left at 3.30 P. M., to Stratford-on-Avon was a pleasant journey through a country made English again in verdure by the late rains. There was still time and daylight to walk to the house of Shakespeare and to visit his tomb, returning

along the banks of the Avon. The house has been done up and looks new, notwithstanding its age; and the custodian tells, with some glee, how "there was a Yankee who would have purchased it and taken it piecemeal to America, if they had let him." Returning to the inn, Washington Irving's room was shown, and a poker was handled reverently, inasmuch as it bore his name, and had been used by him when he was an inmate of the house. It was sundown before the train for Leamington, on which the party were to continue their journey, arrived at Stratford-on-Avon; and it was nine o'clock when it reached its destination—too late to see anything that night.

Postponing Leamington until later in the day, the party left the hotel at nine o'clock for Warwick Castle, and were soon walking between the rocky borders of the approach from the gateway. Among the show-places of England, there are few, if any, of greater interest than Warwick; not because of its extent, but because it is more like the "real castle" that one reads of, and with which is always associated the idea of tower and turret, and bartizan and battlement, when these were erected for purposes of defence. In this regard, Warwick fulfills all reasonable expectations. It is no mere imitation of the past. It is the past itself. Nor does the interior—so much of it as is shown to visitors—belie the outside of the castle. While there is sufficient of modern refinement, in the way of furniture, for comfort, there is nothing to distract attention from the memorials of bygone times with which the rooms are filled; and there is a narrow passage in the thickness of the wall, apparently, that on this occasion commended itself especially as savoring of romance to the younger members of the party. To the writer this same passage furnished a capital perspective, at the

extremity of which was one of the three repetitions of Vandyke's celebrated painting of Charles I. on horseback, lighted by an unseen window. Admirably placed, the rider seems to come forth from the canvas with that air of melancholy resignation which characterizes all Vandyke's portraits of the king. Cæsar's Tower is a part of the usual programme of Warwick. The view from the top is fine, but the party were content with that assurance, and with the specimen afforded from the windows of the state apartments; and so, after a stroll through the grounds, they returned to the lodge, that they might listen to the porteress give the recipe for filling Guy of Warwick's punchbowl, a huge brazen pot, which the old lady made ring like a bell, and into which she put a little fellow from among the group of visitors, reminding one of Tom Thumb in the giant's pot of furmity. And so the visit came to an end.

The Beauchamp Chapel, with its tombs of the lords of the castle, followed; nor would the visit have been satisfactory if the hospital had not come next, and its story been listened to, and its old pensioners seen, and the bear and ragged staff, the armoial insignia of "the proud Dudleys," been pointed out, and a photograph purchased—all in the routine of sight-seeing.

From Warwick the party went to Kenilworth Castle, and were admitted into the enclosure by a servant in livery, through a crowd of men, women and children with books and photographs and curiosities for sale. The castle is literally a ruin, and nothing more; and one looks in vain for something to recall a single passage of the novel which has done more to make the place immortal than was in the power of Elizabeth when she paid the visit which the great novelist has described. The vast masses which are the earliest por-

tions of the castle are all inaccessible. The other portions—where remains of mullioned windows indicate, it is said, the banqueting-room—are naked walls fast falling to decay. There is a spiral stair in a turret, up which one may clamber; and some Gothic groinings, in what may have been cellars or kitchens, preserve their form and afford a shelter. But huge square towers clothed with ivy, and some tottering walls, are all that now remain of Kenilworth. The writer was glad to see that masons were at work to preserve the ruins in their present shape.

Leaving Kenilworth, on the return to Leamington the road lay by Stoneleigh Abbey; and the driver reporting that the grounds were open to the public, and that by passing through them the distance to Leamington would be shortened, it was thought best to take advantage of this route back; and accordingly the carriage turned into a noble park of broad lawns and dark skirts of woods, with a concourse of carriages and pedestrians slowly moving along the avenue. But the short cut was destined to prove the longest way home in the end; for at a bridge across a rivulet halt was cried, and one-and-sixpence a head demanded for the privilege of passing, the reason given being that a horticultural exhibition was in progress, and that the road led to it. Finding that the explanation that the party were hurrying to Leamington, and had never heard of the exhibition and had no purpose of visiting it, amounted to nothing, the six shillings were paid with a good grace; and that there might be value received the carriage followed others over the grass to the neighborhood of an immense tent, in which were tastefully arranged all the products of the garden and the greenhouse usual on such occasions. The crowd was very great; and the only way of getting into the tent was to

fall into the *queue*, as one does at a French theatre or railway station, and make the round with the procession. Nor was it an unpleasant round to make. Apart from the horticultural display, there were to be seen handsome healthy faces of well-dressed men and women in the best possible humor—the denizens of the vicinity—to whom the exhibition was an occasion of high holiday. Everybody seemed to know everybody; and the opposite streams of visitors, passing around the long central stand, greeted each other so heartily and laughed so merrily at the smallest jokes, that none but a cynic could have failed to be amused. And then, as a spectacle, there was something to be seen. There was the spacious lawn, including hundreds of acres, with trees singly and in groups over its surface, shading vehicles of all descriptions collected beneath them. There was the tent, with its banners idly waving in the summer wind; there were thousands of people, apparently, moving about in all directions, with white and scarlet enough among the dresses to make the picture animated as to color. There was a regimental band, too, the crash and clang of whose instruments in the open air and in the distance made pleasant melody; and there, lighting up the whole, was the sun of a pleasant afternoon in August, when the grass, refreshed by recent rains, was indeed the grass of England, green as the emerald, save where the lengthening shadows made it darker than the gem. On the whole, the six shillings were well spent that day at Stoneleigh Abbey.

Notwithstanding the delay at the horticultural exhibition, there was still time, after returning to Leamington, to make the circuit of the town before taking the late train for Matlock in Derbyshire. Leamington has the reputation of being one of the most agreeable of the English watering-places; and the writer expected to

find it filled with company on the 25th of August. The hotels, however, were empty, and there was little life or animation in the streets. It was the height of the season in America, at Newport or Saratoga.

The ride to Matlock was after dark, and nothing could be seen of the country through which the road passed. There was a change of cars, too; besides which there was a long ride in an omnibus from the station; and then again the sky had become overclouded, and there were drops of rain that augured ill for the morrow's pleasure. It was not to be wondered, therefore, that it required the cheerful parlor and the excellent late dinner at the New Bath Hotel to bring one's spirits up to par.

A heavy rain in the night emptied the clouds; and the party, including now some American friends, who had been with them from London, set out in open carriages and in great good humor for Haddon Hall and Chatsworth.

Haddon Hall was a disappointment. There were the rooms, to be sure, in which Queen Elizabeth may have danced a minuet with Leicester, on the very boards which have not been renewed since they were trod by Raleigh and Essex in all their bravery. There was the hall in which these gallants feasted, and the chapel in which they prayed, and the chambers in which the Court sought repose when it made its visit to the Hall. There it all was, in fair preservation, patched and mended from time to time, and just preserved from ruin. But the walls wanted their arras; they were bare and gloomy. The buffet with its load of silver; the high-backed chairs with their crimson cushions; "the tables which groaned with the weight of the feast," with their forest of legs quaintly carved with claws grasping great balls; the fire in the mighty chimney,

to give warmth and comfort ; the sconces to give light, —all these were wanting ; and so Haddon Hall has to be written down as a disappointment.

But Chatsworth was not a disappointment. Nestled in its valley of handsome lawns, bordered by rounded eminences, now bare, now wooded, with great trees spreading their long branches like giants' arms over the grass ; with herds of deer in all directions ; the house itself a palace in the midst of gardens, with a forest-covered hill for a background,—Chatsworth was not a disappointment on the approach to it from the Matlock road. Nor was the interior a disappointment either, familiar as the party had by this time become with the palaces of the Continent ; and the grounds were a delight, whether seen from the windows of the state apartments or enjoyed in their shaded avenues. The fountains were not playing on this occasion, nor was the writer sorry. They are supplied with water from reservoirs which are soon exhausted ; and had they shot up their jets for a few minutes, or tumbled over the steps that have been built for them, it would have been to put the place in the same category, in some respects, with the Pallavicini villa, than which nothing would be more unjust to Chatsworth.

Returning to Matlock before dark, the omnibus carried the party to the 8.20 train, which was to take them to York. It was a wretched night, cold, damp and generally disagreeable ; and the train was late, and there was no shelter but a sorry shed, and no cover for the baggage. In fact, it was very evident that the way travel from Matlock was not deemed worth encouraging. And then, again, when the train did arrive and the party got comfortable seats, they had to leave them on a change of cars, and did not leave them for the better, either ; so that when the train stopped at York, and

the party found that the hotel at the station was full, and had to hunt for quarters at midnight in a hotel opposite, it was no wonder that four querulous people went complainingly to bed.

But if the journey from Matlock had not been a success, the time spent at York left nothing to be wished for. The morning was a glorious one. The air was crisp and bracing. Italy or Switzerland never furnished a more transparent atmosphere. It was just one of those days when the sensation of living is a delight. The cathedral was of course the first object visited, and the tribute of admiration was freely paid to this, one of the noblest of the great Gothic edifices of England. Then the circuit of the town was made, and an hour was spent in the gardens and the museum, and among the relics of old Rome that have been collected in the neighborhood and carefully preserved, and under the walls of the old church which here once looked down upon the Ouse. All that one wants in York, however, is a good look at the cathedral—the minster. To the architect it is full of curious interest, but no one can remain for an hour within its walls and leave them without being impressed for ever with the beauty of the pile.

At 2.20 P. M. the party were in the train for Edinburgh, by way of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where the river is crossed by railroad constructions that are, in themselves, a study of engineering art. The change in the general aspect of the country after crossing the Tyne was very noticeable. The park-like appearance of the English landscape ceased; and the further the train sped north the more was this difference perceptible. The fields were bare of trees and hedges, and had generally a barren aspect. This was so between the Tyne and the Tweed, and eminently so beyond the

latter river. At 8.50 the train reached Edinburgh, and soon after the party took up their quarters at McGregor's Hotel, on Princess street, with the Scott Monument directly opposite.

The 28th of August was spent in Edinburgh; and a busy day it was. Calton Hill was the first place visited. Holyrood, where the younger members of the party were satisfied they saw the stains left by Rizzio's blood; the Cowgate, and the places therein that Scott has made familiar; the Grass-market, where Porteous was hung; the Canongate; Knox's house and corner; Heriot's Hospital; the Castle; the Courts, their portraits and statues; the city itself, in a dozen different directions; the University of Scotland; the National Gallery, and its very excellent collection of works of art—nothing being finer than Etty's three great pictures of Judith, before entering the tent, while in the tent, and after leaving it,—all these were seen, and carefully seen, too; and there was time to spare to visit the leading stores, and take away from Edinburgh, in the shape of shawls and the like, what it was said could nowhere be so well obtained as in the capital of Scotland. Some of these purchases were made necessary by the weather, which had become uncomfortably cold. On Calton Hill, in the morning, one realized somewhat the idea of the wind that was strong enough to blow the hair off one's head, or the hurricane that is reported to have blown the hills out of the ground and sent them rolling across the country.

The next morning, Saturday, August 29, the party left for Glasgow by way of the Trosachs and Loch Katrine in the early train; and at Callander, the town of one long street, were mounted on the roofs of omnibuses constructed especially for the service of this particular road. That they were top-heavy when loaded

was unquestionable, and the slightest inclination on one side or the other suggested an overturn. The driver knew the "Lady of the Lake" by heart, and made to the roll of his wheels and the crack of his whip a running accompaniment of verse. It was strange to see the living faith of this man as he pointed to Coilantogle Ford, and informed the passengers, as if he was speaking of an event of yesterday, that when Roderick had "got the king so far on his way, d'ye see, he told him he'd ha' to look out for hisself."

The ride was a very pleasant one; and after a lunch at the Trosachs' inn, the party soon found themselves on board the steamer that was to carry them to the farther extremity of Loch Katrine.

The scenery of Loch Katrine is agreeable rather than grand or even striking. "Ellen's Isle" is but a small affair; nor is there in the mountains that surround the lake the wild savagery that the poem suggests. Still, there is quite enough for the poetical imagination to build upon; and the features of the country, the localities, their relations to each other, their names and the traditions connected with them, may all be traced and identified. If the pass of the Trosachs is not to be compared with the Gorge of Schellinen on the St. Gothard road, nor Loch Katrine with the Königsee, the pass and the lake are nevertheless fit subjects for poetry; and it may safely be said that Scott has made the most of them.

The steamer on leaving the wharf made the circuit of the island; after which the lake widened, and the mountains on either side sloped back from the water's edge. Ben Ledi and then Ben Venue were left behind; the head of the Glasgow water-works, which make Loch Katrine a reservoir for the supply of the city—their utility being equaled only by their admirable en-

gineering—appeared on the left hand only to disappear, and the nine miles of steam navigation ended at the landing-place of Stronachlachlar. Here the passengers mounted vehicles like those which brought them from Callander to the Trosachs, and commenced the ascent of the watershed between Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond—a bare, desolate tract of land unrelieved by trees or shrubs. The road traversed what was known a hundred years ago and more as Rob Roy's country; and the driver pointed with his whip to where he said Helen McGregor was born. After gaining the summit of the divide from Stronachlachlar, a small lake—Loch Arklet—appears in a valley on the left; and on the right bank of the stream that empties it is the road to Inversnaid. The immediate approach to this place is by a descent so tortuous and rapid as to shake the strongest nerves if the possibility of a failure of the brake happens to suggest itself. The writer recollects drawing a very long breath when he found himself safe at the bottom of the hill and close by the steamboat landing.

If a feeling of disappointment attended the visit to Loch Katrine, there was no such feeling while on Loch Lomond, which rivals, in many particulars, the beauty of the Italian lakes. At its upper end the mountains rise in noble masses from the water—Ben Voirlich towering above all, as seen from the wharf at Inversnaid. Of the same width here as Loch Katrine, the scenery is far more imposing; and one realizes without difficulty the effect which such a country must have had upon its inhabitants, and appreciates what must have been the difference between Highlander and Lowlander of a hundred years ago, between Rob Roy and his kinsman “the bailie.”

Leaving the wharf at Inversnaid, the steamer passed

what was pointed out as Rob Roy's prison, under the very shadow of Ben Lomond. Soon after emerging from the mountains the vessel entered a broad estuary filled with islands, through which it made its way, from one side of the lake to the other, to land passengers at Rowardrennan, Luss and Balmaha. An island opposite to the last-named village reminds one of the oath of McGregor, whose sounding euphony is perhaps unequaled in any other form of asseveration. "I swear," says Rob Roy, "on the halidome of him who sleeps beneath the gray stone at Inch Caillach." Passing this island of the gray stone, the shores soon closed in on either hand, until, in quite a narrow channel, the steamer came to at the pier at Balloch.

Another change in the means of conveyance now took place; and but a few minutes elapsed before the party were sweeping along the valley of the Clyde on the railroad to Glasgow. The sun had not yet gone down, and although the day had been a fatiguing one, the pleasant excitement of the voyage on Loch Lomond had not so far subsided as to prevent the party from noticing Dumbarton, at the confluence of the Clyde and the Leven—a bare, castellated rock which, without spur or connecting ridge, rises in perfect isolation from the valley of the Clyde. The railroad here crosses the Leven; and, after skirting the river, follows the course of the Clyde and Forth Canal, which it crosses beyond Maryhill, and afterward, by a broad sweep southwardly, enters Glasgow.

Here, one of the annoyances that at times will worry the best-tempered traveler occurred. Knowing the name of the hotel, but not its distance from the station, the writer asked a canny Scot of a cabman if he would take him to it; and receiving an answer in the affirmative, had the satisfaction of being driven in style just

round the corner, and set down, with great politeness and a broad grin, at a place to which the party could have walked while asking its direction. Where so much, however, has to be carried to the debit of profit and loss as is involved in a European tour, this particular charge was not a heart-breaking one.

The next day, August 31st, was Sunday, and the party attended the Glasgow Cathedral, the best specimen of Gothic architecture in Scotland. It is in the very beautiful crypt of this edifice that Scott makes Francis Osbaldistone receive the warning of Rob Roy during the service. There is an excellent drawing of the scene, by Catermole, not more exaggerated than is allowable. Take the church as a whole, crypt and nave, it is well worth examination. Unlike many of the great cathedrals, which required centuries to bring into their present shape, and in whose different parts may be traced the styles of successive ages, the Cathedral of Glasgow is of one design from foundation-stone to highest finial. There was a crowded congregation in the choir to listen to a very excellent discourse by a Presbyterian clergyman. The Church of England service, as performed in the cathedrals, has something of the warmth—if the term is allowable in this connection—of the old formularies and ceremonials of Rome; and although the contrast is sufficiently great between Westminster Abbey and Notre Dame, for example, still, one is not particularly affected by the difference. But the Calvinistic form wants the picturesque of either of the other services.

After an early dinner, the usual afternoon drive was to the Kelvin Grove Park—a very beautiful park, too, it was—and in all directions through the city; along the principal streets; in front of the principal public buildings; near to the statues of Scott, and Sir John Moore,

and Prince Albert, and Watt, and Sir Robert Peel, and others—ending along the quays and shipyards. The day prevented any closer examination, nor was it thought necessary to pass more time in Glasgow in order to see more of the city and its noticeable things.

The visitor, approaching Glasgow, is at once struck with the immense height of the chimneys of many of its factories; made so, not merely for the purposes of draft, but to discharge noxious vapors where they would not be offensive to the neighboring population. One of these great pipe-stems—as they seem to be—is four hundred and fifty-four feet high, rivaling, in this respect, the Great Pyramid and Strasbourg Cathedral. How they can be built so truly perpendicular is a wonder, almost. On one occasion, the highest of them all, or, at all events, one of the highest, was found to have a leaning that was not intended; and the mode adopted to place it exactly upright was as simple as it was ingenious; the mortar was sawed from between courses of the bricks on the upper side, in succession, when the weight of the tower, closing the cuts, accomplished the object of itself.

The Clyde-built steamers have a reputation now that is world-wide. The river was filled with them, in all stages of existence—some were bright with paint, and had not yet made their first voyage; some were laid up in ordinary; some were undergoing repairs, and others again had evidently made their last voyage, and were waiting to be broken up. All were of iron.

Leaving Glasgow in the 9.15 A. M. train, the party turned their faces again toward England; and after a pleasant journey found themselves, at three o'clock, at Bowness, on Lake Windermere, just in time for the steamer to the upper end. The voyage was agreeable,

and a good idea of the Lake district was obtained. The writer, on a former visit, had penetrated its heart, had made a thorough tour of it. From Keswick he had looked down upon Derwentwater; and from Ambleside, had done the same on Windermere. Skiddaw was familiar to him; so was the Vale of St. John, with the shadow of Helvellyn resting upon it; and on this occasion, had the other members of the party desired, would have made the same tour again. But the truth is, there had been a good deal of mountain and lake visited by this time; and both nature and art, where there was no essential novelty, had become more or less tiresome. So, with a glimpse only into the Lake district of England, the party determined to be content. Landing passengers at Lowwood and at Ambleside, the steamer returned to land others at Bowness, from whence, on the following morning, the party set out for Manchester, the manufacturing town of England, that had been selected as a specimen of this class of England's wonders.

Manchester was reached at 2.30 on the 1st of September, and during the remainder of the day and the following day the party had, through the kindness of friends, an opportunity of seeing the city under very favorable auspices. The cathedral, formerly the Collegiate Church before Manchester was erected into a bishopric, a noble Gothic building with a richly ornamented choir and numerous monuments; the new Assize Court, a magnificent pile, whose arrangements of every conceivable convenience, including a suite of handsome apartments for the judges, drawing-room, dining-room and bed-chambers, were especially appreciated and admired by at least one member of the party; Sir John Watt's warehouse of every species of dry goods, reminding one of A. T. Stewart's, and in

itself one of the sights of Manchester; the Exchange, the Free Trade Hall, the Free Library,—were all visited in turn. Leaving the more densely-built portions of the city, the party visited Peel Park, on high grounds overlooking the Irwell, where an excellent museum, still in its infancy, agreeable walks, statues and shrubbery, offer attractions to all classes, which, judging from the crowd in the grounds on this occasion, were fully appreciated.

Under the guidance of a gentleman who had been at one time a leading manufacturer, the writer was then taken through a cotton mill, where the finest description of yarn was made. Not himself an expert in the manufacture of cotton yarns, he could only wonder at the tenacity of the fabric, its admirable uniformity, and the number, now forgotten, of yards that it took to weigh a pound.

In 1847 the writer and a friend had presented themselves at the office of what was then said to be one of the principal mills in Manchester, and asked if they could be permitted to walk through the establishment. They stated they were travelers—Americans—not manufacturers or having any particular interest in cotton, and desired to see a mill as they desired to see anything for which a place they visited was celebrated. There was a good deal of going backward and forward between the outer and inner offices, and at one time it seemed as though the favor solicited would be granted. It was refused, however; and with the infirmity common to our nature perhaps, the inside of an English cotton mill became an object of much greater curiosity than very probably it would otherwise have been. Twenty odd years elapsed, however, before this curiosity was gratified. In the mean while, many an American mill had been seen and examined.

The writer is not aware that the preceding pages have shown any bias against England that would justify his being suspected of partiality in saying that the comparison he now had an opportunity of making was altogether unfavorable to the English mill. There was less room for the machinery ; or perhaps it would be more proper to say there was little room except for the machinery. Every available square foot of flooring was occupied. There was a less perfect ventilation than is ordinarily to be found in a first-class American mill. The atmosphere was close and uncomfortable. It was said, when this was remarked, that the character of the manufacture required a certain temperature, which may have been a sufficient answer. It did not change the fact, however, in regard to the want of wholesome ventilation.

The men and women employed in the rooms visited on this occasion—there were none young enough to be called children—were of a lower grade, too, than the same class of operatives in America ; that is to say, they seemed more like the machines they tended than the others. The entrance of visitors in an American room attracts attention ; the operatives look about them ; here and there whispering may be seen, as though comments were being made upon the strangers. This was not the case here. It is difficult to express the idea exactly, but perhaps it will be explained by saying that the American rooms look more alive than the English. Industry pervades both ; but there is elasticity in the one case, and mere dull plodding in the other ; and especially, it appeared to the writer, there was less personal tidiness than he had been accustomed to see. With all possible allowance for oil and cotton waste, and the settling of cotton fibres upon the hair, the comparison in this particular was very decidedly against the

English mill, as it was also with respect to the apparent health of the operatives, and the care that was taken to make them comfortable when at work.

There were parts of the building in which work was done away from the machinery, such as the packing of the yarns, weighing them, etc., etc. ; and here there was, perhaps, no great difference between the class of persons engaged in these duties and the same class in America.

Thinking over the subject immediately afterward, with a view of generalizing as far as practicable, it crossed the mind of the writer that the American operatives worked as people who had a future, while the English worked as though the life of to-day was to be the life of each day they lived.

There may be mills in England which are differently arranged, and the writer is willing to admit that his experience was certainly narrow. Still, as the subject interested him, as he had time to see what was going on in the particular case, and as he was informed that the operatives before him, making costly yarns out of expensive raw material, were earning good wages and were not therefore of an inferior class, he has felt justified in the above remarks.

From the cotton mill the writer had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Whitworth's works, and of having an introduction to Mr. Whitworth himself, who was kind enough to devote some time to the explanation of several matters connected with mechanical science ; not the least interesting of which related to his steel cannon, and the experiments through which he had brought the weapon to its present perfection.

Here was witnessed what indeed required seeing to believe—the measurement of the millionth part of an inch, a space invisible to the eye, even with the aid of

the highest microscopic power, but perceptible to the touch.

It can be readily understood how a train of wheels may be so proportioned that the movement of one any visible part of an inch may move another, at the opposite end of the train, the millionth of an inch, though this motion may be invisible. There was such a train or succession of wheels of different diameters at Mr. Whitworth's, communicating motion to what might be compared to the movable head of a lathe, advancing to or receding from a fixed head at the will of the operator. Fine steel points projected from these heads respectively. Between them Mr. Whitworth held a small steel bar highly polished, which the points touched, but could not retain suspended by their friction against it. When he ceased to support it between the points it fell. He then moved the outer wheel of the train the distance—measured by a scale on its periphery and a fixed index—required to advance the movable head the millionth of an inch, theoretically, at all events. To test the fact of such an infinitesimal motion, the steel bar was again held between the points, when it was found that when the support of the hand was withdrawn it remained suspended, which it would not have done had not the movable head advanced the millionth of an inch! As a matter of course, the mechanism of the train of wheels was absolutely perfect; and certainly the writer had never seen anything more delicate than every part of this very beautiful apparatus. It only remains to add that the experiment was repeated often enough to prove that the effect was not accidental, but that the movable head really advanced and retired in obedience to the movement of the outer wheel of the train. The remarks already made with regard to the cotton mills are not

applicable to what was seen at Mr. Whitworth's. Indeed, the circumstances of the two places are so wholly different that no comparison can be made between them. All that science and skill could do to facilitate labor seems to have been done here, as indeed in all the great manufacturing establishments of both England and America. Skill is coming into closer contact, day by day, with science everywhere, and in the end skilled labor will be but another name for scientific labor.

Leaving Manchester on the 2d of September at 9.30 P. M., the party reached their old quarters at the Langham Hotel in five hours of very pleasant traveling, through a country which, refreshed by the rain of the last three weeks, was now at the very height of its beauty.





CHAPTER XXIII.

LEAVE LONDON—PARIS—HAVRE—HOME.

FROM the 3d to the 12th of September the party had their headquarters in London. During this time they visited Windsor, Hampton Court, Richmond, Kew Gardens, and completed generally the round of sights. An opportunity was also afforded of a glance at country life in England, as one has been accustomed to read of it—where there is the very luxury of idleness; where the host and the hostess seem to be guests, almost, in their own house; where there is every facility for amusement; where one is bored with no attempt to entertain when one don't want to be entertained; and yet, where one feels that, in fact, one's comfort is never for a moment lost sight of.

It so happened that the house where the party stayed was within an easy drive from Aldershatt, the practice-camp of England; and an opportunity was afforded of seeing some eight thousand troops, horse, foot and artillery, on a field-day, and of driving, afterward, through the town of barracks that has been built for the accommodation of the regiments ordered here for practice.

There could be no question as to the soldierly appearance of these men. The Horse Guards in London had seemed to the writer altogether clumsy, fit for the pageantry of a procession, or, if they once got in

motion, and maintained their allignment, useful on the principle of the catapult. The men, however, were tall, ungainly objects, in their tight breeches and long boots and cuirasses; and their black horses seemed better suited for the plough, in the general, than for the peculiar duties of cavalry, where rapidity of movement is essential to the value of the arm. This criticism, just or unjust, was not applicable to the cavalry and light artillery regiments seen at Aldershott in September 1868. The horses were of the proper size and in admirable order. There was more of show in the uniform than we have been accustomed to in America, but it was very effective, and the drill was good. As to the infantry, the men were well "set up," and marched as those who had been used to it on the parade-ground. All their appointments were in prime order, trim and neat. The artillery was horsed excellently well. In fact, the show, as the marching salute was given, was unexceptionable. The party were lucky enough to have a position not far from Sir James Scarlett, the general in command, and his brilliantly-appointed staff. Nor was Sir James Scarlett himself without interest to one who had just read Kinglake's description of the charge of the heavy brigade at Balaklava, when the general, far in advance of the front rank of his men, plunged into the Russian column between two files, and literally cut his way, sabre in hand, deep into the mass.

The writer had seen the Russian, Prussian, Austrian and French troops before this, and with some small weakness in that direction, had never been able to remain in a picture gallery or at his desk while a drum was beating in the street, without finding out its meaning. He had recently seen the Italian troops, and attempted to keep up, on foot, with the Bersaglieri. He afterward saw the French troops again, and, in

addition to the Zouaves, saw the Turcos on duty in Paris in the fall of 1868; and he cannot think he is far wrong when he speaks of the Zouaves as the finest infantry in Europe, taking into consideration all that may be required of infantry. He has no reference to bravery. Most men are brave enough to be soldiers, and good soldiers, when properly officered; and that the English soldiers have the bravery of standing to their duty, officered or not, was well shown at the Sand-bag Battery. But a soldier has a hundred things to do. He must not only be brave, but he should be active. He should know how to take care of himself; to find food and shelter under adverse circumstances; to be at all times ready to make the best of everything; to be able to keep up his spirits in the hospital as well as in the camp. He should have the capacity for attack, as well as the faculty of stubborn endurance. He should be competent to patch his clothes, to mend his shoes, and should have a pride in being always clean and neat, not only upon parades, but as a sanitary precaution. Now there is no nation in which all these soldierly qualities are as conspicuous as in the French, and of the French, as soldiers, the Zouaves are the best. The Bersaglieri struck the writer as excellent soldiers. They are the picked men of the Italian army, but they do not equal the Zouaves. There were no troops at Aldershatt that moved like the Zouaves.

The writer had seen the army of Sherman after the march to the sea, when it was reviewed by the President at the conclusion of the war. The movement was very much that of the Zouaves. The Zouave step is peculiar. It is difficult to describe. In what soldiers call "common time" one sees nothing of it. Its characteristic is a springiness which is only apparent ~~when~~ the movement becomes rapid.

But this is wandering from the subject. There was time, while the party remained in London after their return from the north of England, to have gone to Ireland and passed a week there; circumstances altogether accidental and unexpected prevented the voyage, however; and the matter is mentioned now only that, should the question suggest itself to any reader of these pages, it may be understood why what was so practicable was not accomplished.

The party returned from their visit to the country-seat already mentioned on the eve of a cab-strike, and saw, in connection with it, a good deal to remind them of America in the whooping and yelling of excited Jehus, driving through the streets with placards upon their vehicles, denouncing monopolies and demanding free trade to and from the railroad stations. These, it seems, were shut against the cabs generally; the companies admitting those only who were willing to pay for the privilege, and be subject to certain regulations intended for public convenience altogether. The cabmen insisted on their right to enter the vast shelter of the stations whenever they pleased, and to remain there while they pleased. The public was opposed to the strike, and it broke down, but while it lasted there was a good deal of trouble in getting about from place to place. Carriages from the livery-stables were in great demand, and the proprietors fixed their own prices. Cabs are so cheap in London that they are universally employed, and have become a public necessity. It has always been a wonder why they have not, before this, been introduced in America, in place of the heavy, cumbrous coaches which, under the name of hacks, perform the same office no better, and at fares that are often ten times as great.

On the 12th of September the party left London for

Paris, and before dark were comfortably established in the Hôtel Mirabeau, in the Rue de la Paix. The passage across the Channel had been extremely disagreeable. There was a heavy sea, and a cold and piercing mist, that was not rain exactly, but which was worse than rain. A more melancholy spectacle than the deck presented was hard to imagine. The sailors had a good time of it, for their water-proof coverings were at a premium, and they were kept busy with a trade in tarpaulins and basins during the voyage across. The tide was low when the French coast was approached, and in rounding the pier-head at Calais the vessel shipped two heavy seas in succession, which drenched the writer and his party, and sent them to the Paris cars in a most pitiable plight. There was no getting a change of clothes, even had the train remained long enough to permit the opening of a trunk, the baggage having been all forwarded to Paris by an earlier conveyance. There was nothing to do, therefore, but to grumble and make the best of it. One of the party was so ill in consequence of the drenching that it was necessary for her to lie down and be covered with all the wrappings at hand; and the compartment of the car being divided into four double-seats, one of them was taken possession of and made into a sort of couch. This the station-master objected to most vehemently; and it was only by appealing to those whom he ordered into the compartment that the seat was retained for the person who was so ill. Had it been in England, a shilling would have settled the business in a moment, and never did the writer find himself regretting so heartily the absence of a very great abuse. Things have changed, in this regard, in England. Twenty years ago fees to the railroad employees were unknown; at least the writer does not recollect either

paying them or being asked to pay them. Ten years ago they were paid, but there was some modesty in the transaction. On one occasion, when a shilling was offered to a conductor, he said, "It is prohibited, but you may leave 'the bob' on the seat, if you please." Now it was not only openly received when offered, but, when not offered, the conductor or brakeman had many ways of letting one see it was expected, and, being accustomed to this, one gave the shilling to have done with it and as a matter of course. On the other side of the Channel, a wink to the conductor, a glance at the sick person, would have secured the entire compartment, and a shilling or two would have been very pleasantly pocketed. As yet, there is no such practice in America. With a somewhat large experience in all directions in the United States, and with no particular indisposition to conform to whatever is customary, the writer believes that the only payment, over and above the fare, is the gratuity to the boy who blacks one's boots after one has passed the night in a sleeping-car.

The construction of the English cars facilitates the exactions of the conductor and others from travelers. In America, there is one long apartment, with a central aisle and seats on either side, and the conductor cannot well appropriate any particular seats for the special accommodation of any set of passengers. In these cars the passengers take care of themselves. The English cars, however, are divided into three or four compartments, with six or eight seats in each, one-half of the occupants sitting opposite to the other half; and it is the exclusive use of one of these divisions by a less number than it will hold which can generally be procured by 'tipping' the conductor. How it would be in America with the same description of cars, it may be difficult to say. The system of fees, however,

is not confined to the conductors, but extends to the employés generally who have to deal in any manner with the passengers. What is here stated was the subject of active newspaper discussion in London in September, 1868.

From the 12th of September to the 7th of October the party remained in Paris, seeing the sights of the city and making excursions in the environs. It was an idle, lounging sort of life to lead for one to whom Paris was already familiar; and the writer honestly admits that he looked forward to the day of setting out for Havre to embark in the *Periere* for home with occasional impatience. For a while, it was interesting to note the wonderful improvements that had taken place in twenty years. But even these were soon exhausted. In 1847, there was a network of narrow, unclean streets where there are now broad avenues lined with stately buildings. The barricades were possible then; now they are impossible. Nor is this improvement confined to any particular district of the city; it is going on everywhere. There were parts of Paris, in 1847, not unlike the neighborhood of the cathedral at Le Mans, already described. These have vanished. The romance of the tortuous passages, the lofty houses that kept the sun from the pavements from year's end to year's end, has gradually faded away for ever. The *Tour Jacques*, which was reached twenty years ago through streets so scant of width that carriages could not pass each other, is now a conspicuous ornament, surrounded with beds of flowers, in one of the noblest streets in Europe—the *Rue de Rivoli*. The *Louvre*, which was unfinished save on the side next the quay, was completed in 1857.

The want of parallelism between the *Tuileries* and the *Palace of the Louvre*, and the fact that the width of

the two buildings did not correspond, so that the space between them was a quadrangle of unequal sides, seemed for years to puzzle the French architects; nor was it until the reign of the present Emperor that the difficulty was overcome in the grand mass of building known generally as the Louvre. Page upon page might be filled with the record of the changes that twenty years have made in Paris. It would seem to be the policy of the emperor to make Paris, so far as attractions go, the centre of the civilized world, and to reconcile the French to what is known now by the term "a personal government," by multiplying among them the most useful works and the most splendid monuments; and this, too, not only in Paris, but throughout France. Whether the French are exactly satisfied with the policy is not so clear. Neither is it clear that any change that they would be likely to make would be a change for the better. Napoleon persists in his system, nevertheless; and accordingly Paris is fast becoming the most attractive, if not already the most attractive, city in the world. London could buy Paris probably twice over; but Paris has a climate that London wants, and a people peculiarly adapted to the functions which have fallen to them in this connection. It was so in the days of the Grand Monarque. It was so in the days of the First Napoleon. It is more so now than ever.

In 1857 the Boulevard Sebastopol, leading from the Strasbourg railway station through the heart of Paris and across the Seine, was in progress; and it is interesting now to walk from one end to the other, if only to see the process that was necessary in its construction. This becomes visible at the crossings, when one looks down the narrow passages that formerly served as streets throughout the district. The houses that lined

them have been taken down for a certain distance from the boulevard, exposing sections where, from the cellar to the garret, the several stories are shown, the traces of the stairways, the black and crooked lines of the flues and the coloring of the walls. One thus may make a comparison on the spot between the Paris of twenty years ago and the Paris of to-day.

The writer saw, one evening, at the theatre of the Palais Royal, a clever piece called *Paris Ventre à Terre*—which may be translated, “Paris at Full Gallop”—where the fortunes of a young gentleman who visits the city to see the world, and falls into the hands of a fast set, are depicted. He is furnished with everything that Paris affords of good and bad, the latter largely predominating; one item, after all other pleasures have been exhausted, being a wife. The party assembles for the signing of the marriage contract—the bride, the groom and the witnesses—when the ceremony is interrupted by a noise of heavy masses falling to the ground, hammering and exclamations; whereupon the explanation is given that a new street has been planned within the hour that will pass over the spot where the company are assembled, and that Baron Haussman is already pulling down the building—the baron being the head of the Bureau of Demolition and Reconstruction. In other words, the rapidity with which new Paris is rising on the ruins of old Paris has become a byword among the people.

For a season, after taking rooms at the Hôtel Mira-beau in the Rue de la Paix, the party went regularly to the excellent table-d’hôte of the establishment, and sat patiently through the hour and a half that was necessary to conclude the meal. Afterward, however, the prominent cafés were tried by way of experiment—the Grand Café, the Trois Frères Provençaux, in the

Palais Royal, and one or two others. But the most agreeable, because the most amusing, was a café on the boulevard near the new opera house, called, if the writer recollects the name rightly, after it. Here a *menu*, prepared by a French baron, who had devoted himself to the study of the gastronomic art, and varying with each day of the year, was served at six o'clock precisely. Now one of the troubles at a French café, when you do not happen to have had a large experience, is to select from the morocco-bound, gilt-lettered volume which the waiter places before you, a proper dinner; and after poring over the book for a while you order *potage purée aux petit pois, turbot à la crème, filet de bœuf aux champignons, choux-fleurs, and pommes de terre frites*, on the recommendation of a friend; and, finding that it makes a good dinner, day after day you eat pea soup, turbot cooked with cream, tenderloin steak and mushrooms, cauliflowers and fried potatoes, so long as you remain in Paris; or you trust to the merits of the table-d'hôte for a variety. Now the French baron relieves you from all this difficulty, and the café last spoken of gives what the baron recommends, cooked as the baron himself would have it.

The dining-room at the café contained some fifty places at ten or a dozen tables, and was filled every day with guests—the manager of the establishment, a most portly and amiable person, exercising the nicest tact in disposing of his company, and in retaining those who were disposed to go elsewhere when it was apparent that no seats were vacant. There was a range of chairs on the outside of the café, where it was the object of the manager to seat his company until they could be accommodated within; and the way in which this was accomplished was as amusing as the *menu* was excellent. The clever compliment that detained the lady;

the confidential assurance of the exquisite dish that formed a part of the day's *menu* that conciliated the gentleman; the promise of the bon-bons that fascinated the child, and pleased both papa and mamma; the grace with which a shawl or an umbrella or a walking stick or a hat was taken charge of and consigned to the *dame du comptoir*, with instructions as emphatic as if each item had been a diamond necklace; the extraordinary excuses when hungry expectants became impatient; the quiet jokes at parties who lingered long over their nuts and wine; and the beaming satisfaction with which the expectants were at last installed,—all this was, in its way, utterly, absolutely French. It was a relief to escape from the dullness of the table-d'hôte, or a quiet dinner in one's own apartment, to the life and merriment of the café on the boulevard. This feature in Parisian life belongs to no other life. London knows nothing of it; Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Naples, Florence, are equally ignorant.

In going from the Hôtel Mirabeau to the Café de l'Opera, one passes in front of the new opera house, which, it is said, will be the most magnificent in Europe. There has been much criticism expended on it, but it is hardly fair to the architect to pronounce upon his work until it is finished. At present, it certainly wants height, seen from the opposite side of the boulevard at the head of the Rue de la Paix. This defect will be remedied, however, in a degree, if not altogether, when the façade is completed. The greatest objection, the writer thought, to the exterior, was the profuseness of the ornamentation. The attention was always called from the proportions of the mass and its leading features to minor details—to statues and busts, niches and panels, and dramatic names in golden letters. The opera house, however, should not, perhaps,

be looked at by itself; but be regarded in connection with the architecture on either side, framing it, as though it were a picture, when seen directly in front from the head of the Rue de la Paix.

Close by the opera house is the Grand Hôtel, in itself quite an institution in Paris. Before it was built, the Hôtel du Louvre was the pride of the city. The Grand Hôtel surpasses it; but it is not, perhaps, the place where one can be the most comfortable in Paris. The experience of the writer, in regard to what constitutes real comfort in Paris, led him to avoid it. Still, it is a magnificent building, and one should not leave Paris without having placed it among the sights.

It used to be a pleasant evening drive from the boulevard, past the Madeleine, into the Champs Elysées, and thence to the Bois de Boulogne, the resort of the fashion of Paris. The equipages, and the crowds of equestrians and persons on foot, however, were more attractive than the scrubby trees which line the avenues, or the artificial waterfall that has been piled up to adorn the park. The Bois is a dull place without its throng of life. Visit it, therefore, in the afternoon and in fine weather only. So far as park-like beauty goes, in lawns and trees and forest lands, it is far inferior to the park now being made at Brussels. The races are held in a plain beyond the Bois de Boulogne every Sunday during the season, commencing at two o'clock; and it is a sight to stand in front of the Arch of Triumph and look down the Champs Elysées toward the Tuileries, at one o'clock, and watch what from thence seems to be a solid moving mass of equipages on their way to the races. So close are they together that at times no part of the road can be seen between them; and through this mass, in September and October, 1868, velocipedes were threading their way, outstripping the carriages in speed,

and as perfectly under command, it seemed, as the best-trained horse in the procession.

Versailles, Fontainebleau, St. Cloud were visited in turn during the stay of the party in Paris. The galleries of the Louvre occupied many a morning; the Luxembourg, its palace and gardens; Notre Dame; St. Eustache; St. Sulpice; the Tomb of Napoleon; the Tuileries; the Hôtel de Ville; the Conservatoire des Artes et Métiers; the Musée d'Artillerie; the Hôtel Cluny; the Church of St. Genevieve; the Sainte Chapelle; the Courts; the Jardin des Plantes—not worth the trouble after the Zoological Gardens; the Bibliothèque Royale; the Halles, or market-places, themselves most admirable; the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois; the Palais de l'Industrie—places set down in the order in which they are recollected—were all visited, and others too, until, as was the case in London, all was seen that was proper to be seen. And then there were drives through Paris in all directions, until, with nothing left to occupy a morning, the party were ready to turn their faces toward America. The walks through Paris, the visits to its shops, the evenings spent in the boulevards or in the Palais Royal, were matters of course, besides the claims which were made upon the time of the party in matters peculiar to the ladies of it, and of which Paris was the centre.

As mentioned in the first page of this volume, the writer did not intend to claim for his work more than the merit of showing what might be seen of Europe in the space of six months. Had he aimed at writing a book of travels, he would have taken the plan of Hildard's "Six Months in Italy," one of the best works that can be carried by the traveler who seeks, when in Italy, to enter into the spirit of the land, its past and its present; to appreciate all that is glorious in its his-

tory, magnificent in its ruins, and instructive in what has been saved from the hand of time in its museums, its galleries and its basilicas; who seeks to understand art, and to learn why it is that Raphael, and Michael Angelo, and Titian, and Domenichino, and Veronese, and Coreggio, and the Carrachi are names that can never die while art exists on earth. Had the writer aimed at writing a book of travels, he would have attempted to follow in the path of Hillard, and have described, as he progressed, each object that attracted his attention and had a name with which the world had become familiar. But with far humbler aspirations, if he has occasionally done more than merely mention what seemed of interest, it has been that it might not be supposed the journey was so hurried that no time was left to see what people went across the water mainly for the sake of seeing. If, at times, he has attempted to describe or to criticise, and so wandered out of the function of a guide to undertake that of a painter or a critic, it was because the mood was upon him at the instant; and he felt it pleasant to place on paper what was so pleasantly recollected.

On the 7th of October, all the purchases having been made, friends in America remembered, and Paris, for the season, exhausted, the party left in the morning train for Havre, reached there in time for dinner, and took afterward a walk through the exhibition and a drive around the docks and about the city. At the exhibition Alexandre Dumas was pointed out; and one looked with curious interest at the author of "*Monte Christo*" and "*Les Trois Mousquetaires*." There was nothing in his appearance that would have suggested his identity with any of his heroes.

Embarking on the *Pereire* on the morning of the 8th of October, the following morning saw the vessel at

Brest, where she remained for thirty hours, and then headed westward for America. The fall of 1868 was a season of storms, and the Pereire did not escape them ; but the splendid vessel performed her voyage in safety, and on the evening of the 19th of October was made fast to the pier in New York, and the party slept once more in America, at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

The story is told, the voyage is over, the party are again at home. Nothing marred the pleasure of the tour. Not a plan was interfered with by the weather ; not an hour's sickness was experienced when once freed from the motion of the sea.

More could have been done than was done. Three weeks in England would have sufficed, had time been more actively employed than it could be when ladies were of the party. Two weeks ought to have answered for Paris instead of three weeks and four days. In the two weeks thus saved nothing would have been easier than to visit Spain. In fact, the writer had made out his programme for the journey, and would have left his family in Paris while he crossed the Pyrenees, had not Isabella lost her throne, when all Paris expected a bloody revolution, with detention of travelers, broken telegraph lines and interrupted trains on railways.

Traveling alone, a gentleman may do much more than was done on this occasion, for he may occasionally save a day by passing through an uninteresting country at night. But the tour can be made with ladies, quietly and comfortably, in the way here stated ; and should what has been said to prove the fact be of service to any of either sex who have Europe in view, the object of this volume will have been accomplished.

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